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Annals of Wyoming

Vol. 6

JULY-OCTOBER, 1929

No. 1 and 2

CONTENTS

Reminiscences.....	Edward Ordway
Address Regarding First Photographing of the Tetons.....	W. H. Jackson
Official Uinta County Visits Star Valley.....	John G. Hamm
The Romance of Old Trails.....	Lucia G. Putnam
Recollections of Taylor Pennock.....	I. R. Conniss
Mr. Thomas J. Bryant.....	Editor
A Wyoming Trail Blazer.....	Mrs. S. L. Mills
Account of Daniel McUlvan's and David McFarlane's Encounter With the Sioux in 1876.....	Mrs. Mary Whiting McFarlane
Reminiscences of Wyoming in the Seventies and Eighties	John Jackson Clarke
Seminole vs. Seminole.	
Coutant's Notes.	
Accessions.	

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CHAPTER 96

STATE HISTORICAL BOARD

Session Laws 1921

DUTIES OF HISTORIAN

Section 6. It shall be the duty of the State Historian:

(a) To collect books, maps, charts, documents, manuscripts, other papers and any obtainable material illustrative of the history of the State.

(b) To procure from pioneers narratives of any exploits, perils and adventures.

(c) To collect and compile data of the events which mark the progress of Wyoming from its earliest day to the present time, including the records of all of the Wyoming men and women, who served in the World War and the history of all war activities in the State.

(d) To procure facts and statements relative to the history, progress and decay of the Indian tribes and other early inhabitants within the State.

(e) To collect by solicitation or purchase fossils, specimens, of ores and minerals, objects of curiosity connected with the history of the State and all such books, maps, writings, charts and other material as will tend to facilitate historical, scientific and antiquarian research.

(f) To file and carefully preserve in his office in the Capitol at Cheyenne, all of the historical data collected or obtained by him, so arranged and classified as to be not only available for the purpose of compiling and publishing a History of Wyoming, but also that it may be readily accessible for the purpose of disseminating such historical or biographical information as may be reasonably requested by the public. He shall also bind, catalogue and carefully preserve all unbound books, manuscripts, pamphlets, and especially newspaper files containing legal notices which may be donated to the State Historical Board.

(g) To prepare for publication a biennial report of the collections and other matters relating to the transaction of the Board as may be useful to the public.

(h) To travel from place to place, as the requirements of the work may dictate, and to take such steps, not inconsistent with the provisions of this Act, as may be required to obtain the data necessary to the carrying out of the purpose and objects herein set forth.

Picture taken on Brown's Canyon Road
Carbon Co. Wyo.

↙ Seminole Mtn's

↙ Separation Lake

↙ Dry Lake

Courtesy of Mr. Frank C. McCarthy.

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REMINISCENCES

Edward Ordway

(Continued from June number)

We were at our camp, but when we heard the cry of fire, ran over to help suppress the blaze. As the fire had made quite a good headway, it was some work to get the best of it, although there were ten of us to pack water from the creek that ran along about 30 feet in front.

The navvies finding some of the fluid left in their bottles did not bother us till we had the fire nearly out, and not then to any great extent. One came running up to McCurdy—who was a husky youth—swearing and flourishing an old knife. Mac, with a deft swing, draped an old army bucket full of water on his head and as far as he was concerned “subsequent proceedings interested him not,” for the space of an hour.

Long after we had the fire out and the place well soaked and out of danger of any further damage we left while the remaining four were busily engaged in trying to improve each other's none too prepossessing countenances. We had approached within about 50 feet of our camp when Quantrel, looking backward, called out, “Look at that son of a gun with the pitchfork.” One fellow was standing over the one who had been knocked out with the bucket of water and was making passes at him with the fork, but when he made a stab at him missed his mark and drove the fork into the ground so deep that it required some effort to pull it out, and when he did recover it, went over backwards and lost the fork in the creek. Then crawling upon his hands and knees removed the wreck of the bucket from the fellow's head and taking it in his lap began moaning and crooning over him. Perceiving that the war was over, we started to return to our camp and were within a few steps of it when the old house fell in with a crash like heaven and earth had come together. The antics of the drunken navvies had kept us from being buried in it.

We looked at the wreck and we looked at each other for the space of a minute, then Quantrel, who back in Mis-

souri had been a camp meeting victim, broke forth with the remark that the occasion demanded "O Death! By a breath we have escaped thy cold embraces but with a lot of our worldly goods have we endowed thee," and Mac and I said "Amen!"

By that time the boys from the store were over and as we had piled our goods in one front corner it did not require a great amount of labor to remove the logs and dirt sufficiently to recover them. Not much damage done except a sack of flour that was mashed and mixed with the dirt, and that same had cost fifteen dollars that morning. But we did not mind that nor other small losses. We were too well pleased that our friends would not have to nail a board to the old wreck whereon would be inscribed "Many have died and were buried because they did not know that the gun was loaded, but here lie planted three young men who did not know that the roof was overloaded." In those happy-go-lucky days, all one asked for was to be on top of Old Mother Earth. Granted that favor, we all felt that we could do all else that was needed.

Drunkenness, no doubt, has slain its thousands, but in this case the beastly state of intoxication that the other fellows were in saved the lives of three sober lads to whom life at that time was worth living. Two or three hours later one of the navvies came over to the store for a drink and they informed him that he had better get his companions on their feet and take the road for their camp. But a man had come down from the stage station and had left his horse standing reined up near the doors, and the navvie, I suppose, thinking that riding was better than walking, unloosed the rein and painfully climbed into the saddle. The horse, making a bee line for home, was in the middle of the creek when a shot from the owner's gun took the rider's hat and a lock of hair from his head. Luckily as the ground was very hard, he fell in the water. Men with a team coming back from Carmichael's camp, caught and brought back the runaway horse, and we all helped to load the delinquents who departed without one fond farewell look or wave of the hand, leaving us with the dull quietude that follows the "End of a Perfect Day."

Next morning the sun came up clear and bright from behind Laramie Peak, a hundred miles away to the eastward, ushering in a glorious spring morning, the likeness of which one never beholds in this part of California where winter glides into spring unmarked and unnoticed. For the space of four or five days we had nothing to do but enjoy the fine weather and kill some game and, as antelope were

plentiful, that required but little effort. About a week after the railroad graders' celebration South of the Bay of Monterey, the superintendent of the stage company came down the line and offered us a job of repairing bridges, the one on the Medicine Bow river requiring ten or twelve days work. We had a chance to hear the stock tenders tell about the Indian troubles, and especially what had happened at that station since the line had been established on that route. The stage company only had one building, a long log stable arranged in the usual way, stalls on each side for horses and spaces for hay and grain with an alley running from front to back through the middle and a large room partitioned off in the southwest corner for the stock tenders to live in, with a trap door in the floor leading into a tunnel which ran under the road into a small fort opposite the alley way through the stable. There was a lot of timber and brush on both sides of the river which made it easy for the Indians to watch an opportunity to slip in to the back end of the stable and get away with horses. And not a summer passed without one or more attempts to enrich themselves by what a white man would consider desperate chances.

The last attack was made in the summer before we were there, and, as they told it, happened at noon while the men were eating their dinner. They heard a disturbance among the horses and one man opened the door and catching sight of an Indian drew his head back just in time to miss a good chance to stop an arrow that the Indian had ready for whoever might step out. The boys lost no time in barring the door and getting into the fort. The first shot was from a shotgun that took off one Indian's arm and slightly wounded two more. It appeared that they were not wise about the fort. The Indian who made the noise that queered the game had jumped in alongside of a broncho that was, as the Spanish speak it, "Muy bravo" and resenting the intrusion upon his privacy by a heathen savage who smelled strongly of kini kinic and willow snake, pulled back, breaking his halter and immediately taking to the woods.

The others had better luck in the stalls but lost out when they came in range of the guns that raked the alley. Only one got away with a horse.

Early in May an enthusiastic crowd assembled on the south side of the North Platte River at the place where the railroad would cross and laid out a town of magnificent proportions. Most of them had some money and all were millionaires in expectations, firm in the belief that they could build a city that would make Denver and Cheyenne,

if merged into one, look like two bits in the Bank of England. One optimistical sport had staked a young Canadian whose name was Bob Weyms when sober, but on other and happier occasions it was "The Son of an Irish Lord". Bob came down and after depositing his money with Foot & Wilson, gave us a contract to make the logs to build a dance hall. A new arrival from Colorado, T. H. Hopkins, joining us, we got out the logs in good time and got paid for our work as soon as the job was done, and it was well that we did, as Bob's backer had neglected in his estimate to allow for the extra expense of supporting a title in a free and easy country and the project failed. But it did not matter much, for as soon as the river went down low enough to be safely forded the town moved across to a point two miles on the other side, and then when the railroad came, moved again to what is now Rawlins.

Shortly after we finished the logs Hanse & Hall arrived with an outfit to fill a big contract cutting for square timber, ties and wood, all to be delivered at a railroad station to be located seven or eight miles away—now named "Percy".

They were followed by others with bull trains, mule trains, and horse teams, and more than a thousand men working in the timber.

Then came all the usual accompanying amusements, so that no one need go away from Old Halleck to hear the sounds of revelry by night nor the groans and howls of repentance the morning after. Yet everything went on apace with only one disaster to be recorded. That happened in the early fall. One of Hanse & Hall's trains of seven teams was captured by the Indians as it was returning from Percy. Men were all killed and stock driven away, the invaders escaping without a scratch. Only one man in the outfit had a gun and he had fired that at something in the lake opposite the Butte where it happened, but a few seconds before the attack, as one man reported it who had climbed up among the rocks on the Butte and was yet alive when found.

I was not at the camp when it happened. Hopkins and I had left some time before on a prospecting and trapping expedition up the river, and southward into Colorado. We found plenty of all kinds of game, excepting buffalo. Got all the beaver skins that we could pack but found no mineral prospect worth returning for.

Saw plenty of signs of Utes moving southwest out of the high altitudes toward their winter camps. Tie cutters had worked as high up as Big Creek on all the tributaries

of the river, but we did not see a white man till we hit the Overland road on the return march during all the five months that we were away.

When we left Halleck we did not intend to go beyond the North Park, and did not take a sufficient amount of white man's grub, but as winter was late coming on we could not resist the desire to cross the Divide and therefore our bill of fare for about two months was meat straight, and that while varied and of the best quality, eventually became dismally monotonous. After the old year had passed out or as we supposed, for we had, early in the game lost track of the passing days, a deep snow fell in the high mountains, and on the last divide that we had to cross to get back into the North Park, the side we had to go up on was comparatively easy but to get down was rather difficult. From the top down the first hundred feet was very steep and the narrow gorge packed full of snow and crusted over but not hard enough to bear up a horse. A man could climb up and down it but our horses would have been buried in it. Hopkins had been with a prospecting party that had spent the season of '60 and '61 in the Raton Mountains in New Mexico and had learned all the tricks in the trade or we would have had to hunt some other trail. We slid our packs and saddles down to the bench below, which was easy, and luckily our ponies were small for we had to get them, one at a time, as near the edge as possible, throw and tie their legs together, roll them off and let them down with our ropes. All easy except the rolling off part which was more than good exercise for two men. From the bench down to the valley the mountain sides were not precipitous. We could keep out of the deep snow. Four days later we camped on the Grand Encampment river which was our last stopping place of any length of time.

There a snow storm kept us idle for ten days and compelled us to submit to a bill of fare of beaver meat straight, and then to a lot of exercise to find our horses, but got plenty of antelope on the same hunt.

Leaving that place, stopped two days on Jack's Creek and leaving there were lucky enough to find a place where the river was frozen solid all the way across, and thinking that Cherokee Pass might be hard to get through we struck out as straight as possible for the Overland trail at the crossing of Pass Creek.

A mule train going east was camped there, without loads except hay and grain for the stock. We were rather a hard looking pair as far as personal appearance went, but they made us welcome. They had been out of luck for sev-

eral days and had not killed anything excepting jackrabbits and, as we had two fat antelope and a saddle of deer on our packs they proposed that we wait till they could cook some of it. They were just beginning their supper when we arrived, but we said cook all you wish for yourselves but bread and bacon looks and smelled too good for us. I have since dined at many expensive resorts noted for administering abnormal kicks to blase palates but have never since enjoyed a meal as I did that mule skinner's dinner of hot bread, bacon and coffee.

As a relish there is nothing that equals a keen appetite along with the mercury hovering around the zero mark. The next day, first of February, '69, we got back to our old camp near Halleck. There were but few people left there, the crowd had moved on towards the west. Foot & Wilson and the Coad Bros. were mainly the only outfits left to finish up the work.

After disposing of our furs there remained a month of idleness. Hopkins concluding to keep on trapping and prospecting, I went into partnership with Wm. Ashby and getting together bull teams we joined with another outfit of eight or nine trains and put in the spring and early summer hauling wood to Percy Station on the U. P. R. R. Then till the snows of winter compelled us to quit we hauled saw logs from the mountain to Fort Steele which was being built into a permanent camp.

The next season there was plenty of work delivering timbers for the coal mines at Carbon and hauling hay from near where now is located the town of Saratoga, to Fort Steele. With no profitable work in sight for the next season we moved east to the vicinity of Cheyenne and camped for the winter on South Crow Creek near the foot of the hills about a mile below where Joe Vinine had a camp and about a hundred head of cattle that he had brought from New Mexico.

A mile or more above Joe's place a man by the name of Bond had a potato ranch. To the north on Horse Creek on the old Fort Bent and Fort Laramie trail two families were living, Davis and McMahon. As I remember it that was all there were then living between the Cheyenne and Fort Laramie stage road and the Laramie Plains.

Where we camped there was left standing the walls and chimney of quite a large sod building that had been used as a store by some one who catered to the needs of the lumber and wood haulers while Cheyenne and Fort Russell were building. We repaired and made it into a home camp and some time during the winter Darias A. Thorp filed on

a claim of 160 acres which was, I believe, among the first land entries in that vicinity.

After the spring opened I sold my interest in the bull train to Ashby and remained at the camp holding and delivering beef cattle for Durbin Bros. who had the contracts for supplying a group of five forts. Forts Fetterman, Laramie, Steele, Sanders were sublet, but Russell was to be filled from their own cattle on the range. It was an easy job through the summer and early fall as there were but few cattle on the range. Carey Bros.' first venture in the business was with about 500 head that they located two miles below my camp, where the North and Middle Crows unite.

Some time during the fore part of October, the Durbin Bros. bought from M. V. Boughton 400 head of the finest beef steers that were ever brought from Texas. We received them on Horse Creek 20 miles above the Circle Block camp where Edward Creighton of Omaha had put in 3500 cattle the year before. There was a heavy crop of grass that year, but unfortunately all the country between the Horse and Bear Creeks had been burned over, and winter setting in early with a blizzard that swept the bulk of the cattle off toward the south. That winter was the hardest that I ever experienced anywhere in the Rocky Mountain country. I had to hunt cattle all over the South Platte country and put them in the slaughter house corral at Cheyenne. Soldiers must have beef. They could not eat excuses about bad weather, and men were scarce that were of any use in the saddle. Even in good weather, one trip was more than enough when they had to kick the snow off their beds and climb into a frozen saddle that curled up like cottonwood shingles and rattled like a sack of clam shells while one was shaking the snow from it and then sing "Hail Columbia Happy Land" around a bunch of rollicky beeves while the mercury was sinking down through the twenties below. It would not have been a pleasant task for an Eskimo.

On the 22nd of January we were coming up with a drive. I had 125 head of beeves and A. H. Reel who had joined in on that trip had about the same number of beef and stock cattle. When within six or seven miles of the corral a blizzard struck us, so terrific and thick with snow that the cattle appeared like a dark mass as they drifted past. Had we tried to face the storm the result would have been providing a feast for the coyotes after our remains had thawed out. So we turned our backs to the wind as the cattle did and drifted along before it and a streak of good luck came to us some time in the night, the wind

changed and we found a trail of a wagon. After the storm had subsided enough to allow the moon to give a little light, wisely concluding that the wagon tracks would lead into the bluffs, we took the storm on our starboard beam, as the sailors say, and finally got down into a canon that led to what was then called Geary's Point in Chalk Bluffs, just where we had camped the night before. There we got in the willows, made a fire and warmed ourselves for near an hour. Then skirted along under the shelter of the bluffs to Ilif's Chalk Bluff camp just as our watches told the hour of four o'clock in the morning. There we got our tired horses in the stable and ourselves in front of a roaring fire and partook of a supper and breakfast merged into one very square meal.

Then there was a little time for rest till the sun came up bright and clear, but shining down on a frozen thermometer. Our cook, Old Cherokee Bob, a derelict "From the days of old, The days of Gold, The days of Forty-nine", who had survived all manner of disasters from Missouri to California and had drifted back to the plains he had crossed many years before, having implicit faith in the theory of "What is to be, will be, regardless of any assistance or interference of human effort", was the only man we could find who was willing to risk life and limb, driving a team and cooking, down in that part of the country that had been described by a poetical tenderfoot who had been with me on a previous trip as "a blizzard swept valley of endless expanse that an All Wise God had forgotten, and cunning Old Satan feared to claim". But that stuff did not alarm old fatalistic Bob, who served us faithfully and cheerfully even in a bleak camping place where there was no wood for a fire and small brush and buffalo chips were scarce. But on the last day when leaving the noon camp he lingered for an hour swapping yarns with an old trapper which caused him to be three miles behind when the storm hit us. Had he been close behind the cattle he could have followed and would have come off equally as well as we did. But what might have been is always something that never happened.

Leaving our men at the Ilif camp Mr. Reel and I struck out to hunt him. Following the road up to a point about a mile from where it leaves the canon we found where he had stopped and turned the wagon with the tail end to the wind, unhitching from the wagon and tied the horses to it, or so it appeared. But as he told it, had hooked up as soon as daylight came and started for town. The snow that had fallen had been driven into the low places or had lodged behind tufts of grass and had frozen to the ground. His

trail followed the road for nearly a half mile and then turned toward the south and winding around in many different directions, but we followed it till late in the afternoon when we concluded if the driver would let the team have its own way it would go home as straight as the lay of the land would admit. We let our horses out for the same place and got there a short time before dark.

Our friends had given us up for dead as the storm had been so terrific that men had frozen their ears or noses going to their homes in town. It did not seem possible that any one could go through a night of it without shelter and live. The team left to guide itself came into Ilif's slaughter house camp in less than an hour after we passed and the boys thawed old Bob out and brought him up the next morning just as we were ready to start out again to hunt for him. He had frozen his hands and feet badly. As he told it he had opened two beds and the wind had blown them away before he succeeded in covering himself up and did not freeze any part of himself till hitching up the team about the time daylight began to appear and trying to drive with his frozen hands was the cause of his wandering course all that day, till he could no longer hold the lines then the wise old team brought him in, arriving at the Creek crossing about an hour after we passed. The boys at the slaughter house took him in, thawed him out by the most approved method and brought him up to town next morning. The doctor fixed him up by taking off some fingers, a thumb and some toes. A month later I paid him a visit at his favorite haunt and found him comfortably sitting before a big stove with a glass of unnecessary tongue relaxative in his hand, with the usual audience of eager listeners taking in his tales of adventure by fire and flood. Also his last one by frost.

The Commandant of Fort Russell, knowing that we must have been somewhere near, bringing in the cattle, came down early and was agreeably surprised to find us in town and alive, and congratulated us on escaping the fate he felt sure had befallen us and then paid us a compliment that we felt sure we had earned, to the effect that if he had one regiment of soldiers lucky enough and tough enough to come through that storm without a scratch he would be able to keep all of Uncle Sam's Indians on their reservations without any other assistance.

The big storm over, the weather continued rather cold and disagreeable through the following month, but March was favorable and we made the best of it. The rain storms during April and May were unusually severe but we kept

on gathering in the beef cattle till the contract ended on the first of July.

Shortly after that date Durbin Bros. located a permanent camp on Horse Creek, 20 miles above the Creighton Home Camp, and 30 miles north of Cheyenne, and bought from Snyder Bros. of Round Rock, Texas, 1500 cattle, the Snyders locating the remainder of that year's drive on Bear Creek, 12 miles north of the Durbin Camp.

If memory serves me rightly, that was all of the cattle that were driven from Texas that year that stoped in Wyoming. But many thousands went on through into the territory beyond, and a large part of the same going on into California the next year.

The great influx that eventually filled all of that vast country between Central Nebraska and California, north to the British line, did not begin till 1874. The winter of '72 and '73 was very mild, and lucky it was for us as we had winter work to do.

The Indian contractors were short of cattle. A hungry hord of Sitting Bull's young bucks had come down upon Red Cloud's reservation for their winter's grub. Like a thousand devils let loose from an old fashioned hell they were. In quantity and quality of "Shonta no Washita"—"Hearts bad"—they made Red Cloud's young braves appear as gentle mannered as the inmates of a young ladies' boarding school, having as they did in their scheming heads the idea of inciting the Reservation Indians to join in the war they were planning to make.

Soon after the New Year came in, Snyders and Durbins sold to the Indian contractors all of their cattle that could be gathered.

In less than two weeks the bulk of two herds were rounded up and turned over to the contractors' men who received the cattle on the range, leaving us with the most difficult part to perform, that of gathering the scattering bunches that had strayed off the main range and delivering the same at the Agency in small drives. The first drove that I took over was rather a wild lot of about 150 head with which we reached the camping place near five miles from the Agency. Leaving our camp outfit and extra horses in charge of one man and the cook, we were at the crossing of the river early in the forenoon. Henry Bosler, who was a member of the Indian contracting firm, was there with four men to meet us. There was ice on both sides of the river with a wide stream of open water between. The ice that was glare had been sanded, making it an easy job of crossing with a good chance for Mr. Bosler to get a count

as they went up the opposite side which was the necessary thing to do, for, as he explained it, the cattle they had brought in for the last issue had been stampeded by the Sitting Bull Indians, scattered and shot down anywhere and any way they pleased.

He had advised, before crossing the river, not to have the handle of a six gun in sight as an Indian would surely grab it and that would start trouble and in that case as one of his men explained, "a gun would be of as much use as a drop o' water in that thar Chicago fire."

We crossed the river and the count was made without a hitch, then we all drew in a long breath just as one would if he was about to drive into an ice cold river, and rushed the cattle on toward the corral, doing our level best to get there before the wild devils came to help us, but that scheme was a dismal failure. We were 200 yards from the gates when not much less than a thousand of the whooping fiends, like the "wolf on the fold" came down upon us, completely surrounding the herd, and had it not been running on a stampede, not a hoof would ever get inside of the pens, but as it was the Indians had to open ranks and let it pass through, but before we could get the last ones in they had killed several and many went through the gap with arrows sticking in them. The gates closed, our work was done and we were very glad of it for nearly all of the Indians belonged to the Minne Cozier (Minneconjou) tribe of Sitting Bull's band, and shooting into the cattle it was just good luck on our part that we did not stop some of the arrows.

We only made one more delivery there, which was not so bad, as it was late in April and most of the Northern Indians had gone away, and Red Cloud and some of his sub-chiefs came to our assistance and among the number American Horse, Slow Bull and others whose names I have forgotten, but all of the same calibre whom the young bucks knew were bad medicine to run up against, if orders were disobeyed.

Sitting Bull might have been a "loco" as many thought, but keeping a lot of his people continually mingling with the reservation Indians for the purpose of drawing them into an outbreak seemed to be the scheme of a wise leader rather than that of a lunatic, and he came very near getting things coming his way the summer of '74, or it might have been '75, when his Indians put their horses off the reservation across the river to graze which induced some of Red Cloud's young men to put theirs over with them, although there was a world of feed on their own side. Disregarding

the Agent's orders to keep their stock at home, brought an order from headquarters to the commandant of Fort Laramie to round up and drive to the Fort all Indian stock found off the reservation. Consequently two troops of cavalry, numbering probably 75 men, were sent down to execute the order, but they had no more than rounded up the ponies till not less than two thousand Indians had surrounded the soldiers and with arrows drawn to the heads, dared them to resist. A massacre was imminent! And it required all the force of authority the chiefs possessed to prevent it.

After much haranguing the Indians withdrew their stock back on their side, the soldiers returning to the fort. Their report of the affair caused the order to be rescinded. The Indians kept on their side except occasionally a few straggling parties of the Minneconjous that did some stealing, but I only remember of but one man being killed—one of the Coad Bros.' men, Charles Manchester—some time during the winter of '75, happening in Nebraska just over the Wyoming line.

Later on came reports of gold findings in the Dakota hills that started prospectors rushing in, and troops were ordered to turn them back, but of no avail. In a few months the country was full of all breeds of human beings and more on the way which was all the incentive needed to start the war that lasted till Sitting Bull and his tribe retreated across the border and their Cheyenne and Arapahoe contingent were rounded up and disposed of.

That so few of the Sioux joined the hostiles was due to the influence the old chiefs had over them. They had been convinced that war against the whites could only end in disaster, had made the best terms that were possible and intended to abide by them.

Their manner of government was always "straight goods" devoid of the schismatic quibbles that clog the white man's administration of the civilized forms of justice. After Sitting Bull's retreat Gen. Mackenzie was ordered to Red Cloud's Agency, then located on White River in Nebraska, and to investigate charges against some of that tribe's young braves that had gone on the war path. It was proven that a young buck belonging to American Horse's band had taken part in the killing of the Metz party in Red Canyon. The old chief ordered his men to bring him in but they reported that the accused was serenely sitting in his tepee with his gun across his lap, refusing to obey the order. Then the old chief went to this tepee and called for him to come out but got no reply. Two of his braves had stationed themselves, one on each side of the doorway, and at a signal,

pulled aside the flaps, then like a cat springing on a rat the old chief went in and blew off the top of the rebel's head. The two braves that opened the tepee carried the remains to the General, who grimly gave American Horse an approving nod, reached out his hand and spoke just one word, "Shake!" The performing of that ceremony not only clinched a friendship between the red and white chiefs, but determined the whole Sioux Nation to abide by the treaty through all hazards and, as the Indians speak it, "as long as grass grows and water runs."

In September, '76, I went from Cheyenne to the mining camps in the Black Hills of Dakota. At that time Gilmer, Saulsburg & Co. had their stages running in regular order only as far as Fort Laramie. Beyond that point, it was get there the best way you can some time in the future. One member of the company whom all of the old wild west knew by the sobriquet of "Stuttering Brown" was out with a gang of men establishing stations. Although his speech was slow his gun was swift and sure, and he had for many years escaped the missiles of his enemies, but as all careers however useful must end, so it came his time to pass out. And it happened one night as he and some of his men came down to what was called Indian Creek, a single shot came from out of the darkness that ended his long turbulent life. Investigation never solved the mystery of where the shot came from. But the work goes on. All the same in business as in war. One man falls—another steps in and takes his place.

At Fort Laramie, I put my bed on a freighter wagon and traveled with it as far as Red Canyon. It was a small outfit of ten teams, horses and mules. The Post Commander had been holding it there for several days as he considered it of insufficient force, but after a day or two nine more men, all well armed and mounted, joined. Permission was given to proceed. I remember very well one of the men who looked to be about 60 years of age standing in front of the trader's store. He was saying to another man who stood near that 25 years ago he had stood in that same place waiting to go west to hunt for gold, and that he was still hunting the same stuff and had come to believe that it would be from off this same job that Old Father Time would call him when the end came, which seemed to be all the reward that 99 out of 100 prospectors got outside of the pleasure they have in hunting.

Nothing was exciting on the first two days drive except the usual annoyances of something going wrong with the teams or wagons. But after passing Rawhide Buttes,

I caught the flash of a mirror and I spoke to Ransdel about it. He had been a captain in Wade Hampton's Black Horse Cavalry, a bright brave man, who had done good service on his side of the Civil War, but without experience in Indian troubles, and I explained to him that there were Indian scouts keeping cases on us, and the flash I had caught was a signal from one scout to others probably a long distance away, and possibly meant an attack some time not far distant. Or it might be some friendly ones out on a hunt, but that we had better keep the teams coming along in close order. That it was an old and true saying that one was never safe in an Indian country except when the enemy was in sight, which caused him to remark that that seemed to be a paradox but that there is often much truth in what appears at first glance to be a contradictory statement.

But all went on smoothly till we went into camp on Running Water for noon and had our stock out to graze near a half hour when two men who were on top of the high butte that stands by the creek discovered a party of what proved to be a small pack train that was coming from the north, and two of Gen. Crook's scouts that had passed us just as we were coming into camp who were on their way from Fort Laramie to Crook's camp at Custer City. One of the scouts was a soldier, the other a Sioux Indian, Good Hand by name. The Indian's name did not fairly describe him as he had an equally good head. They reported that there was quite a force of Indians passing toward the west and lost no time in climbing the butte, and I went up with them. It was a very clear day and from the top we could look over a large scope of country. The soldier with his field glass and the Indian's naked eye made out dust from passing bands that they judged to be eight or nine miles distant, but only one band of ten or perhaps twelve showed up for an instant in plain sight.

Leaving two men on tap to keep watch, the soldier and I went down and advised the wagon boss that it would be better to pull out onto a ridge where if attacked we would have a better chance for defence. The pack outfit concluded that as they were not loaded, and the country to the south appeared to be clear, to take a chance and hit the trail for Fort Laramie, that being the place they were bound for. As the teams had to double to get up on the plain we had some time to scout up and down the creek for a short distance and get to the top of the first ridge and back to the road, and had a little time to wait for the train to come up and pass the men we had left on the butte. They said the band we had sighted had not appeared again. That seemed

to be good news to all but the two scouts and myself, and we held a short conference and when the soldier proposed that we move on up toward the foot of the ridge, the top of which we wished to gain, no one objected, and when we reached the right place the soldier gave the word to halt and stay right there till they got the signal to come on, then the two scouts and I rode down the draw for about 200 yards and then throwing ourselves on the opposite side of our horses, as they speak it now, went over the top and found just what we expected, a nice receiving party of twenty bucks ready to give us our passports over into the Great Beyond had we all marched straight up the hill.

But when they saw us come up on their flank they vanished like a puff of smoke in the wind and we saw no more of them only their dust as they went on to join the main war party. Neither did we see anything more of the whole bunch except the trail they left. Nevertheless we scouted every ridge till we found a camping place for the night. Good Hand, reading signs that no one but an Indian could have interpreted, told us they were Cheyennes going south after something big. That was the reason we got off so easy. That he was right was proven by what happened later when the country was raided from below Fort Fetterman down to within twenty miles of Fort Russell and 200 horses were driven off. The scouts left us after dark that night.

Four or five years later I saw Good Hand at Pine Ridge Agency, the war was over and he had discarded his glorious war togs for the plainer habiliments of peace. He was dressed as nearly like a white man as was possible for an Indian to get himself up. He was hauling freight from the Rosebud Landing and had a good team and could handle the lines and throw the buckskin "into 'em," if not with equal grace of an old stage driver, he got there just the same.

Mr. Cowgill, who was one of the Indian traders, told me that he had charged up on his books that year to Indians over \$10,000 and that when they drew their annuities they paid up to the last cent. Good Hand had a book and kept an account of all that he bought in a way that I do not think any illiterate white man would ever have thought of. He made a picture of the article that he bought and hung it up to a line drawn across a page of his book and under the same put down the price by drawing a large circle for one silver dollar, one half the size for a half dollar, another half the size of that for a quarter and then a small one for ten cents, which was the smallest coin they had.

We passed on without any other disturbance from Indians. About half way up Red Canyon the first of Gilmer & Saulburg's coaches on a regular run passed us. We had camped and were about to turn in for a night's sleep and all did except John Higgins and myself who saddled up and went on with the stage, as it had but a few changes of horses it was an easy matter to keep in the lead of it, arriving at Custer City soon after daylight.

A part of Gen. Crook's army was camped there. There were a lot of people there, many that I knew. I stayed there two days and then rode on to Deadwood, 75 miles, following a proposed new road that the stage company had laid out on as straight a course as it was possible to build it, but at that time after the first 20 miles I had only a blazed trail to follow through the timber and the hoof prints left by the two men and their pack horse across the open spaces. When within three miles of the end of my day's ride, I passed a camp of prospectors, six or seven men standing around a camp fire. The rain had been falling steadily since eleven o'clock and although they were all rich in expectations they did not present a very happy appearance and I, being as thoroughly water soaked as the wettest one in the bunch, was not putting on a very pleasant front. I knew one of the men—an ex-government mule skinner. He, after greeting me kindly, but shiveringly, said that he owned an eighth interest in one of the best prospects in the hills and would trade it to me for the horse and saddle that I was riding. But I could not see it and went on. He stayed with his claim till he realized a nice little sum of \$35,000 for it. And the horse I was riding died many years ago.

I remained in the hills a month trying to find some prospectors that Billy Moore and I had staked, but without success. Returned to Cheyenne, making the ride from Custer City to Fort Laramie in three nights, 170 miles. At the Fort I was informed of the luck the raiding parties had had. The losses to the cow outfits were variously estimated all the way from 100 to 300 saddle and stock horses, but what the loss did really amount to I have forgotten, but I remember there was a great demand for saddle horses the next spring.

That winter there were many stories told of the adventures the boys had on the range. Some were wounded but I do not now remember of any loss of life. About the hardest scrap was had by Dan McUlvan and young Dave Mack Farland. Dave was only a young lad not long over from Scotland. Dan was armed with a Winchester that was always loaded and Dave's needle gun reached a long

way and by a judicious use of both, a lot of good luck and plenty of old fashioned nerve, they managed to get through alive. The Indians jumped them in what we called the Dead Head Hills, shot both of their horses from under them and at the same time wounding both men. Fortunately they were close to the edge of the last gulch, and they lost no time in getting into it where Dan's Winchester held the enemy back until Dave gained the top next the plain and began sending an ounce of lead at every head that showed up on the opposite side, covering Dan's retreat to join him. Then all the way across the open country till near the breaks of the Chugwater, they stood the Indians off with their superior weapons, although the Indians had three very fair guns. But when near the breaks they all left them and gathered in all the loose horse stock that could be found.

The result of the raid in the country between Fort Laramie and Fetterman did not afford much gain for the raiders. Johnson and Walker, Clint, Graham, Douglas Willan and Long Bailey being warned by the fight they had on the north side of the river, kept their horses close in till the Indians had passed on.

They were all over on the north side for the purpose of throwing back any cattle that might have strayed across, and were near enough to the river to make a safe run for it when they discovered the Indians. But the only patch of brush they found was rather limited in area and too low for a good place of defense and was not a comfortable place to spend a quiet afternoon with nothing to do but keep watch that their cunning enemies did not crawl in on them, and they knew that they were too wise to make the attempt.

I knew all of the men very well and although they were not the kind to borrow trouble under any circumstances, as Walker said in relating the affair, a good shade tree would have helped out wonderfully, but the only tree in sight was near one hundred yards outside of the willows. Willan, who was a young English lad not long over from the old country and who was about the build and size of a young bull, complained that the others had the best of it as he was about as good a target lying down as standing. The boys used to call him the portable snubbing post, for while working in the corral on foot if any one got his rope on an animal that he could not hold he would pass it along to Doug, that being the same as tying it to a tree.

Graham and Bailey had been old time cow men in Colorado way back in the sixties, both middle aged men, the former always cool and perfectly composed in any situation, the latter, though he did not know what fear looked

like, was of rather an uneasy disposition. If memory serves me rightly he was a brother of the Bailey who was the founder and for many years publisher of the Denver Rocky Mountain News, but I would not be sure of it for in those days it was the man that counted regardless of his "cousins and his aunts." And Bailey was one of that kind. I knew Johnson and Bob Walker were partners, born in Texas, beginning life driving up the trail for Shadley Bros. of Kansas City. A happy-go-lucky pair, quick shots and always ready for any emergency—genuine samples of the men in their occupation of that day.

Soon after the middle of the afternoon, apparently with no one either winning or losing, the game began to be monotonous, especially to a man of Bailey's temperament, and he got on his feet and stooping as low as possible began to try to see what the Indians were doing, but about that time one brave had crawled up behind the tree, climbed it, and with his bow arm around it and an arrow fixed ready, Bailey was the first object that hove in sight, but he being in the far end of the brush patch from the tree it was rather a long shot for a bow and not making the correct allowance for the force of the wind, the arrow only cut his target across the "tummy," making a long red mark that burned like a red hot iron, and as he was already stooped over at a right angle posture, the effect was to shut him up like a jack knife, and then straightening out his six foot seven inches of length on the ground, where by rolling around for a few moments he threatened to spoil a goodly portion of their shelter. Johnson catching the flash of the arrow got the direction from whence it came and broke the Indian's arm with a bullet, that breaking his hold on the tree, let him fall to the ground which stopped any further attack from that or any other quarter.

When night came they crossed the river and went back to camp unmolested.

I believe that it was the same party of Indians that surrounded Frank Preager's camp on the Cottonwood two days later. Frank came to Colorado with his parents during the '59 rush. They were German Swiss, and located on the Big Thompson. In the summer of '72 Frank came to Wyoming bringing 150 head of cattle, all improved stock, camping on Boughten Slough about 7 miles below where Durbin Bros. were then located. Frank was a man that every one liked so well that they easily forgave him for bringing in a grade of cattle that were too slow to keep up with the procession. He was an odd genius in many ways. He had 15 head or perhaps more of horse stock and when he went

to town with his team, the whole bunch would follow. In the outfit was a fine race animal, a near thoroughbred that a young lieutenant had brought from Fort Garland, New Mexico. It was as nearly a perfect saddle animal as any man could wish for. A sporting man would have christened her some glorified name, but to Frank she was just Old Suzie—a dear friend that money could not buy. The summer of '75 he moved up on the Cottonwood and had, by the fall of '75, completed house, stable, corrals and other necessary appurtenances, including a big stock of hay, and was congratulating himself on being well fixed for the coming winter, when the Cheyennes came down on him, surrounding his camp completely on three sides.

Taking the situation in at a glance, he caught up a rifle, shot gun and two belts of ammunition and made a run for the brush but a short distance from his back door. They called him pretty close with a dozen arrows, but he dove into the willows without a scratch. All that long day, while part of the band watched the brush, the others made merry in the house. Some time in the afternoon one young brave, becoming tired, it is supposed, of the monotony of the affair, began a demonstration nearly opposite the upper end of the willows to draw his attention entirely from the other side thereby giving others a chance to slip in on him. Frank knew their game and did not neglect to watch all sides. The Indian after performing all manner of warlike antics and not drawing any response finally got a little too brave and made a circle around, coming within 75 yards of the edge of the brush. That being too much of a temptation, Frank poked the gun through the brush and let him have one barrel loaded with twelve buckshot which he sent straight to the mark regardless of the arrow the Indian sent him. Preager in relating the affair said: "I felt sorry for that fellow, he was the prettiest Indian I ever saw. I had to do it or I would never have gotten away from there. I knew they could not take him away till darkness came on and when they were performing that spooky job would be my time to get away and that was just the time that I slipped past them and was safe and none too soon as I was only just out of range of the light when they set the haystack on fire." It was a long walk even in daylight and then not an easy one, but he got into Snyder Bros. & Wolfjen's ranch before daylight, giving the boys there a surprise when he walked in with his shirt torn to rags by the brush, and wet and bedraggled from fording the river. But when they asked him what the trouble was he could only remember one loss and he replied, "O Jim! O boys! the damn

Injun got Old Susie!" His proud stepping old saddle mare comprised the man's loss. The other stock, hay, house, all the other improvements and the hard day's fight and all night tramp were not worth the trouble to speak of.

The country around the Laramie river and Sibylee was not molested by any of the parties on that raid, but later in the following winter a party of Cheyennes came in on foot and one bright moonlight night took all the horses of the Swan Company on the Sibylee and the Kent ranch on North Laramie that they had locked up in what they thought were thief proof corrals and got away with all but one small mule that came back dragging an Indian rope. There were big stables at each place that they could not force.

A new corral had just been finished at the Kent ranch made of heavy logs and big posts with a very heavy gate and fastened with a cable chain stretched taut from hinge post to the latch post and made fast with the strongest lock that the hardware store could supply. And to make all doubly secure they chained a bull dog to one gate post. And then the boys retired to rest and peaceful slumber, congratulating themselves with the belief that their good work had made all things safe. But daylight came showing an empty corral. The Indians had silently slipped away with its contents, and adding insult to injury, they had taken the dog along to make the raid complete. Now comes to mind an old Spanish proverb: "In the end God grinds the miller." The pride-bloated raiders were home with their plunder but a few days when Generals Crook and Mackenzie surrounded their camp and captured all that was left of that once powerful tribe. And now if you wish to know of the tragedy of their ending read Edgar Beacher Bronson's book containing the story of "A Fight to a Finish for a Birthright."

With the Arapahoes located on the Shoshone reservation, Indian troubles ceased on the cow ranges, and while the situation is comparatively peaceful I will end this story here for someone to finish whose burden of years is lighter than mine.

(Signed) EDWARD ORDWAY, SR.
Castroville, California.

ADDRESS REGARDING FIRST PHOTOGRAPHING OF THE TETONS

(Prepared for, but not read, at the dedication of the Teton National Park, July 29th, 1929.)

By W. H. Jackson

I have been called "the Pioneer Photographer." It could be better to say a Pioneer Photographer, for there were others, both before and during my time, who had adventured out into the West with a camera. Among the landscapists were Carvalho, with his daguerrotype apparatus, who accompanied Fremont out across the Snowy Rockies of Colorado in 1853; Savage of Salt Lake City, in the early sixties, photographed the central mountain region; Russell, official photographer for the Transcontinental Railway during its building, worked over all that line between the Missouri and the Sierras—and there were others.

Following these real pioneers I was fortunate, as the official photographer of the Hayden Geological Survey, in having first had the opportunity to give to the world the first photographs of places and scenes of more than ordinary interest, such as the Yellowstone in 1871; the Three Tetons, from the Idaho side, in 1872; the Mount of the Holy Cross in 1873; the Cliff Ruins of the Mesa Verde and the Southwest in 1874-5; Fremont Peak and the Jackson Lake region in 1878—and other places of less importance.

This pioneering in photography had its handicaps as well as other kinds of pioneering. There were no prepared dry plates or handy Kodaks. Instead, the photographer had to carry with him the material and apparatus, including an extemporized dark room to work in, for making his own plates as required for each exposure. A pack mule was required to carry his outfit sometimes too, depending on size of camera and length of time afield; and it had to be well packed for frequently there would be rough going. The photographer sought his views, as the hunter his game, in places far removed from beaten trails. There was some compensation, however, for his toil and trouble—the photographer knew exactly what kind of a negative he had before packing up his camera. It is unnecessary to mention the difference, in this respect, as well as in others, between now and then.

Regarding the present occasion in setting aside these grand old Tetons as a National Park, I first saw them from the Idaho side in '71 as our survey was on its way to the Yellowstone. Beautiful in a summer haze, they were not

photographable, for panchromatic plates and color screens were not then available. Later, on an exceptionally clear day, their summits appeared above the horizon in one of my views looking across Yellowstone Lake. In '72 one division of the Survey was camped for ten days in Teton Basin—"Pierres' Hole" of trapper days—parties being sent out from this base to explore the region in detail. One of these was the photographic party; with two mules to carry the apparatus, which included a 11x14 camera, and to carry the camping outfit, the canyons and plateaus were explored for views. Part of the time we were camped at timber line on Table Mountain, from where the close-up views of the Grand Teton were obtained.

Just before breaking camp for the continuation of our journey northward a party of about a dozen started from an advanced overnight bivouac to ascend the Grand Teton. Among them was Stevenson, in charge of the division of the Survey; Langford, recently appointed first superintendent of Yellowstone Park and guest of the Survey on his way to assume his duties there; and two young boys, Spencer, a nephew of Langford's, and Hamp, related to Sir William Blackmor, just guest of Hayden at this time, with another division of the Survey. These four with Bradley, the geologist, were the only ones to walk the lower saddle between the peaks. All except Bradley continued the ascent to the upper saddle near the summit. Bradley did not accompany there because Taggart, his assistant, carrying the mercurial barometer, failed to come up with him, and he waited for it until it was too late to follow the others.

At the upper saddle the boys were advised to go no farther while Stevenson and Langford went on, and what happened then has been a matter of considerable controversy which has been settled finally by confirming priority of ascent to the Owen-Spaulding party, 26 years later. A number of factors entering into the story make it improbable that Stevenson and Langford ever reached the real summit. For a time I was inclined to take their word for it, but when Wilson, one of the topographers of the Survey, and its best mountaineer, who had been among the first to ascend Mt. Rainier, failed in his attempt to ascend the Grand Teton in '77, I then felt quite sure that this honor had been reserved for the later claimants.

I saw the Tetons from the east for the first time in 1878. Going north, conditions were unfavorable, and but indifferent photographs were obtained. Later, returning by way of Two-ocean Pass, a detour was made down Buffalo Fork when everything favored my best efforts. In

'83, being then in business for myself, I joined the Hayden party of the Geological Survey, then at work in Yellowstone Park, and remained with it during the season under an arrangement whereby I duplicated all exposures and divided the negatives afterwards on a 50-50 basis. Most of my work at this time was on 18x22 plates.

In 1892 I was commissioned by the State of Wyoming to make a series of large photographs for the proposed exhibit of Wyoming scenery at the Columbian Exposition of 1893 at Chicago. With a small party, led by Elwood Mead, we reached this region by way of the Big Horn Mountains and the Yellowstone Park—at which time I got some of my best views of the range from this side.

I have returned here frequently in the meantime, for pleasure instead of profit, for there is, on our continent, no grander or more satisfying prospect than the one now before us in which beauty, as well as majesty, are combined.

OFFICIAL UINTA COUNTY VISITS STAR VALLEY

By John C. Hamm

At the first State election held under the Enabling Act on September 11, 1890, I. C. Winslow, John Sims and Edward Blacker were elected commissioners of Uinta County, Wyoming. John R. Arnold, present veteran jurist of the Third Judicial District, was elected county clerk, and the writer, John C. Hamm, was elected county and prosecuting attorney.

Historically thirty-nine years is a very brief space. To the youth looking forward, it is an interminable wilderness of time. When it is behind, we wonder at the swiftness of its passage.

In those early days, Star Valley was an isolated frontier settlement of Uinta County in the first stages of subjugation by the hardy Mormon pioneers. No telegraph or telephone line had yet penetrated the primeval precincts of the lovely vale of Afton and Auburn to apprise those quiet pastoral regions of the restless wagging of the outside world. No automobile had as yet gotten beyond the fantastic vision of the early dreamers. The slow transport of the work team and the farm wagon was the vehicle of necessity. A spring wagon or a buckboard a luxury.

No wonder those early settlers clamored for the improvement of their roads and bridges. Their butter and cheese and occasional meat products had to be brought to market over the mountain to Montpelier, then to Evanston, Almy and Red Canyon,—appalling distances when the means of transportation then in vogue are considered. There were no coal camps at Kemmerer and Diamondville, and the long hard drives over roads none too smooth and fords sometimes dangerous were tasks of real hardship.

So it was determined in the summer of 1891 that an official trip of investigation by the Board of Commissioners was necessary, and John Sims and Edward Blacker were designated to make the inspection with the co-operation of their clerk, Mr. Arnold.

There had arisen some dispute over the ownership of a calf in the vicinity of Afton, and the prosecuting attorney was called upon to investigate the affair in the local justice's court to see if a felony had been committed. Hence the all around utility and economy of the official visit.

This august representation of the dignity of official Uinta County, the first of its kind in the history of the Valley, drove a team of cayuses to a spring wagon, and were

piloted by Archie Moffatt, a noble son of that virgin land, who was returning to his home in the Valley after having delivered a load of butter and cheeses to residents of Evans-ton, Almy and Red Canyon who had become acquainted with the excellence of those products of the early Valley days. On the trip Official Uinta County camped in the open, slept under the wagon or elsewhere as suited convenience or necessity.

On the way out, the route chosen was up the Thomas Fork to determine whether this were the more feasible site for a county road into the valley. This route brought us out on the ridge at the southern extremity of Star Valley where we intersected the old Lander Trail at what was early called Sublette Pass.

Here we were on historic ground. Mr. Arnold and I especially felt the spell of the spirit of the old pioneers who long before had gone that way. Over this trail some of the best blood of New England, the middle states and the eastern part of the Misississippi Valley had braved the hardships of the desert and the hatred and revenge of ill treated aborigenes to do their part in confirming title of the United States to the Territory of Oregon and the great Northwest. Along this trail an occasional pile of boulders, a rude cross or rough hewn slab marked the spot where some tired mother or frail child was laid at what for them was the long journey's end.

We sensed all this the more because the very trees spoke of the passing throng. In this one's trunk were carved the initials of J. H. W. who had passed that way in 1859. On another and still another until all the aspens of the forest seemed to shout the tidings of a resistless throng surging on and on with its face ever to the West, determined not to stop until its feet were firmly planted on the shores of the far Pacific. Some had earlier gone that way and had carved their names on aspen trees so long ago that growth had so distorted or nearly obliterated the carving as to render them entirely illegible.

But illegibility only added zest to our interest and gave fuller play to our imagination. Mr. Arnold and I spoke but little and thought much as we stood in this sacred presence of a passing pageant whose spirit forms swept by in silence, ever onward toward the setting sun.

In our mind's eye we could see the crude covered wagon, the tired horses foot-sore and jaded by the long trek over the untracked desert; the lowing oxen, swaying under the burden of the yoke, yet always goaded to greater effort by their hard but well-meaning taskmasters; the fallow,

oftimes sorrowful countenances of the mothers of sick children whose heart rending sobs could not easily be stilled under the harsh environment of months of weary wandering over the limitless prairies and now the ruggedness of the Rocky Mountains.

These and more were the mental pictures we conjured from the meagre remnant of a record inspired only by the gnarled trunks of the aspens bearing the initials of some who had taken the trouble to carve them there, and the dates when they had gone that way. Our untutored minds could not sense the semblance of the sorrow, the heart-breaking hardships, the tribulations of life and the tragedy of death that these scant historians could have told if sentient speech had been able to translate the carved initials into the language of the chronicles of life.

So it remained for me nearly thirty years after to be brought face to face with the facts that surpass fiction, the fruitful verities that supplant fancy. When I left Wyoming and took up my residence in California, it was my good fortune to become associated with Mr. Alonzo F. Brown, a native of New Hampshire who had entered into and carried on successful business operations in Boston and at Saratoga Springs.

It was at the latter place, where he fitted dress suits for such men as Webster, Seward and Beecher, that he felt the call of the West, and in 1859 set out with his young wife and baby and a company of relatives and neighbors to make the long journey to isolated and far away Oregon on the Pacific Coast. And thus it was that this emigrant train of some fifty souls, with their horses, cattle and oxen wended their slow way across the Great American Desert ten years before the first Pacific railroad had bound coast to coast and reduced the time of travel from four months to two weeks, and which now may be encompassed in comfort in two days.

Although now in his ninety-fourth year, this veteran of the early pioneers recounts the incidents of the trip as though they transpired but yesterday. His description of the forage in the region along the newly completed Lander Trail, with its clear, cool streams abounding in trout, are but echoes of the well known hymn of praise that sings of the cattlemen's paradise in the vicinity of New Fork, Boulder Creek, Green River and Big Piney.

So vivid is his recollection of places and events that when the last crossing of the Sweetwater was shown on the screen in the famous Covered Wagon, he turned to me with

eager emotion and said "That is it, that is it, just as it was when we passed that way."

Mr. Brown recalls the pass from the headwaters of the western branches of Green River to the head of the Salt River Valley. This was the spot we stood upon. It was shortly after leaving the pass that they overtook another train of emigrants who had negotiated the pass only a few days before, and who had come upon the smoldering embers of the fires that had destroyed the wagons and other belongings of still another emigrant train. This last was one from Missouri. The men and women had all been murdered. Their stock had been driven off by the hostile Indians; and as evidence of the brutality so characteristic of war always, they found a small child, a little girl about four years of age, still alive though both her legs had been broken. Members of this train took the child, healed its wounds, and it grew up to be a useful citizen of the great State of Oregon, which, with its neighboring commonwealths of Washington and California, have added millions of people and billions of wealth to these United States as a direct result of such pioneering as found its way along the Lander Trail.

Thus at last, a little of the story of the aspen grove at the south end of Star Valley, in old Uinta County, Wyoming, has been told; and if some interested citizen of the new county of Sublette may perchance pass that way and have his curiosity and imagination aroused by the silent witnesses of the Trail, he may be able to supplement or surpass in interest the historical verity of these deeds of valor, these annals of life's restlessness and chronicles of tragedy that were the heritage of this migratory throng.

One left his mark
Carved in the bark
Of a tree on a mountain
side;
But that faded mark
Rekindled a spark
For a tale that had not
died.

It is thus we brand
With an unseen hand
Some deed on the scroll of
Time;
We may find the brand
In some foreign land,
Tho' writ in a simple
rime.

“THE ROMANCE OF OLD TRAILS”

A May morning forty years ago, a cloudless sky and the enthusiasm of youth for a camping trip that would last for days, furnished the setting for our start.

We were bound for my father's cattle ranch near Casper Mountain on the Little Muddy. No railroad went beyond Cheyenne, but there was a good stage road as far as Ft. Fetterman.

So from Greeley, Colorado, we started, father and the two brothers in the big wagon loaded with three months supply for the ranch, and our camping equipment; mother and we two little girls in the phaeton drawn by our small riding pony. One brother always said he'd as lieve ride the churn dasher as to ride old Billie for he just stepped up and down in the same place. But anyway he always got us there whether we rode or drove him.

That eventful morning of long ago he trotted off gaily, his step in tune to our heart beats of joyful anticipation.

Our first stop was in Cheyenne for added supplies, and along toward evening we drove on out past Ft. Russell to make our first camp. We were thrilled by the lowering of the flag at sunset and went to bed with sounds of the target practice guns still in our ears. I can imagine now the questions we must have asked our ever patient mother.

The wild flowers in abundance along the roadside and covering the endless hills as they stretched far off toward the horizon were a never ending joy. And we learned their names, the lococleome and peurtemon, the vetches, and oh the mariposa lilies! I shall never forget when we saw them first. Then there was the gilia or trumpet phlox and countless others. On our short walks about camp we found such wonderful agates, jasper, conglomerates, fossils and arrow heads, just dozens of them!

We were eleven days on the road, nine of which it rained more or less, mostly **more**. We barely escaped one very severe hail storm. The morning following the storm we could see as we rode along countless holes in the ground our father said had been made by the hail.

We became acquainted with the wild life as we progressed. Our brothers carried guns and often we had grouse or prairie chicken for our evening meal. Antelopes were everywhere, just hundreds of the pretty creatures, all over the green hills. Sister and I wore little pink and blue chambray sunbonnets and their bright colors seemed to attract the antelope. They would stop on the brow of a

hill to watch us with wondering eyes. Many times during that first summer we saw bands of young antelope, perhaps forty or sixty together with one old buck with branching antlers guarding and protecting them. Then it was that our mother who seemed always to be so well posted on all the wonderful mysteries of the outdoor life she loved, told us some of the habits of the deer family, how when it is time for the mothers to wean their babies, they gather them together and leave them in the care of the buck who leads them to pastures green.

Road ranches and an occasional passing of the stage coach were the only things that suggested civilization. We stopped at the Powell Ranch for dinner. We girls played with the little Powell girl out underneath some boxelder trees while her mother made noodles for our dinner. I was fascinated watching her roll and roll them and oh how hungry I was. Noodles always remind me of that morning, and I have just learned that that mother and little daughter are still Wyoming residents as are also some of the other friends whose acquaintance we made that and the succeeding summer.

The day we arrived at Deertrail where the big Wolcott ranch lay was quite an event. We were invited in to the big low adobe ranch house and served with tea and little jelly tarts. I never see or make a jelly tart that I do not vividly recall the incidents of that morning. The servants on that ranch were all Chinese. The Wolcotts had one little daughter. She and her mother and the child's governess were at the ranch that summer. I was invited to come back for a visit later in the summer as a companion for this little daughter. We played horse together, I was the horse, and recall being left tied to the hitching post while the little driver went in to her dinner. Why not? That was the way her papa did his horse! The governess came and rescued me, however, and I had a good dinner.

Arrived at the ranch, we found a new one room log cabin had been built near the ranch house for our sleeping quarters. Imagine the consternation of us all the first night it rained to have streams of muddy water leaking upon us from the roof. It seems the native sod covered with tree branches was used for a roof and it needed a few good rains to "settle" it before it was rain proof. But we were pioneers in that new country and were having experiences. They say an experience never leaves one the same as he was before. I know now that the experiences of those early days in Wyoming taught me many useful things.

Between the ranch and where now lies the City of Casper there was a remarkable red rock formation where we went by horseback for a picnic. The antelope were so curious to see us wandering over the rocks that they came and stood unabashed at our very feet. I remember we found a bat clinging beneath the crevice of a rock, and that mother showed one of the brothers how to tan the hide. It was pretty soft fur attached to the dry outstretched wings and we kept it for years as a memento. I understand these red rocks may be seen today much as they were then.

And now I have come back to Cheyenne for the first time in all these years. Pavements have replaced the muddy streets. City buildings tower toward the sky. Great beautiful trees line the streets and cluster in the parks, and beauty and signs of progress are everywhere about me. I am reading this morning a daily paper from Casper, a city larger than Cheyenne, I am told, where my mind's eye pictures just wild stretches of hills and valleys, unbridged wooded streams where wild creatures come to drink, and I am forced to realize that Wyoming is no longer a Territory but a modern resourceful state.

LUCIA G. PUTNAM,
1341 So. Humboldt St.
Denver, Colo.

June 15, 1929.

RECOLLECTIONS OF TAYLOR PENNOCK

As Dictated to Mr. I. R. Conniss, Saratoga, Wyoming, April, 1927.

Civil War

I enlisted the 20th of December of '62, 16th regiment of Illinois Volunteer Cavalry and served throughout the war. I was captured on the 3rd of January, '64, at Jonesville, Va. The Confederates took us to Scott's prison at Richmond, Va., right across from the great Libby prison. We were confined there three weeks. Then they moved us over on Bell Island in the James River. We were here six weeks. Then they sent us to Andersonville Prison where we were kept eleven months. We were moved to Savanna when General Stoneman made his raid on Macon, Georgia. When the Union gunboats bombarded Savanna, the Confederates moved us to the Melon Stockade. We were there six weeks. When we left Melon, we ate rutabagas for breakfast and were on the train two days and nights without anything more to eat. We slept in an open coal car in the sleet and rain. When they unloaded us at Thomasville, Georgia, they gave us each a half pound of shelled corn, and then marched us sixty-three miles across the country to Albany, Georgia. From there they took us back to Thomasville, then on the train to Blakeshear, Fla., near Clay City, and set us free on the 29th of April, '65, after General Lee's surrender.

I didn't like it in Illinois after the war as it was too tame. There was an outfit advertising for teamsters so I pulled out to move across the plains. I came out as a teamster in the fall of '65, freighting to Denver for the Skinner & Thompson outfit of Lincoln, Nebraska. The cars were loaded with corn and onions and freighted from Ft. Leavenworth, Kansas, to Denver. There was twenty-one wagons with seven yoke of oxen to each wagon. They contracted at 11c per pound to haul the freight from Leavenworth to Denver which had a population of 2,500 to 2,600. We turned the oxen loose to water and graze out on the prairie where Capitol Hill is now. I went back to Ft. McPherson and Ft. Kearney, Nebraska, and spent the winter there. Part of the winter I traded bread, flour, sugar, rice, etc., to the Indians for furs and moccasins north of Fort Kearney, Nebraska, on Wood River. I was out there one and one-half months. Then I trapped some, beaver mostly, for the fur. There were about six hundred Pawnee Indians in one camp I visited. They were very friendly and treated me fine.

Then I came back to Ft. Kearney and stayed there till late in the winter and then moved up the river to Ft.

McPherson. I obtained a contract from the government getting out 10,000 telegraph poles to set along the old government road—the first transcontinental line, long before the Union Pacific was built. Once, while cutting wood in the mountains, twelve or sixteen miles from Ft. McPherson, about a dozen Indians attacked us while hauling telegraph poles out. They were just a little scouting party out to hunt, so we stood them off. I got another contract for 350 cords of fire wood from the government at Ft. McPherson. In the spring, I went back to the states for a year or two, then came west again. I went to Ft. McPherson with freight teams but was held up at Ft. Kearney till we were one hundred men strong in order to stand off the Indians. At Alkali station, near Julesburg, the Sioux Indians attacked us. They killed one night herder and ran off 230 head of cattle from the party which was following our train. The Indians followed for three days trying to get a run on us. We traveled in two parallel columns because we knew the Indians were liable to attack us at any time and by traveling in this way the two columns could form a corral when we halted. The Indians knew this, so would not attack though we could see three or four hundred Indians following us and watching for a chance. They made one run on us at Alkali station but did not get any stock because we were too well prepared for them. They followed us but didn't do any harm. A party of fourteen wagons with horse teams pulled out and left because they thought our ox teams were traveling too slow. The first night out the Indians ran on to them and burned seven wagons and killed four white men. They left seven Indians lying on the ground and took all the cattle and horses. The next morning, we came up and had breakfast there. We used to travel from very early in the morning and stop about nine for breakfast to rest and feed, then travel from three till dark. The wagons were still burning when we arrived there. Twelve soldiers, who were camped about two miles away at the stage station, heard the firing and came and ran the Indians off. We had no more trouble from the Indians.

I went back to Illinois after a trip to Denver, then came back to the West on the Union Pacific in March, 1872. I stopped at Laramie, which was then about the same size that Saratoga is now—about six hundred people. There were plenty of saloons there. I went out and hunted elk meat for the Union Pacific tie camp on Rock Creek. The buffalo had been cleaned out. There were about one hundred to one hundred and fifty men in the camp so it took three or four head of game a week. There was many elk

around in herds of thirty to one hundred and fifty or two hundred and lots of herds. The elk and deer stayed in the timber and parks. The antelope herds had thirty to one thousand in them and were scattered all over the open country. I saw ten thousand elk in one band in the early part of November.

I came to Ft. Steele about '72. There were very few citizens there at that time as nearly all were soldiers of whom there were from three to five companies. In the summer time, there were not so many as they would go off on Indian expeditions and then come back in the winter. The military post of Ft. Steele was maintained by the government for the protection of the railroad from the Indians.

A number of Frenchmen were cutting ties on French Creek. Tom Sun also worked there with them. The first tie camp was in '68. Coe and Carter's tie camp north of Brush Creek started in the winter of '72. In 1873, the Indians made a run on the tie-drive at the mouth of Brush Creek where the Tilton Ranch is now. They did no damage. I was with the tie-drive then. We had guns, so stood them off easily. Another time they did this at the crossing of the old Overland trail across the Platte River on the same tie drive. These Indians seemed to be after horses. They tried to start a stampede but the horses ran into camp. I was there when the attack was made.

I freighted supplies to the Coe & Carter tie camp in the winter of 1872 until the spring of '73, then came down from North Brush Creek with the tie-drive. There was a boom in the river at Ft. Steele to hold the ties. I helped with the ties there, taking them out of the river and loading them on cars for the Union Pacific. I made friends with Ed Alley on the tie-drive and later started trapping with him for beaver, mink and coyotes. There were thousands of beaver at the head of Cow Creek next to the timber. At this time, there wasn't a ranch in Platte Valley. The first three weeks at this work, we caught one hundred and twenty beaver. Then we moved on down to the present Huston ranch and built cabins there when the snow came. The Indians were very peaceable and we didn't have any trouble with them. The Utes used to come into the valley every spring and fall to hunt for meat but didn't molest us. There were two camps of Ute Indians—one Ute camp was on Jack Creek and was under Chief Jack, after whom Jack Creek is named. Chief Douglas, whose camp was on Douglas Creek which was named after him, was chief of the other camp in the time of the Thornburg Massacre when

the Indians killed all the freighters on the road between Rawlins and Meeker, all the men in Meeker, and took Mrs. Meeker and her daughter away with them. We trapped at the Huston Ranch till the streams froze up and then hunted for meat for the soldiers at Ft. Steele and freighted it in to them. When it stormed so that we couldn't get out to do anything else, we dried meat.



Courtesy of Mr. Frank C. McCarthy.

After the ice went out in the spring, I moved down to the Ed Bennett Ferry, which was about one mile below the houses on the McFarlane Ranch and six miles above the old Overland crossing where the emigrants crossed when the water in the ford was too high for safety. Seventy-five to one hundred emigrant wagons would cross at this ferry each day. The ferry used to be run with a rope cable. I would get ten or twelve antelope here in the mornings then bring them in and sell them to emigrants for one dollar each. I stayed there about one and one-half months till the high water went down in the river so the emigrants could cross at the ford again.

Then I went to the gold mines in the Seminoe Mountains and freighted in the first stamp mill. I hauled the gold ore from the mine to the mill. I was at this for all of two months. Then I bought some mining claims and started sinking a shaft for gold. I took out sacks of ore two-thirds full, worth sixteen dollars at the mill. One morning, the Nez Perce Indians ran in and shot one of the miners in the back as he was splitting kindling for his morning fire. As I opened the door to look out, a bullet went through the door casing right over my head, and I decided that I had all the mining I wanted. The miners stayed in their cabins till the Indians stole away and then pulled out for Rawlins and Fort Steele.

After I quit mining, I started out trapping for beaver again over by the Freezeout Mountains, east of the Seminoe Mountains. I spent the winter there, going in the first of September and not coming out till spring. I never saw a single person nor any horses or cattle except one wild horse. The Nez Perce, Blackfeet, Shoshone, Arapahoe and Sioux Indians were over in this country.

The next spring, I came back into Ft. Steele looking for a place to trap where there would be plenty beaver. As I was riding in, on a creek north of the Seminoes, I saw something go down the hill to the brush about one-half or three-quarters of a mile away. I supposed it to be an elk. After I went down a couple hundred yards, I thought it might be an Indian. I turned up a draw to the left and went round over the hill as I thought I would look down into that timber from the top of the hill. I saw I couldn't look down so looked over the creek. Just before I got to the brink of the hill, twelve or fifteen Indians popped up over the hill. I turned to run. Ten or twelve more were coming up behind me on horseback. Then I knew that the one I saw first must have been a sentinel instead of an elk. I saw there was no chance for me to run, so I thought I would

try a bluff on them and rode up to those on foot first. I asked for the chief the first thing. He was an oldish man and I happened to know all the old Indian traders on the plains so I commenced to talk with him about the traders. I told him I was Bouyer's wife's brother. (One of Bouyer's sons traveled later on with Buffalo Bill's show). The old chief thought I was all right so took me down to camp. He used the motion or sign language all the time. I tried to talk it too—meant well enough but made mistakes I suppose. I went down into their camp with them. A side of antelope was hanging up roasting over the fire. They treated me fine. I had supper with them then we sat and had a smoke. I gave them some of my tobacco but we used his pipe first and passed it around. They talked all the time in the sign language. After smoking, he wanted to see me shoot with my rifle at rocks on the hill side for targets. The Indians did not shoot at all as they never had any ammunition to waste, but I was a good shot so shot twelve or fifteen times. The chief called me brave but he lied like thunder because I was scared as bad as any man ever was. I tell you it makes you shake. At last, he motioned to a young buck Indian to get up a couple of horses. The Indians didn't have any saddle but rode bareback. Then he ordered all the other Indians to stay in camp and he and the young buck went with me about one and one-half miles towards my camp; there they shook hands with me and told me to go home which didn't hurt my feelings a bit. I rode off leisurely till I got out of sight. After that I don't know how fast I was going. I hastened back to camp where my partner was and we abandoned camp and went back up into the mountains.

There were twenty-six Indians in this party I spoke of who were traveling west of Rawlins. They ran on to a man with a six horse team and a hay rack twelve miles southwest of Rawlins and shot him through the ankle. He cut one of his horses loose, got on him and made for Rawlins. He told the news in Rawlins and twenty-five men from there started out. John Foote, Bill Horn, Bill Maikey, Bill Beyers, Joe and Jim Rankin were in the party. They found these Indians camped at Pine Grove. The Indians had several horses belonging to Rawlins people. The Rawlins men wanted them to give those horses up to them. The Indians got saucy and started for their camp, supposedly after their guns. The Rawlins men opened fire on them and killed seven, took what horses they could cut off easily and went back to Rawlins.

I came back to Ft. Steele and then went to working in a dairy owned by Tom Ryan, who used to live eight miles above Saratogo, and stayed there throughout the winter. Then the next spring, I built a hotel in Ft. Steele which I ran about six months and then sold to Mrs. Dillard. It caught fire and burned down about one year afterwards. Charles Scribner owned it when it burned down. In the spring of '76 after this, I went to work tending bar for J. W. Hugus, who was Post Sutler at the Fort. Bill Forney, who lived in Saratoga until a year ago, was Post Commander at that time. Jim Candlish was Post Blacksmith. J. F. Crawford, who was editor of the Saratoga Sun for many years, was Union Pacific agent and telegraph operator.

I was on the road for the government on several trips going as guide with General Crook on three trips, on hunting parties. Two trips with General Marcy on hunting trips north of the Seminoe and Freezeout and Ferris Mountains, after antelope, deer and elk. The second trip with General Crook was south to Battle Lake and the head of Snake River. We never saw a soul on that trip but all kinds of game everywhere. There was hardly a hill but what you could see antelope from it.

On the first hunting trip when I went out with General Marcy, we camped close to the present site of the Pathfinder Dam on the North Platte River and General Marcy said that he wanted to get some mountain sheep. General Whipple, who was in the party, said that he wanted a bear. So I told Whipple if he would go up the river about one mile to a canyon that turned off to the left he would find plenty of bear and I went with General Marcy out after the mountain sheep. General Marcy and I went about three miles up the Seminoe Mountains, close to the Platte River. Among the rocky ridges, we ran on to a band of fifty mountain sheep. We killed three, packed them on a mule and started back to camp. A short time after we got to camp, General Whipple came riding in. General Marcy asked him, "Where is your bear?" Whipple answered, "I've got him up the canyon." He said that he rode up this canyon a short way till it became so rocky he didn't think that he could ride further and got off to lead his mule. After leading him five or six hundred yards, his mule stopped, pulled back, and wouldn't go any farther. General Whipple looked around to see what the trouble was and saw that the mule was looking up the canyon with his ears pointing forward and his eyes sticking out. He turned and looked up the canyon and saw three big bears sitting up looking at the mule. It didn't look good

to him so he turned and got on his mule. "I didn't have to use my spurs either!" General Whipple told me when he got in. "I wish I had had you with me and we'd have gotten bear."

When I was guide for these hunting parties, I was never supposed to shoot unless they told me to. I had a forty-five seventy Winchester rifle which was a much better shooting gun than the Springfield army rifle with which the troops were armed. We hunted duck and elk too. The next day, we went out east of the river and killed five elk, and packed them into camp on our mules. It was after dark when we got into camp. About one and one-half miles from camp, the Sergeant said he thought I was going too far to the left and told the soldiers to bear off toward the right and go down towards the canyon. I told him if they went down in there they couldn't cross anywhere as that was the place called "Bad Lands" and they would have to come back to the divide to get around. He said, "This isn't my first trip in the mountains, and I know where I'm going." I told him to go ahead but said, "I'm going to camp" and went on into camp. When I returned General Marcy asked me where the Sergeant of the party was. I told him he was down the river hunting camp somewhere. Then we had to send a man across the river on the hill to signal to him by shooting to bring him back. He came in at last and wanted to know where I was. Marcy told him I had been in camp and had my supper an hour ago. He told me, "I think I'll follow you after this." "That is what I am paid for," I said to him.

We went off in the mountains in the timber after game the next day and killed two or three deer. We packed the deer on our horses, behind the saddles. The next day we just laid around camp and took it easy. We played cards but **didn't gamble**. As there were lots of rattle snakes, we had some whiskey along for **medicine** for snake bites. No one was ever bitten by rattle snakes but they always had to take the **medicine** just the same. We moved camp the next day and went over around Ferris Mountain on Pete Creek. We hunted elk there for a few days. Thousands of ducks and geese were there and we shot them with our shot guns. We soon had all the duck we wanted, so General Whipple thought he would go up in the mountains and kill some more elk. He hunted up there and when he had killed three elk by himself, he came back to get pack mules and help to get them in that night. It was dark when we got into the timber before we even got to the elk. When we got them packed on the mules, it was rather late. We

started across the prairie to camp. The General thought I was going too far to the left too. I told him I didn't think I was; that I thought I was going about right. We went on about two miles farther when General Whipple told the Sergeant to pull off to the right saying, "That guide is keeping too close to the mountains." I didn't say anything but just went on. Finally, I said, "I won't change my course, General; we're about five miles from camp, I think." I went on to camp and when I got there General Marcy asked, "Where is General Whipple?" I said, "Oh, he's just over the hill. He stopped to fix the packs." Marcy wanted to send someone up on a hill to shoot a gun off as a signal to Whipple, but I said, "No, it isn't necessary. He saw which way I went and he can surely follow me." I ate my supper and then went down to my tent. After a while, Marcy came down and said, "I think those fellows are lost." I answered, "It doesn't look possible that they could get lost that close to camp. They must have had a little trouble, I think; I didn't think it would take them so long, or I would have waited for them." I really wanted them to get off far enough from the hill so they couldn't hear the report of the gun. He said he thought he'd send a man up on a hill to fire a shot anyhow. The soldier fired a couple of times but didn't get answer. Then he fired five or six times more. After a while, we heard a gun off about one-half mile to the west. They kept shooting until they got in sight of camp when they quit. When General Whipple rode into camp, he said to Marcy, "We've lost the guide." "Yes," said Marcy, "I guess he lost you. He's been into camp here for a long time." Then Whipple came down to the tent and wanted to know how I found camp. I told him I didn't have any trouble but came right straight to it. "Well," he said, "I think it would be a good idea to follow you after this." I told him that "That's what I'm paid for. I'm not paid for following you guys around."

After this hunt, we came back to Fort Steele. They had on this hunt sixteen soldiers and eight wagons, two six mule teams and six four horse outfits. I remained in Fort Steele through that fall and winter while I ran my hotel there. I also ran it during the summer of '77. I got married to Miss Rosy Ruderdof May 27. Soon after this, I located on a homestead near Saratoga. The homestead took in all the land east of the river up to the grave yard, fair grounds, and right up to the Hot Springs Tunnel. I also took a preemption claim on the hill which included the present fair grounds.

I went on another trip with General Crook in '79, meeting him at Ft. Steele and coming out with him. He had a party of five with twelve soldiers for an escort. We had wagons to haul our tents and stuff. We camped close to the present Jones & Williams ranch on Calf Creek right at the edge of the mountain timber. J. W. Collins was with us and also Maj. Thornburg and a Doctor Draper of New York and Webb Hayes, son of President Hayes. We hunted anything we could get but elk and deer principally. We saw three bear one day but didn't get them. We went on to Battle Creek to fish as there were lots of fish, native brook trout—fat and short, not very big, about three-quarters of a pound each. We brought back about twelve hundred fish. Major Thornburg got fifty-six fish in thirty-two minutes' time. We used hook and bait then as there weren't any flies at that time in the West. We also got several elk. We killed one very fine deer, which we sent to Washington to President Hayes, who had it mounted.

I took another hunt after that in the same fall of '79 with Major Thornburg's brother and two bankers from Tennessee to the same place. We had just got located good when we got a dispatch which told about the Meeker massacre in which many soldiers, including Major Thornburg, were killed by the Indians (Utes) at Milk Creek, twelve miles this side of Meeker. So the hunt broke up and we returned to Fort Steele. I met General Crook, who had been sent north with troops to punish the Indians, at Ft. Steele. The troops were in Rawlins. I hauled two loads of freight for J. W. Hugbus to Meeker. We went through with a party of soldiers. We passed several freight outfits that the Indians had destroyed by killing the drivers, taking the horses, and burning the wagons. They had killed every freighter on the road. No Indians had been harmed in the fights. I camped about two hundred yards below the battle grounds at Milk Creek. The dead bodies were buried before we go there but the horses were still on the ground.

This is how it happened. Major Thornburg and his soldiers had been ordered to Meeker and the Ute forces met them about twelve miles this side of Meeker. The chief, Douglas, told Thornburg and his officers to come in and have a council but not to bring the soldiers. Thornburg was under orders to go to Meeker and felt that he had to go on and obey orders. He decided to leave the road and take a short-cut across the mountains and just as the troops got into the scrub oak timber in the foot hills, they ran into an ambush of Indians. I came very near being with Major Thornburg at the time. Major Thornburg had wanted me

to go with him as guide but I was engaged to go with his brother on the hunting trip and his brother wouldn't let me off or I would have been in the fight. When the Indians fired on the soldiers the wagon train had just broken camp on the creek. The soldiers ran back to the wagon train. When they got back to the wagons they piled up sacks of corn for defense and got behind them. But the protection didn't help them much as they were camped in the bottom on the bend of the creek and the Indians were on the rocky hills right south of them that overlooked the camp. The Indians killed the horses first. About three or four hundred soldiers were in the party. Not an Indian was killed though thirty-five soldiers were. Probably six or eight hundred Indians were there under Chief Douglas. That night, Joe Rankin of Rawlins who was with the party, got out of the camp and walked to a ranch where he got a horse and made the ride into Rawlins in about forty hours, getting fresh horses at every ranch that he came to. When they had telegraphed the news to Cheyenne, General Merritt, with a cavalry force, started to Rawlins on the railroad to re-enforce the soldiers near Meeker. As soon as the cavalry detrained at Rawlins, they marched day and night till they got to their destination and drove the Indians away. After the fight with Thornburg, the Indians went on into Meeker and massacred everybody at the agency except Mrs. Meeker and her daughter. As I said, I went in with two four-horse trains for J. W. Hughus & Co. carrying merchandise and supplies to the soldiers and made the trip to Snake River in twelve hours, overtaking the cavalry at Snake River where we met the Thornburg wounded coming back. I went on into Meeker and stayed there about three weeks. The Indians had burned everything in Meeker so we had to put up a tent. There were only two or three ranches on Snake River and one on Bear River at this time. Jim Baker was with us at Meeker. He was scout for General Merritt when he went in after the massacre.

I have been at the old Jim Baker block house on Snake River which was moved to Cheyenne a few years ago. He lived with the Indians thirty-five or forty years, his wife being a squaw. One day, Jim Baker told us a story about his buffalo hunting. The game hunt he told me about was here in this country. He was with a big party of Indians camped over near Brown's Hill on the Savary. They stayed there for over three weeks and never had to leave the camp over three hundred yards to kill buffalo. There was a string of buffalo passing all the time and it took the buffalo herds three weeks to pass, coming from the North Park country

where they had their summer range and going to the Red Desert for the winter. This must have been about 1858. All the time Baker was talking his hands were going, to demonstrate like an Indian would. He told me of another time he was with an Indian camp on Cherry Creek where Denver now is, when they were attacked by soldiers and prospectors. He said Cherry Creek was so high they had to swim it to get away. He had a papoose then and took the papoose on his horse and swam across with it and said the squaw drowned. I told him he should have saved the squaw. "Oh well," he said, "there's lots of squaws."

When he was trapping over near the Freezeout Mountains in the year 1874, he was up in the mountains with a party shooting bears. He and his partner wounded one. The bear came down the hill right towards them. His partner, who had on buckskin pants, tried to climb a dry quaking asp tree (which is very slippery). He kept sliding down but finally got up to the limbs. Here, he got his arm over a knot in the tree and hung. Baker said he ran to a green pine and climbed up it. The bear came and laid down by the tree and died. His partner called to him, "Can't you shoot him?" "No," said Baker, "he's lying there watching me." "Kill him if you can, 'cause I can't hang on here much longer," shouted the partner. "Well," said Baker, "I thought I'd let him hang on there long enough so finally said, 'You might as well come down because he's dead.' Say, he slipped his arm off that knot and came down like he was shot and gave me a good cussing for not telling him before that the bear was dead."

This story was told by Tom Sun to Mr. Wilcox about the last big Indian fight that took place in Platte Valley:

Tom Sun was an old Hudson Bay Fur Company trapper. Somewhere in the late sixties, he and Bonnie Earnest were trapping on the head of Cow Creek. One morning in April of that year, they got up to get their breakfast and tend to their traps—Earnest to get breakfast and Sun to look after the traps. About one hundred and fifty yards from the house he found in the snow, the fresh trail of a war party of five hundred Sioux Indians. He turned around immediately and went back to the cabin and without waiting for breakfast they took up the trail. They followed this Indian party until they got to Bear Creek, keeping out of the Indians' sight all the time. There the Sioux met fifteen hundred Ute Indians and the fight commenced on Bear Creek. The Sioux, seeing themselves outnumbered, started to run and fled down Bear Creek and over through

a little divide on to the river. Down the river, crossing it where the old Tilton ranch is now. They were fighting all the time from Bear Creek—a running fight. The Utes chased them all along the foot hills of Elk Mountain Range and on the head of Lake Creek. The Sioux had split and some of them went up Cedar Creek and through Cedar Creek Pass. The main fight was in what's now called Pass Creek Basin. Others of the Sioux warriors went along the west side of Elk Mountain range with the Utes after them. Not a single Sioux got back to the Seminoe Mountains.

The principal massacre of the Sioux was just west of the present Paulson Ranch in Pass Creek Basin. Mr. Pennock remembers, years ago, seeing wagon loads of skeletons there. The crevices of the rocks were all full of them. Bill Hawley found an Indian skull once and stuck it on the end of a long stick and rode into camp with it over his head saying that he brought it in to show the rest of us. Mr. Pennock says that in 1879 before the Meeker massacre the Indians set fire to the forests all over the Sierra Madre Range to drive the game out. Mr. Wilcox says the Sioux and Utes were always fighting for the North Platte Valley for their hunting grounds. During the fighting between the tribes, the Utes were about to leave this part of the country and so they set fire to the timber to drive all the game out toward the reservation in Utah where they were going. That was the last time that the Utes were about in this section of the country. Mr. Wilcox says in '82 or '83 there were a very few wild buffalo left in North Park.

In 1869, Harry Mullison, one of the old timers of Saratoga, helped to bury a party of trappers who had been killed by the Indians on Indian Creek. Jack Bloom was the name of one of the trappers who was killed. Mr. Pennock remembers seeing where their wagon had been burned by the Indians. This is the reason the creek is called Indian Creek. Mr. Ledbetter can point out the place where these trappers were buried. These people were the last ones killed in the valley by Indians.

Mr. Pennock remembers prospecting in Mullison Park on Brush Creek about '86 and finding traces of old mine workings including a long shallow tunnel that had caved in in so many places that you could trace it on the surface, and so old that there were trees one and one-half feet through growing in the cavings. They thought at that time that it was probably some mining done by the Spaniards. They dug down into one of the cavings and found some of the old timbers that were used to support the tunnel.

Mr. Pennock remembers finding pots and pieces of pots that used to be used by the Indians, on the Peryam Ranch on Encampment Creek, and above there along the banks of the creek clear on up to the mountains. These pots were made of a sort of hard soap stone of greenish gray color. The Indians used to pound up berries and meat in them which mixture they would dry and sack for winter use.

Mr. Pennock says that on lower Pass Creek between the old Stone Ranch and the Platte River the Indians used to make arrow and spear heads on top of the ridges, where there are bushels of chipped spear and arrow heads now.

On the flat on the west side of the river is another place where the Indians used to make arrow heads. And another on the ridges on the north side of Sage Creek near the Platte River.

Mr. Pennock says that occasionally small parties of Arapahoe Indians used to come in here from up north. They came down in small parties to raid and steal horses. Jim Baker told Mr. Wilcox that in the winter of '59 hundreds of the buffalo smothered. The snow was so deep that worlds and worlds of buffalo were killed in the drifts and through starvation so that the plains on the Platte River were white with buffalo bones. That winter, the Indians lost all their ponies. The Utes, after losing their ponies, sent a party down into old Mexico to steal some horses or ponies to take the place of the dead ones. They stole about six hundred head. The Mexican Indians got after them to recapture the ponies but the Utes managed to whip them back in a fight and bring the ponies home with them. Mr. Pennock camped with Jim Baker for several months at the time of the Meeker massacre when he told him this.

IMC/MJS

MR. THOMAS J. BRYANT

The State Department of History suffered a distinct loss in the death of Mr. Thomas J. Bryant, which occurred at his home in Wheatland on January 28, 1929. Mr. Bryant had not been in robust health, but his passing was sudden and unexpected. He was born in Iowa in 1874. He is survived by his widow and one daughter.

Mr. Bryant was an able lawyer, an eloquent public speaker, a talented writer and a high-class, intensely patriotic citizen.

He was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church and of the Masonic Order; he was State Chairman of the Civil Legion a National organization, First Commander of the Sons of Union Veterans, a Vice-President and a Director in the National organization known as the "Boone Family Reunion Association," for he was collaterally descended from Daniel Boone.

He had the same common ancestor as the poet William Cullen Bryant and was himself a writer of verse. Elsewhere we print two of Mr. Bryant's poems. His last poem, "If This Be All," has been widely copied.

Mr. Bryant was a valued member of the Advisory Board for the Wyoming State Department of History and contributed to the Annals of Wyoming. He left an unfinished manuscript which he was writing for the Annals. He also wrote for the historical publications of Iowa and Missouri. His poems, written on a wide range of subjects, appeared in magazines and newspapers.

He had given a number of his manuscript poems to the State of Wyoming and they are now in the files with other manuscripts of Mr. Bryant's in the files of the State Department of History.

"ROBIN REDBREAST"

Robin Redbreast, you are here
With your piping notes of cheer;
You have absent been and long,
And I missed your sprightly song.

Welcome, welcome to our town,
With your little dame in brown;
Choose your station where you will,
None shall do thee aught of ill.

Spick and span your modest coat,
Sweet and strong your tuneful throat
Lift your voice and gaily sing,
The first madrigal to spring.

Freely you may loiter round,
Probing in the soft moist ground,
Taking toll of worm and bug,
'Neath the green earth's grassy rug.

And your mate shall build her nest
In the place that suits her best;
In the forks of yonder tree
Safely hidden she will be.

By and by there will be need
Hungry, clamoring mouths to feed;
Then life's business will begin—
Robin Redbreast, we are kin.

—T. J. Bryant.

“WHERE THE LARAMIE FLOWS”

Where the Laramie flows and the blue bell grows,
And the painted cup is red,—
Where the free wind blows and the sunflower glows
In the light of the sun o'erhead,
'Tis there, 'tis there that I love to stray,
In the genial warmth of a summer's day.

To stray and dream by the winding stream,
And to banish toil and care,
To glimpse the gleam of the sun's bright beam,
On the crest of the waters there,
While from the flora beneath my feet,
Comes up the breath of incense sweet.

A friend of mine is the evergreen pine,
That clings to the hill near by,
And the wild grapevine whose tendrils twine
Their way from earth to sky,
And the birds that sings in sheer delight,
While high o'erhead he wings his flight.

And the sight and sound that here abound,
 Fulfilling some great plan,
And each knoll and mound by nature crowned,
 Unmarred by the hand of man,
Unite in forming an earthly plot,
Where thoughts unholy may enter not.

In the shade and sheen of this fair scene,
 I hear neither sigh nor moan;
Mid the tangled green with soul serene,
 I fare toward the great Unknown,
With thoughts uplifted above the sod,
And heart at peace with man and God.

(Signed) Thomas Julian Bryant.

January 6, 1922.

A WYOMING TRAIL BLAZER

Many of the pioneers of northeastern Wyoming were children of pioneers in what was frontiers years before, and these children, grown up, moved west as the frontier moved, and being inured to hardships and danger, didn't seem to mind facing any kind of circumstances.

Fearless, energetic and efficient, they traveled west, risking their own and their families' lives, as many pioneers brought their families with them, even though the danger was great. When they arrived, they set about building their homes and helping others to build. Comrades all, giving time and work to a good cause.

Pioneering in Wyoming in the early 80's was all the word implies. It must have taken a stout heart and courageous spirit to start into a new country full of unknown perils.

Among the pioneers coming to Wyoming in 1883 was my father, George W. Laney, who was born May 9, 1851, in the southern part of Missouri, the fourth child in a family of twelve children.

During the Civil War, while his two older brothers were in the Union army, and his father, too old to go to war, my father's mother passed on, leaving George, 10 years, and a sister, 12, to take care of the smaller children of the home.

Their home was in the war zone and when the children heard the roar of guns and the booming of cannons, on Aug. 10, 1861, they knew a battle was in progress, and putting the smaller children in the house, my father and his sister stood in the yard and listened to the battle of Wilson Creek, eight miles away.

Being where both the Union and Confederate armies passed, also the armed bands of bushwhackers, little was left of the property in the community when the war was over.

My father helped with the reconstruction of home and community, and in 1868 helped to build the county court house at Marionville, Missouri.

During the following years my father worked at the stone mason trade and other constructive work. One thing he did exceedingly well, and was very proud of, was building fire places, all of which "drew" without smoking and gave out most wonderful heat. In any house he built for his family, wherever he lived, he built one of his famous fireplaces.

In 1874 my father was married to Elizabeth Good and established his home near a saw mill which he and his elder brother had bought. He sawed timber for the Frisco Railroad Company until 1879, when the saw mill and the buildings of the surrounding country were swept off the map by the great Marshfield cyclone, which did great damage to life and property.

After the loss of his saw mill, my father moved to Grandby, Missouri, and worked in the lead mines, and in 1881 he went to the northern part of the state and farmed and did saw mill work.

In 1883 my father started for the famous Black Hills, with my mother and four small children, in a covered wagon, drawn by a pair of mules; two other wagons made up the little caravan. Storms, rough roads and dangerous river crossings were their portion. They crossed the Sioux Reservation, but saw only peaceful Indians. Twice each day the stage coach, going to and from Deadwood, passed them, and they met many freighters, those brave men who hauled provisions west, to the early settlers, hundreds of miles, with teams, mostly oxen.

The crossing of the Missouri River at Fort Pierre was made on the ferry and when my father's party came to the Cheyenne River they found it a raging torrent of water and quick sand.

The stage coach company would not let any of the emigrants cross on the stage ferry, only their own passengers could cross. My father and other men explored the vicinity to find means to effect a crossing and discovered an old, abandoned hunter's cabin from which they took the floor and made a flat boat. One of the men understood the manipulation of such a craft and the sixteen families camped on the eastern side of the Cheyenne were taken over, and bidding each other farewell, each went its separate way and many years after my father met many of these people in the Black Hills.

From the Cheyenne River crossing Leroy Dickinson and his family traveled with my father's party and subsequently filed on a ranch near my father's west of Sundance which Mr. Dickinson still owns.

My father was sixty-three days on the road from the northern part of Missouri to Deadwood, Dakota, now South Dakota. Arrived in the Black Hills, he settled in Central City, and during the summer of 1883 did road and bridge work. In the fall he went on a hunting trip to Wyoming and while there filed on a pre-emption one and a half miles northwest of Sundance, which now belongs to Dick Morgan.

In 1883 Sundance was only a road ranch, belonging to Hoge and Bullard, consisting of a large log house for a store, with a small supply of groceries and a few dry goods, the post office and a saloon, all under the same roof. The hotel, operated by Frank Miller and wife, consisted of two rooms on the ground floor and lodging rooms in the attic. A stockaded square, shed, was the livery barn.

In 1884 my father and Leroy Dickinson farmed a small field of oats where the Crook County court house now stands. A young man, Eugene Barlow, was chasing a pair of mules when his horse ran into the fence around this field and Eugene was killed. This was the first person to be buried in the Sundance cemetery.

At that time there was no machinery to harvest grain and the farmer cut the grain by hand with a grain cradle and bound it into sheaves by hand, making the bands of the long strands. Threshing must have been a tiresome job as the grain was pounded out with what was called a flail, which was a long stick with a shorter piece of wood tied to one end. The grain and chaff were separated by pouring the grain so the wind blew the refuse out.

My father was a great hunter and always kept his table supplied abundantly with all kinds of game, though never slaying an animal for its hide to sell as many pioneers did. In early days hunters killed elk and deer in wagon loads and marketed them in Deadwood.

The deer and elk were so numerous and unafraid the pioneers had to build stout, close pole fences to keep them from eating the little crops. They would come close to the house and gaze fearlessly at the inhabitants.

The pioneers practiced co-operation whole heartedly; new families coming into the country were cordially welcomed and helped with their building and to get settled. No one suffered with ennui. They were too busy. There were no "soft snaps." The women practiced every ingenious scheme about their house work and sewing, busy making homes and rearing their children. The men, energetic and industrious, meeting and overcoming every obstacle. All helping to wrest a wonderful country from a wilderness.

Wyoming was then a territory and Cheyenne was the county seat of the county which extended across the entire eastern part of the state. Merry and exciting were the times and elections, getting Crook County organized and Sundance started on the road to civilization, as a city.

At the first county election, Jim Ryan was elected Sheriff and my father, constable, and later was appointed

deputy sheriff, and many times he made long rides into the country helping the sheriff in his work.

My father helped build the Crook County court house, building the greater part of the stone foundation. He did all kinds of work and was away from home, in the winter, until late at night. There were no roads and my mother would hang a lantern out on the side of the house, so he could find the way home as the snow drifted so deep he had to make a trail each day.

My father was a member of the M. E. Church and being trained in the old fashioned singing schools, was one of the finest singers I ever heard, having a beautiful bass voice. He was a staunch advocate and supporter of prohibition and in early days when the A. O. Good Templers organized in Sundance, he and my mother were active members of the order.

In 1889 my father moved to a saw mill owned by Hank Mason, twenty miles above Newcastle, on the Stockade Beaver, doing mill work and hauling lumber into Newcastle, and while there helped to establish Weston County.

(Hank Mason, spoken of above, was torn to pieces, some years after, by a bear, about a mile from his saw mill. See Quarterly Bulletin, Vol. 2, No. 4, Page 68.)

In the fall of 1891, my father went to Merino (now Upton) and freighted ties west for the C. B. & Q. R. R. Co., who were building the railroad through at that time, and in the early part of 1892 he returned to his ranch near Sundance and took up farming and stock raising, selling his ranch in 1893 to Dick Morgan, and moved to the Belle Fourche River at Carlile, where he helped Frank Johnstone improve his ranch.

It was in 1895 that my father filed on his homestead ten miles south of the Devil's Tower, that beautiful granite monument of unsurpassed grandeur which stands on a hill covered with evergreen trees. The Tower draws tourists from all over the world who come to see its wondrous beauty.

On this ranch my father lived for twenty-nine years, farming and raising cattle. He went to Spearfish, S. D., in 1898, and helped build the U. S. fish hatchery, doing most of the rock work. The remaining years of his life were spent on the ranch where my mother and two younger brothers still live.

My father reared seven children. In 1907 a great sorrow came into his life, when his eldest son, Charles, who was practicing with the firemen in the streets of Sundance, fell

and the hose cart was pulled over him, injuring him fatally. He passed out in about twenty minutes.

My father's health began to fail in 1916 and in 1918 he suffered a stroke of apoplexy, but having been a strong healthy man he recovered and would visit his children in different parts of Wyoming and Nebraska. In 1919 he traveled alone to his old home in Missouri and while there saw his birthplace and the Wilson Creek battlefield.

On February 8, 1924, my father was stricken with a second attack of apoplexy and passed on before his children could be called to his side.

High on the hill west of Sundance, in the little cemetery, where he helped to lay to rest the first person buried there, my father was laid by his son, Charles. He was mercifully spared another sorrow, as his third eldest son, Clement, passed out on June 13, 1924, at a hospital at Hot Springs, S. D., and was laid to rest by my father. He sleeps by his two sons whom he brought to Sundance forty-four years ago, within two miles of his first home in Wyoming, the state he loved. Not with riches of monetary value did he help to establish the commonwealth of Wyoming, but with the labor of his hands, his kind deeds, as a kind neighbor and a helper in any emergency, he lived for forty-one years, a friend to all.

From this cemetery can be seen the beauty spots of the surrounding country, the Sundance mountain, beautiful, with its gray cliffs, its pines and cedars, bright in the sunlight and turned to purple in the haze. The Bear Lodge mountains, so named because the bears hibernated there, covered densely with evergreens, from which comes a constant, soft murmur of the pines, changing to a roar in a high wind or just before a storm. In the distance far to the east the Black Hills above Deadwood raise magnificent heights to the sky.

Below is the beautiful little town of Sundance, where my father helped to build many of the best buildings, where he helped with the duties of citizenship, joined in the pleasures of the community and worshiped at the little M. E. Church from which later, was conducted the funeral services of himself and his two sons.

Who shall say the pioneers are not just as truly heroes as though they had fought in many wars. They faced all hardships and danger and met them as unflinchingly as could soldiers on the firing line.

All hail to those courageous, undaunted trail blazers, who helped to hew this vast incomparable state, which will endure from a wilderness of danger and hardship and made

possible the present civilization and opulence that we enjoy, which is equal in many things and superior in others to any of the eastern states.

Nowhere can be found more beautiful scenery than our Yellowstone Park and other scenic places, the gorgeous sunsets, so beautiful words cannot describe them, the exhilarating health giving atmosphere, the fragrance of the sage, where the sun shines three hundred and sixty-four days in the year, we can sing with Charles E. Winter:

“In the far and mighty west
Where the crimson sun seeks rest,
There’s a growing, splendid state
that lies above.

On the breast of this great land,
Where the massive Rockies stand
There’s Wyoming, young and strong,
the state I love.”

Written June, 1927, by Mrs. S. L. Mills, daughter of George W. Laney.

ACCOUNT OF DANIEL McULVAN'S AND DAVID McFARLANE'S ENCOUNTER WITH THE SIOUX IN 1876

By Mrs. Mary Whiting McFarlane

The spring and summer of 1876 will long be remembered by the pioneers whose scattered homesteads dotted the map of Wyoming Territory, for that year the Indians, always uncertain neighbors, were getting ready for what proved to be the last stand of importance, taken by the great Sioux nation.

The eloquence of Sitting Bull had shown them their wrongs and persuaded them that now or never, must they act, if this wonderful land, which the Great Spirit had so clearly fashioned for their home and needs, was to stay theirs.

No eloquence was needed to point out what was happening, as the continually growing band of white settlers cut off more and more of the range necessary for buffalo, that staple food of the Indian, and even the most pacific among them agreed that if these white men were to be driven off it must be soon, and so the spring found them laying up the stores necessary for the "going upon the war path" once more.

One of the first requisites was horses, and certainly the easiest way to get them was the one which had become the usual one, steal them from the white man.

In that spring of 1876 word had filtered into the settlements along the tributaries of the North Platte river, that the Indians were out stealing horses, and the ranchmen at once began preparations to protect their stock as best they could. This consisted in most part of getting them together in the home corrals.

What is now known as Slater Flats was then the M Bar ranch owned by Daniel McUlvan and John McFarlane, brothers-in-law, and here the news of this latest Indian foray sent Mr. McUlvan and his younger brother-in-law, David McFarlane, now living on his ranch near Owen in Albany County, out at once to collect their live stock. The horses were quickly herded into the corral at the ranch, and they then started after the cattle which were farther afield. As they were riding along one of the ridges of the breaks on Reshaw Creek (Richard Creek), David, glancing back, saw two riders scurry over a hill and disappear. He called to Dan and told him and said, "I think they were Indians," but Mr. McUlvan, being older and with a back-

ground of Indian experience, was not willing to admit it to his younger companion, fearing to frighten him, although he knew of course it was so.

They were therefore not surprised on crossing the bottom of a hollow and climbing the next hill to be met with a volley of bullets and to see a band of painted savages charge them from over its top. They turned their horses and ran down the hill, jumping off to fire and then on again until the Indians came too close, when they would repeat the tactics. Dan's horse fell, and they both dismounted, Dave leading his mount, a little mare that had become almost frenzied and was practically good for little else than to be a shield from bullets from the rear. When the men would fire, the Indians would spread out in a fan, clustering together when the men went on.

Of course in a few moments more the other horse was shot and the two men, both wounded, faced them without protection. They had shot one at least of their assailants, for they had seen two of his companions carry him off between them, and they had wounded at least one or two others, and here was to be the end, but they grimly resolved to sell their lives as dearly as possible.

But the Indians had achieved their purpose, and had enough. What they wanted was horses, not scalps then, and since these two wounded men could not now stop their getting the horses at the ranch, and the soldiers would be in quick pursuit when this was known, speed was desirable and they turned and flew away over the hills to the ranch, but not before Dave had risen to his knees and sent one parting shot which landed very close to the chief with the long war bonnet dragging behind him, who waved his hand and shouted something derogatory, and followed his men out of sight.

Imagine the feelings of these two men. At the ranch were three helpless women and a little boy, Thomas McFarlane, who was in the habit of hunting rabbits in the brush and almost sure to be cut off and captured, and to Dave, this picture of the little brother, who was much beloved by him, a tortured captive, was infinitely harder to bear than his own wounds. He spoke to Dan, "I'm afraid they'll get Tommy," and Dan, worried as he was over the fate of his own young bride, tried to reassure him by saying, "It'll be about noon, and he'll likely be in the house," which really proved to be the case. At the ranch, the family, augmented by a soldier acquaintance, Sergeant Ashenfelter, were at the dinner table. Boy like, Tommy got through first and going to the window, saw the Indians driving off the last of

their horses, and he turned and exclaimed, "O ma, they've got our horses." Consternation reigned in the little log cabin, and Ashenfelter began stationing the women so they would be most out of range in case of an attack. But the Indians had what they wanted, horses, and knew they had no time to lay siege to a cabin, with soldiers likely to appear on the scene any minute, and so scurried away north with their capture.

This, as far as I know, was the last foray made by the Sioux south of the Platte, for this Indian war of 1876, culminating in the Custer massacre, marked the end of their attempts at the hopeless task of driving out the white men, who literally were as the sands of the sea, it seemed.

During the winter of 1896, the writer was teaching school in the northern part of Albany County and boarding in the family of John McFarlane. The mail one day brought Mr. McFarlane an official looking envelope from which a check dropped out. After reading the letter, Mr. McFarlane chuckled and said, "Look at this, a check from the government for those horses the Indians ran off the time Dave and Dan were shot."

REMINISCENSES OF WYOMING IN THE SEVENTIES AND EIGHTIES

I first saw Wyoming on September 4th, 1874. My brother, Union Pacific Agent at Point of Rocks, took me out, a pale faced youth of sixteen from an eastern city with picturesque ideas of the West, gathered—chiefly—from ten cent fiction.

My brother, Edward H. Clarke, possessed unique qualities that gave him some celebrity. Besides a remarkable talent as an artist in pen and ink sketches, he was a universal mechanic. He had also mastered the art of taxidermy and mounted many fine specimens of big game animals. All the eating houses along the railroad displayed examples of his craft. Fifty years later I saw deer and elk heads, mounted by him, in the dining rooms at Evanston and Green River.

I was soon enrolled in the service of the Union Pacific as extra or relief telegraph operator, my first assignment being a night job at Rawlins, but the migratory character of the position soon gave me a personal acquaintance with many places, including Lookout, Rock Creek, Carbon, Creston, Rock Springs, etc.

What a unique comparison the Union Pacific of that period presents with the splendid organization of today! Fifty-two pound iron rails, 30 ton eight wheel engines, box cars of five tons tare and ten tons capacity, straight air brakes on passenger equipment, the "Armstrong" the only ones known to freight cars and all such refinements as steel rails, split switches, tie plates, automatic brakes or couplers, dining cars, vestibuled coaches and a thousand more lay far in the future.

One daily passenger train, scheduled at twenty miles per hour, was adequate to the needs, supplemented by a mixed service, loosely called the "emigrant train." It carried freight and second class coaches, often as many as ten or twelve, filled with California gold seekers, going out with enthusiasm or returning disillusioned.

Sidney Dillon was President and S. H. H. Clark, General Superintendent and in Wyoming were Superintendents J. T. Clark at Cheyenne, S. T. Shankland at Laramie and W. B. Doddridge at Evanston.

The spring of 1876 found me at Medicine Bow, normally a small place, whose importance was greatly enhanced that year by the Indian war in northern Wyoming and Montana, being the point of departure for troops and supplies for the

campaigns of Crook, Terry and the ill starred Custer. Enormous quantities of food, clothing and war material were unloaded, stored and sent northward via Forts Fetterman and McKinney. I saw one "bull train" or 115 wagons and several mule caravans of fifty and sixty wagons dispatched. Among those of note whom I met or saw, I recall Scouts Bill Cody and Frank Grouard, Capt. Jack Crawford, scout and writer, General Crook and several other officers of note, then or thereafter.

Realizing our unprotected condition with the great supply of guns, ammunition and stores so needed by the Indians and the fact that they were usually kept informed by half breeds and renegades, the citizens of Medicine Bow were a prey to justified fears, which culminated in a called meeting of the male element. William Taylor, U. S. Quartermaster's Agent, was made president and John Allison, Station Agent, secretary. A list of arms and munitions was made and a census taken of the males of gun bearing age, 42 in number. These were at once organized into a battalion for home defense, a sentinel was stationed on a hill back of town and everyone took his turn of four hours picket duty. More than one inky night did I pack a .45 Colts to and fro, scanning the horizon and, as Bill Nye says, "occasionally discharging my—duty."

The protective value of all this we did not then realize was nil, but initiative displayed in another direction was of practical value. A petition setting forth our condition was made to our delegate in Congress, Colonel Downey, whose representations to the War Department obtained prompt results. Company K, Fourteenth Infantry, commanded by Captain Gabriel S. Carpenter, was sent to garrison the place.

The Ute Indians of Colorado were then professedly friendly and the government secured a contingent of 300 or 400 to fight the Cheyennes in the north. Enroute to the front they arrived at Medicine Bow one August afternoon, encamped near town and it was announced would hold a war dance that night. They played to a good house, including a big party that came from Laramie by special train.

The show was disappointing. It consisted chiefly of half a dozen moccasined braves in garish war paint, scurrying around in a crouching attitude, chanting monotonous stuff to the accompaniment of a lard can or cracker box, lustily beaten by squaws, the occasional discharge of their rifles in the air and the releasing of their war whoop. This latter was really startling and thrilling but after the sixth hundredth repetition, began to pale. So much enthusiasm was thus expended in six consecutive hours that none was

left for fighting Sitting Bull's braves. The Utes got chilblains long before reaching the war zone and were intercepted by the military at Separation, in attempting to sneak back home, and Uncle Sam's guns and blankets were taken from them.

On June 25th occurred the Custer defeat and massacre just over the Montana boundary line. I caught and copied the report of this event going over the wires to the California press, little thinking that fifty years later to the day, I should be passing the scene of the fight on the Little Big Horn in the Pullman of a Burlington train, peering into the darkness to get a glimpse of the historic battle field.

In October I was one of the hunting party to Shirley Basin, about 40 miles northwest of Medicine Bow. This region did not then possess one white inhabitant. Capt. Carpenter, Augustus Trabing, merchant, and a Mr. Branch of Chicago, were among the others.

My contribution to the game score was two elk and six willow grouse. One elk had the finest pair of horns I have ever seen. The third night we encamped on a clear rapid stream called Difficult Creek, near the place where a party of emigrants had been killed and scalped by Indians several years before. After we had disposed ourselves to sleep in our tent, the conversation was adroitly turned by the Captain and Trabing to the aforesaid massacre, our situation and the hazard we were incurring without a guard. When they had worked us into a thoroughly uneasy state of mind it was proposed that we should do sentinel duty, each in turn, in two hour shifts. Every one chivalrously volunteered for the first turn but the honor fell to Branch, after which I displayed my youthful zeal for a like period. Rifle in hand, I braved the crisp night air, unsuspecting of the hoax that cost Branch and myself a twelve plate dinner upon our return to town.

One incident of this memorable year, unforgettable in itself, was brought into bolder relief by the publication some years since of Owen Wister's novel, "The Virginian."

"The Virginian" that I knew at Medicine Bow was the antithesis of Wister's hero. His name was Page and he kept the only saloon and billiard table in the place. One day two cow boys arrived in town for their periodical "blow out" and began playing pool for the drinks. One round followed another and a dispute arose over the number of games. Page was arbitrary and insistent for the payment of the disputed 37 cents and this rankled deeper with the boys as the day waned and their condition waxed. The culmination I witnessed from nearby safety. Page was be-

hind the bar when one cowboy addressed him: "Page, you're a son of a gun, (approximately) I'd like to take a shot at you and, by God, I will." Whipping out his pistol, he fired, not at Page but at his reflection in the big mirror, which fell, shattered, with a crash. Page got out the back door instantly and the men, as if galvanized by the shot, became maniacs. They shot down every bracket lamp, and the bottles behind the bar, ripped the billiard table up with knives and broke it up, smashed every chair, window and cue and rode out of town, embracing each other with one hand and discharging their ordnance with the other. Page's penuriousness had reacted ten thousand fold.

In the winter of 76-77, I was stationed at Rock Springs and witnessed what was known as the first Rock Springs' strike. The U. P. then employed about 600 miners, principally Welsh and Cornishmen. The strike came without ultimatum or warning. The first we knew of it was the taking possession by the strikers and the picketing of the mines, chutes and power plants. Together with Mine Superintendent Tisdale and Agent Tim Kinney, I was standing on the station platform in semi-darkness when a pistol was fired from amongst the miners' houses and the bullet sang its way between Kinney and myself, striking a window of Ward's hotel. I doubt if a second bullet could have overtaken us in our flight to cover.

The high handed course of the strikers prevailed for one day but during the second night a troop train arrived silently and unannounced and when the miners awoke in the morning they spied the rows of white tents planted amongst their houses. On the same day two trains arrived from Evanston with Chinamen, house building material and carpenters. The defeat of the agitators was complete and the introduction of Asiatic labor in the mines an accomplished fact.

In April, I was appointed station agent at Red Desert, which claimed my services for two years, with the exception of a few weeks in the summer of 1878, during which I was assigned to the Agency at Separation. This latter place does not now exist. Its location was in the valley, thirteen miles west of Rawlins, and was at the middle of the belt of totality of a solar eclipse that occurred at that precise time. This phenomenon brought scientists from England, France, and Russia, as well as from several American institutions. I clearly remember the celebrated Sir Norman Lockyer of the Royal Astronomical Society and Profs. Draper, Harkness, Newcome and Watson, Americans. Prof. Newcome was the foremost astronomer of his time and

conducted the observations at the Washington Naval observatory. Commander W. T. Sampson, U. S. N., twenty years later the victor of Santiago, was in charge of the expedition. I assisted in the observations during the precious seconds of totality and immediately afterwards heard Prof. Watson announce the discovery of an intra-mercurial planet, which all were seeking. The claim was not, however, generally accepted and has never been verified.

The eclipse over and everything packed for departure, science relaxed its austerity and devoted a day to a general hunt. Thomas A. Edison, who had come to Rawlins for the eclipse, arrived and joined the chase. Their combined knowledge of game killing was about equal to mine of parallaxes and spectrums and when they straggled back toward evening their total bag consisted of one sparrow hawk. Edison arrived first, a little prior to which my brother Ed. had placed a stuffed jack rabbit in the greasewood, his silhouette just visible from the station platform. The great inventor took the bait, but, after firing four shots, comprehended the joke and said: "That's one on me all right, but keep still while I get Newcome." The sedate professor and one or two more were hoaxed in turn. Upon his return to New York, Edison mentioned this incident to the reporters and it was duly published. One unpublished detail was that a post buncombe examination of the rabbit showed that all four of the shots had struck it. This imparted another angle to the joke.

The summer of 1879 was passed at Percy, the old location, not the present one. It was a sportsman's paradise. Sage chickens everywhere, antelope on the plains, deer in the foothills of Elk mountain, seven miles distant, and geese and ducks galore on the intervening Foote's lakes. These latter and the adjacent meadows at the base of the mighty mountain formed a magnificent and beautiful scene. The Foote house stood on the spot formerly occupied by old Fort Halleck and an overland stage station. It had also been a relay point for the pony mail service and had borne its part in the history of the epoch. Not far distant is Bloody Lake, where a party of teamsters were massacred, scalped and mutilated by Indians in 1861, one of the many tragedies the grim mountain might relate if given speech.

Foote was a Scotsman. His title to the extensive hay meadows and fine irrigation system was afterwards contested and in 1889, when I last visited the locality a great change had occurred. No vestige remained of the Footes or their ranch buildings and nobody seemed to have ever heard of them. The valley had been cut up into smaller ranches and wire fences and board houses were visible on all

sides. Such evidence of the inexorable push of "civilization" brought sadness, such as does the drying up of Niagara to increase factory production.

I saw one antelope where scores had once pastured and found a few covies of three or four sage chickens, survivors of the flocks of twelve and thirteen, formerly so numerous.

My last prior visit to the old Fort Halleck site had been in 1881. In attempting a seventy mile saddle trip from a point on the North Platte, now known as Saratoga, to Carbon, I was overcome by the sun, an ailment we then called mountain fever. Dazed and feverish, I sought the Foote ranch house and was given a clean, cool bed and the inevitable cup of sage tea. This so far restored me that I was able to proceed the next morning, groggy but grateful.

The Meeker massacre followed by the Ute war occurring in the fall of 1879, I was sent to Rawlins to help the Agent, J. B. Adams, out during the enormous rush and congestion of traffic. Rawlins was the detraining point for troops and supplies for the scene of the uprising in northern Colorado.

The town was at this time a striking example of the mushroom city of the bizarre West. The normal population of 700 was swollen to several thousand, not including bodies of troops camped near, who were drilling and manouvering all day on the surrounding hills under orders of Major Evans. Colonels Shafter, Wade and Wesley Merrit, afterwards generals of the Spanish war, with their regiments, were among those that disembarked and marched away.

Bad characters, masculine and feminine, from the entire West had been drawn there as by some great magnet. No day passed without a cutting, shooting or robbery by force or fraud. We had, as the phrase ran, "a man for breakfast every morning."

One case I witnessed: A bad man, whiskied up to the quarrelsome pitch, unprovokedly shot dead a barkeeper on the north side and started up the railroad track toward the west, shooting at every head that essayed to get a glance or possibly a shot at him. By the time he reached the water tank, opposition had crystalized. As he got even with the tank, Jim Rankin, the sheriff, stepped out with a double barrelled shot gun. Both fired, but Rankin was a trifle the quicker and the desperado fell, riddled. The chief credit, however, went to a soldier, a cavalry private, who stood in the open street below and fired his carbine, shooting the man through the breast and scoring first blood an instant ahead of Rankin.

The Ute uprising was soon squelched and the troops reassigned to peace conditions, but Rawlins was for many

months infested with the lawless element. A man named Lacey was their leader and his saloon on the south side their rendezvous. Killings and hold-ups continued rampant and only yielded to drastic measures. The orderly element had organized and one night following the beating up and robbery of a Chinese washerman, rounded up at the point of the gun four of the worst desperadoes and took them to the stock yards east of town. Lacey and two others were hanged to the bar over the gate and one was permitted to scurry away into the darkness amid a discharge of pistols, mercifully aimed as the result of evidence he had given the committee of the possession of some attributes of decency.

Notices were posted with lists of other undesirables, who without exception availed themselves of the allotted 24 hours in which to leave town. My only connection with this event was that of a chronicler, having written it up for the *Laramie Boomerang*.

This was not the only actuation of the Vigilantes. Several months earlier they took a condemned murderer named George Manuse, known as "Big Nose George," from the state penitentiary and hung him from a telegraph pole in the edge of town. The history of this desperado and the band to which he belonged forms an interesting page in the epic of the times. I have never known of a full or adequate account of it having been published. I personally knew some of the actors and witnessed certain scenes of those dramatic events.

The epoch of big train robberies in the West had been inaugurated by the holding up of the U. P. eastbound train at Big Springs, and the "industry" seemed to be attracting the efforts of the bandit element generally.

One summer day in 1878, a band of desperadoes planned to derail and rob train three, the westbound express, at a point four miles east of Medicine Bow. No more diabolical plot was ever conceived. The train would have been descending a heavy grade on a sharp curve and would have been thrown down a thirty foot embankment with frightful loss of life.

The robbers had taken the splice bars out of both ends of a rail and pulled the spikes on the outside. The section gang had passed enroute home but the foreman, E. Brown, remained behind and was walking in. Upon seeing the disconnected rail, he realized the danger but assumed not to notice the defect and walked on, but once out of sight, hastened to Medicine Bow to report the danger by telegraph. While he paused at that point, the bandits lay in a ravine not 100 yards distant with rifles trained on him, but

a dissention prevailed among them whether to kill him, and the hesitation permitted his getaway. Prompt and adequate steps were taken by the railway. A light engine was run ahead of train three and a large military guard from Fort Sanders sent with both engine and train. They were not attacked, the delay probably having warned the bandits.

Great excitement prevailed. Trains were safeguarded against attack and officers of the law became active. Information collected showed that the bandits numbered nine, every one of whom was a criminal and outlaw. They were known to have withdrawn to the fastnesses of Elk Mountain and two deputy sheriffs, Widdowfield and Vincent, started out from Carbon to locate and get information of them.

Widdowfield was a mine boss and Vincent, known as "Tip," an old mountain man and former U. S. Marshal, railroad detective, etc. Their approach was noted from a distance by a lookout posted in the mountain and the band disposed themselves to receive them. Extinguishing their camp fire and hiding their horses in the deep timber, they lay concealed behind logs and trees. Upon finding the camping place, Widdowfield dismounted, put his hand in the ashes and said: "They're hot, Tip, we'll have them inside of an hour." As if in answer, a shot was fired which struck him in the forehead and he fell dead. Vincent spurred his horse and rode away, amidst a fusilade but at a distance of 300 yards, careened and fell to the ground, no fewer than eleven bullets having struck him.

The non-return of the deputies caused concern and at the end of a week, a big party started out from Carbon, finding only the two badly decomposed bodies.

The heavily guarded trains were not attacked. The bandits separated and were hunted down and killed or captured in localities as widely divergent as Idaho, Montana and the Indian Territory. I was told by a U. S. Marshal that every one, without exception, met a violent death within a term of two years.

Dutch Charlie was first to be caught and was taken from the custody of Sheriff Rankin on board the west bound U. P. train by the miners at Carbon and hanged. From the window of the east bound train the next morning I saw his body dangling from a rope, frozen so stiff that it rattled against the telegraph pole, a play to the wind. The face was black, features distorted and eyes bulging—a horrible sight.

Big Nose George was captured in Montana several months later. Upon arrival at Carbon, the train was again

boarded by the gun and rope committee but this time wiser counsel prevailed and the prisoner was given the alternative of making a full confession. This he did, as a means of prolonging his existence, at least for a time. His statement, which was believed to be substantially true, was taken down by an amanuensis and duly signed and witnessed, after which the train was permitted to proceed with the sheriff and his prisoner.

Manuse was tried, convicted and given the death sentence and was awaiting his end in the Rawlins prison. With the aid of a table knife that he had managed to conceal, he got the shackles apart that held his hands together, and on the evening prior to the date set for his execution, when Jailer Sam Rankin entered with his supper, dealt him a blow with the dangling chains that felled and stunned him. Mrs. Rankin, in her apartment, heard the noise and seizing a pistol, rushed in, covered Manuse and prevented his escape until help arrived. Prompt action by the Vigilantes followed and within two hours Big Nose George had reached the end of his rope in a material as well as a figurative sense.

My Laramie sojourn included seven years residence between 1879 and 1890 and frequent prior visits. Though not a history making epoch, this period was not eventless.

The discovery of gold at Jelm Mountain, just over the Colorado line to the southwest, gave Laramie a brief thrill, so typical of the early West. The news of the "strike," like a magician's wand, wafted the entire male population out of town in a single night, plus every horse, mule or pack animal that could be commandeered. First reports proved little justified and the men "as silently stole" back to town.

News of the passage by the House of Representatives of the statehood bill was celebrated with delirious aplomb, manifested by the ringing of bells, bonfires, speeches and the setting off of all the fireworks in town.

In '78, a man named Frodsham and another of equally unsavory repute had a bloodless pistol polemic in the center of town, chasing each other around a boxed tree on Thornburgh Avenue and exploding all their ammunition. Their score was point blank, if their aim was not. Frodsham was afterwards hanged by Vigilantes in Leadville.

The cowardly murder of C. H. Graves, U. P. Roadmaster, by C. A. Peirronnet in 1881, stirred the community for the moment, but the skill and eloquence of Attorney W. W. Corlett secured the acquittal of the assassin by a low-browed jury. This murder occurred near the door of the

railroad office. Mr. Baxter and myself, who were sleeping above, were aroused and reached Graves when he had scarcely ceased to breathe.

A man named Cook, who committed an unprovoked murder in 1884, did not fare so well. He was convicted and hanged.

Laramie's comedies were less thrilling but more numerous than her tragedies. Who could ever forget the Bi-weekly Club dances, the Library and Literary Association concerts, the Shakespeare Club readings, the operetta "Penelope" by local talent, the opening of Holliday's Opera House, the surprise party of Tom Abbott's ranch on the Big Laramie and the midnight return to our train at Wyoming station in a fierce snow storm, when three of us walked ahead of the wagons, mendaciously assuring the ladies that we were not lost; the beer soiree at Mayor Robert Marsh's residence, described in one of Bill Nye's books and the inauguration of Cheyenne's first Opera House? On this latter occasion Laramie's elite were taken to the capital by special train and met with generous hospitality from the Cheyennese. I still have the dance card of the Grand Ball that followed the operatic rendition of "Olivette" and am enclosing it for your collection. The "Mrs. Hoyt" set down for one of the dances was the wife of the Governor and there are other names that honored me.

My acquaintance with Edgar W. Nye was more than casual. I did considerable work as contributor and reporter on the "Boomerang" and saw him daily for many months. When he flared forth in the literary firmament as a result of his writings on the Times, his place as a humorist was quickly recognized and the Boomerang Company was formed and Bill was placed at its head as Managing Editor. The narrator was an original stockholder to the extent of one paid up twenty-five dollar share. Nye and the Boomerang placed Laramie, and to some extent Wyoming, on the map of thousands otherwise ignorant of their existence. No pent up town of 3,500, however, could long contract his powers. An eastern syndicate was soon doing the contracting with the word "for" added.

With Nye's departure the Boomerang was comparable to a toy balloon that succumbs to pressure, and my stock, for which I once refused \$70, was sold for six.

In my opinion, Bill Nye was never over-estimated as a humorist. The quaint, subtle turn of his mind was his alone. Like Mark Twain and a host more, he did his best work in the early days of his career. His personality was a continuous manifestation of that rare humor that marked his

best writings and seemed to radiate spontaneously on all occasions. When the Library Association gave "The People's Lawyer," Nye was cast for the part of Solon Shingle, but, in spite of faultlessly rendering the lines, what he really played was Bill Nye. He could not camouflage his personality. His humor was never borrowed but he had a rich fount of material in what he termed the "Forty Liars." Their number was overstated, but their aggregate efficiency little exaggerated. Bill Root, Jud Holcomb, Timberline Jones and Tom Dayton were some of the principals. J. M. Sherrod may not have been of that coterie but not for lack of eligibility. Many a time he regaled an audience of us handkerchief swallowing youths with accounts of his early Indian exploits and how he "paved the ground with their skulls." When Eli Perkins lectured in Laramie, Bill Nye, in a witty vein, introduced him as a "gilded liar from the effete East," to which he gracefully countered.

Returning recently to Wyoming from an absence of 39 years, the growth and development of the state throws into greater contrast the conditions of the middle seventies. Then, with very few exceptions, everyone looked upon it as a place unfit for permanent residence and reckoned the months or days until they might get back to "God's country." On the day of my arrival I was told that Wyoming was an arid desert where vegetation would never grow because it never rained. This was to a great extent true of the stretch between the Laramie Plains and Green River. Others were called optimists for maintaining that civilization, railroads, etc., would stir up the atmosphere and cause rainfall, which would produce vegetation and that in turn induce more moisture. This is, without doubt, the formula that has changed a great part of Wyoming's surface from arid to grazing and finally to tillable land.

The Wyoming of '74 was the hunter's heaven. Buffalo still ranged the northern plains but few were seen along the railroad. Elk in the mountains and antelope on the plains roved in unbelievable droves. I have seen over ten thousand antelope in a single herd. In the spring they separated and paired off and covered all the country where a sprig of green might be growing. A glimpse of their yellow and white figures from the car windows might be had almost anywhere from the time of entering the territory to leaving it and on the Laramie Plains one was never out of sight of them. The tale of their slaughter and near extinction is a story of the advance of civilization, one of the pathetic notes of the refrain. The wire fence was a potentiality of the repeating rifle in their decimation. In the

case of the noble elk, lawless vandalism was the chief agent of destruction. As early as 1880, the skin and bone hunters were slaughtering them in scores for the pittance thus obtained, leaving their carcasses to rot. Stringent laws were enacted but were of little utility. A troop of cavalry could not catch up with or arrest the offenders, who were superbly mounted and armed with high power telescope rifles. I personally knew of one case near St. Mary's, now Edson Station, where a hunter in a blinding snow storm got a band of elk bewildered and killed eighteen. That the mule (black tail) deer has suffered less from predatory slaughter is due to his habit of not running in large herds. They were nevertheless wonderfully plentiful in their habitat, the sparsely timbered hills. At Point of Rocks, Percy, Red Desert and other points a good hunter in winter could generally get his deer and get back by noon.

As to the profusion of sage chickens, will cite the fact that in September, 1881, Captain Coates, Commandant at Fort Steele, my brother and self bagged 310 of these truly game birds in one day's shooting on Pass Creek, to the southwest of Elk Mountain. In spring and fall ducks and often geese were found on every lake, river and pond. The price of beef was regularly six cents for fore and eight for hind quarters, but only in cold weather would it keep, so that for several months, at isolated points, we were dependent upon our fire arms for meat. At this time deer meat (only tenderfeet said "venison") sold for eight cents, but elk meat was a drug on the market at six. It was much served as beef in hotels, to the disgust of the patrons, who quickly sickened of it, as one does of any wild meat served continuously. Beaver skins could then be occasionally bought from hunters or trappers at five or six dollars each and at Separation, upon the return of the Utes from their fall hunting trips north, we purchased buffalo robes, beautifully tanned, at nine to eleven dollars. Only the finest, with heavy dark hair obtained the latter figure. They would now be worth forty or fifty times this sum.

Respectfully,

(Signed) JOHN JACKSON CLARKE,
Mexico City.

SEMINOE VS. SEMINOLE

There seems to be quite a diversity of opinion as to the proper orthography, and derivation of the name of the mountains north of us, and known as Seminole or Seminoe.¹ The name originated from an old man, Basil Laujiness,² commonly called Seminoe. He accompanied Fremont on his trip through this country at the time of the discovery and naming of Fremont's Peak, near the head of Wind River in the capacity of hunter, but did not return to St. Louis with Fremont, but remained with Joseph Bissonette, who had a trading post on Deer creek, which was purchased by the government in the fall of 1865, and burned by the Indians in August, 1866. Laujiness got his name Seminoe from the Snake Indians, with whom he lived for a number of years. He also married into this tribe, and a number of his descendants are still living in Wyoming—Noel and Mitch Laujiness at Fort Fetterman; also the wife³ of Wm. Boyd, a resident of the Wind River Valley, is a daughter of Seminoe's. Seminoe was killed on Clark's Fork of the Yellowstone by Arapahoe Indians in the spring of 1865. He and a Frenchman known as Big Joe went up there to get some cattle and wagons they had purchased from emigrants who had abandoned them. They had got the outfit and started back, making one day's drive. Shortly after camping for the night a party of Arapahoes came into camp, ate supper, slept there, taking breakfast with them in the morning. While Seminoe and Joe were out yoking up their cattle, they brutally shot them down; at least this was the story the Indians told. Jules, a young son of Seminoe's, when he learned of the brutal murder of his father, made a vow to be revenged, and during the years 1865-6 done good service, boy or almost child that he was. We remember very distinctly seeing Jules away out in advance of the troops at the fight of Platte Bridge (now Fort Casper) in July, 1865. He was then seated behind a sage brush with his father's old muzzle-loading Mississippi rifle, at the crack

Editor's Notes

1. Boardman, who crossed in 1843, used the name Seminoe.
2. The correct spelling is Lajeunesse.
3. Sheila Hart, in her biography of Louisa Lajeunesse Boyd, says Mrs. Boyd's father (Charles Lajeunesse) is not to be confused with the men of the same name who were with Fremont.

of which an Indian was sure to "bite the dust." The gun was so heavy that in order to fire it he had to rest it across the sage. The writer with ten men was ordered forward to bring him in. The little fellow cried when told he must come back. Jules was in several skirmishes with the Eleventh Ohio cavalry that summer, and was rash almost to insanity, not apparently, having any knowledge of fear. Seminoe at one time had a camp up on Bear (now Dewees) creek, near where the mining camp is located, and the place was known as Seminoe's camp, from which the mountain derived its name, it being known as Seminoe's, and was corrupted into "Seminole" by some army officer or map maker. (Rawlins Journal). Cheyenne Daily Leader, March 22, 1882. (On file in the State Historical Department).

The Quivira Society was organized in 1929 by a group of scholarly investigators who have for their object the translating into English from the original Spanish such manuscript history as pertains to the southwest part of the United States and northern Mexico.

From time to time this society will publish a series of volumes as the result of its work. The first volume to be published was brought out in September, 1929.

The Quivira Society is engaged in an important work.

**COUTANT'S NOTES IN STATE DEPARTMENT
OF HISTORY**

Wheatland, Wyo.,-----1897.

G. O. LATHAN.

Born in Sandusky, Ohio, 1840.

Came to Nebraska and Colorado at the age of 19.

In company with two companions, spent the winter of '59 among the Indians of Nebraska, Pawnees. Winter of 1860 was spent among the Sioux.

Came to Wyoming, '69, where he has had many experiences among the Indians but never coveted the reputation of an Indian killer.

During the heavy hail storms of 1860 and the consequent scattering of cattle the Indians were friendly and often assisted in the recovering of stock belonging to freighters and emigrants.

The Sioux granted 5 miles wide along the North Platte and Sweetwater as a right of way for white men and attempted to prevent the buffalo from grazing on that belt because of the unwarranted destruction of game. Branch roads were soon established without permission and the slaughtered buffalo became so terrible in the estimation of the Indians, who felt that the game was the Indians' stock and property that efforts began to be made by them to prevent it. Petitions to the army officers, pow-wows and retaliation followed and finally the war broke out in 1864. "White men kill Indian's cattle, Indian kill white man's cattle."
(Signed) GEO. O. LATHAN.

Denver, Jan. 8th, 1898.

Friend Coutant:

I send you the photo as I agreed to, the little badge on the breast is my Monterey Mexican badge. I earned that at the Battle of Monterey in 1847, Sept. 23—I was wounded and laid up a year.

I first went to Ft. Laramie in June, 1839— and in Sept., 1840, I went to Bridger. In July, 1841, I returned to the vicinity of Ft. Laramie, and in 1842 I went with Fremont to South Pass and returned to Ft. Laramie late in the fall and went south to Ft. St. Vrain and wintered. In the summer of 1843 I went with Fremont's party to Salt Lake and

to Fort Hall, and returned to Ft. Laramie; in November, went to Ft. Bridger. Early in the spring of 1844—trapped this year on the Green River, and Laramie River and went to Taos, New Mexico, in 1845, and in 1846 I went with Jim Beckwith and six Mormons to Salt Lake to look out the country for Brigham and the main body of the Mormons to settle, which they did in 1847—I went to the Mexican war in 1847. Got wounded at Monterey on 23rd of Sept., 1847; was sent back to Taos, N. Mex. Laid there a year. In 1849 I took a train from Independence, Mo., to California; in 1850, returned to Kansas in the Rocky Mountains, afterwards Colorado.

Yours & so on

(Signed) O. P. WIGGINS.

Pioneers of 1832—Kit Carson, Jim Bridger, Capt. B. L. E. Bonneville, D. Fitzpatrick, Nathan J. Wyeth, John Smith, Outwine de Bleury, Ike Chamberlain, Geo. Simpson, Julius Montbleau, William Montbleau, Jack McGaa, Jim Beckworth, Tom Baggs, Tom Tobin.

Pioneers of 1834—Ceron St. Vrain, Napoleon Beauvaise, John Grant, William J. Comstock, Jim Blair.

Pioneers of 1838—O. P. Wiggins, Ed. C. Campbell, Elon Tupper, Norman White, William Furness, William Sublet.

Pioneers of 1839—William Bent, Napoleon de Frances, Jim Baker, Dave Wheatly, Lewis Hedspeth, John Armstrong, Jules Mariana.

Pioneers of 1842—John C. Fremont, Father McCabe, John Keysburg, Mike Fagan, Father McBaupe, Julius Ludon, Pat McDermot, Robert Hamilton, Bob Dempsey.

Pioneers of 1843—William Gilpin, James Wise, Silas Bent, Edmond Rubidou, Jules Rubidou, Ole Olson, Aaron Crosby, Geo. Britton.

Pioneer Mormons, 1846—Henry Chatelain, O. P. Gleason, Miles Bragg, J. P. Johnson, Sol Silver, William Hall.

The above Mormons went to Salt Lake to look out a country to move to, and returned to the States late in the fall, and next spring, 1847, Brigham Young moved to Salt Lake and settled. Jim Beckworth and Jack McGaa were the guides for the first six explorers. I went with them from Ft. Laramie to Salt Lake on account of McGaa's wife was sick, and he had to return home from Ft. Laramie to Taos, N. Mex.

(Signed) O. P. WIGGINS.

ACCESSIONS

Ladies Literary Club of Evanston, Wyoming—An original story entitled "In the Shadow of the Butte," written by the members of the club.

Putnam, Mrs. Lucia G.—Original manuscript entitled "The Romance of Old Trails."

Indiana Historical Bureau—Collection of Historical pamphlets from Indiana.

Hamm, John C.—Original manuscript, "Official Uinta County Visits Star Valley" (1891).

Lusk, Frank S.—Six United States patents to land near Lusk, Wyoming, most of it being the land in the original town site.

Blake, Herbert Cody—Book entitled "Western Stories"—The truth about Buffalo Bill, written by Mr. Blake. Picture of Joe Esquival, Dick Johnson, and Jim Kid.

Clarke, John Jackson—"Reminiscences of Wyoming in the Seventies and Eighties." Manuscript written by Mr. Clarke. Autographed photographs of Bill Nye. Photographs of five Wyoming girls taken in 1882.

Evans, Mrs. D. P.—Collection of seventy books which belonged to Mrs. Mary C. Murless, completed.

Newton, L. L.—Original manuscript written by Mr. William O. Owen entitled "The First Ascent of the Grand Teton."

Hoskins, W. C.—25th and 26th Annual Frontier Day Programs.

Committee on World Friendship Among Children—A book entitled "Dolls of Friendship." The story of a Goodwill Project between the children of America and Japan.

Cahill, T. Joe—Ticket and tag for an entertainment at Turner Hall.

Schwoob, Jacob M.—Autographed photograph of himself.

Coolidge, Porter B.—Autographed copy of a song entitled "O America." Words written by Mr. Coolidge.

Williams, Mrs. Corrine—Picture of the cast in the opera "Cody Big Chief," which was written by Mrs. Williams.

Allen, Mary Jester—Three poems, three pictures of the Cody Museum and one of Buffalo Bill's ranch near Cody. Print of Robert Lindneux' painting "Buffalo Bill-Yellow Hair Duel."

Spurrier, Cleo Z.—Four arrowheads and two shells found on the site of the Wagon Box Fight.

- Lindsey, Ethel Leona—Thesis written on Edgar Wilson Nye and American Humor, which was submitted to the Department of English and the Committee on Graduate Work of the University of Wyoming in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Master of Arts.
- Faulk, J. Evelyn—Five pictures of the ruins of old Fort Steele. Two pieces of wood, a rock and a piece of plaster from the buildings of the old Fort.
- Owen, W. O.—Original manuscript entitled "The First Ascent of the Grand Teton With a Little of Its History."
- Jackson, W. H.—Original manuscript regarding the First Photographing of the Tetons.
- Leek, S. N.—Original manuscript and poem about the Tetons.
- Hebard, Grace Raymond—Original manuscript entitled "The Tetons Bid You Welcome."
- Marzel, John G.—A piece of pottery and one of iron found in Simpson's Hollow.
- Coble, Mrs. J. C.—Pictures of the first golf team of Laramie in 1902. This team won the State Championship at Cheyenne. Dr. Hebard is in the pictures.
- Arnold, C. P.—A booklet entitled "The Vanished Frontier," which contains addresses made at the State Fair at Douglas in September, 1928, at the annual meeting of the Wyoming Pioneer Association. A feature of the booklet is a story and poems by a native daughter and son.
- Newton, L. L.—Original manuscript written by Mrs. Charles Ellis of Difficulty, Wyoming, entitled "Medicine Bow, Wyoming."
- Rhodes, Mrs. O. L.—A bowl and a cup with a handle cut by the Indians from stiatite and a box of fossils found more than thirty years ago in the Wind River Mountains.
- McDole, R. S.—Four Philippine rifle shells used against the United States; primer for Spanish field gun; Mauser rifle shells; Remington shell; piece of wood from mast head of a Spanish ship; piece of shell from mast head; flint, steel, cotton (and case) used for striking fire. This was used by the Igorottes in Northern Luzon. The implements were rolled in the case and carried in the hat band. Two pages from a Spanish pamphlet; two newspapers, Republica Filipina (Spanish) dated February 16 and March 25, 1899; one newspaper (in English) The American, April 18, 1899; two certificates of personal identification used by the Philipinos and Spaniards.
- Shaffner, E. B.—A copy of the Annual Address made by C. P. Arnold, President, before the Wyoming Pioneer Association. One copy of "The Vanished Frontier."

Logan, Mrs. J. S.—An original manuscript entitled "Story of the First Shot," written by Captain I. R. McLendon, Field Artillery U. S. Army, in 1918, for his nurse, Miss Mary L. Swan, while he was a patient in her ward.

Mullen, Ellis—German 50 Pfg. issued in October, 1918.

Newton, L. L.—One postcard picture and one enlargement of the three men who placed the Owen Memorial Tablet on the top of the Grand Teton at the Dedication of the Teton National Park, July 29, 1929.

Adjutant General's Office—General Orders No. 3, Wyoming National Guard.

Bishop, L. C.—A picture of Christian J. Repp, 1st Sgt., Co. "C", First Wyo. Vol. Inf., and Paul Spehr, Corp., Co. "G", 1st Wyo. Vol. Inf., taken with the 1st Battalion Wyoming Volunteer Spanish-American War Flag.

Annals of Wyoming

Vol. 6

JANUARY, 1930

No. 3

CONTENTS

Placing the Grand Teton Memorial Tablet.....	F. M. Fryxell
Reminiscences	John Hunton
The Grand Teton Park Dedication an Historic Epic..	D. W. Greenburg
Economic History and Settlement of Converse County, Wyoming.....	John Lee Roy Waller
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CHAPTER 96

STATE HISTORICAL BOARD

Session Laws 1921

DUTIES OF HISTORIAN

Section 6. It shall be the duty of the State Historian:

(a) To collect books, maps, charts, documents, manuscripts, other papers and any obtainable material illustrative of the history of the State.

(b) To procure from pioneers narratives of any exploits, perils and adventures.

(c) To collect and compile data of the events which mark the progress of Wyoming from its earliest day to the present time, including the records of all of the Wyoming men and women, who served in the World War and the history of all war activities in the State.

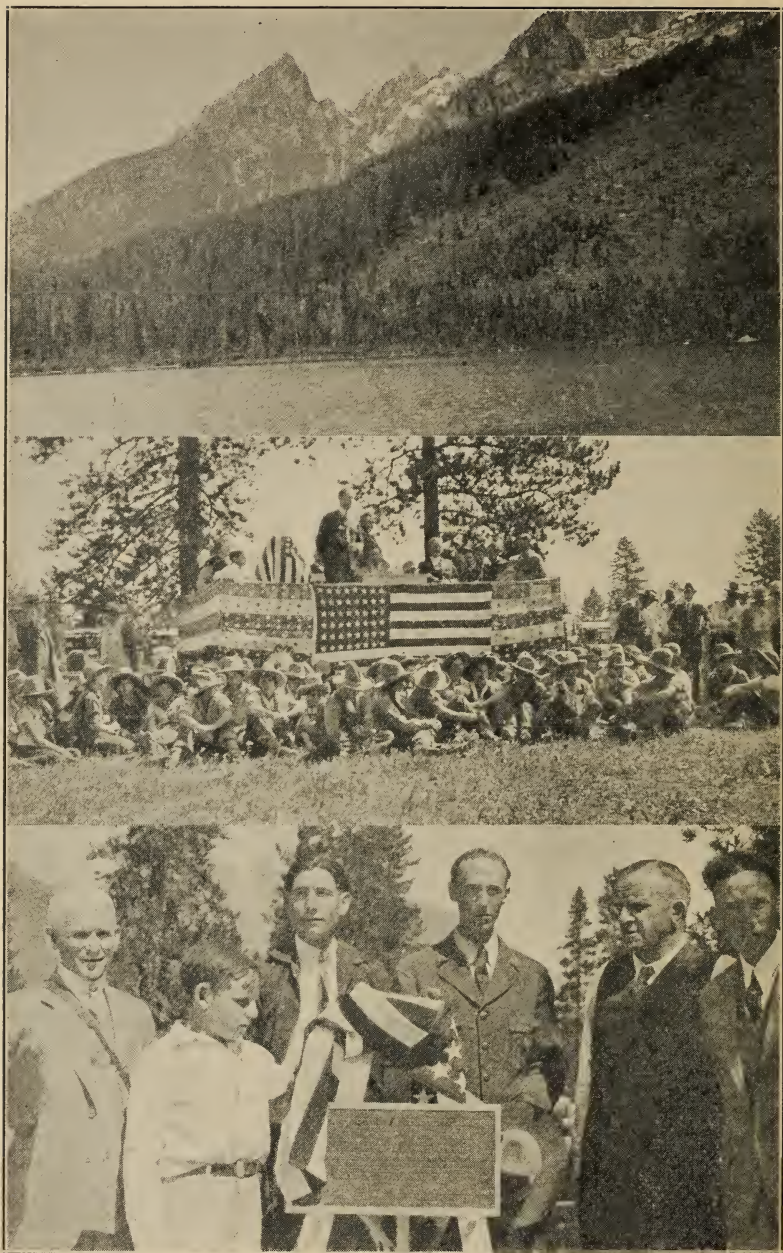
(d) To procure facts and statements relative to the history, progress and decay of the Indian tribes and other early inhabitants within the State.

(e) To collect by solicitation or purchase fossils, specimens, of ores and minerals, objects of curiosity connected with the history of the State and all such books, maps, writings, charts and other material as will tend to facilitate historical, scientific and antiquarian research.

(f) To file and carefully preserve in his office in the Capitol at Cheyenne, all of the historical data collected or obtained by him, so arranged and classified as to be not only available for the purpose of compiling and publishing a History of Wyoming, but also that it may be readily accessible for the purpose of disseminating such historical or biographical information as may be reasonably requested by the public. He shall also bind, catalogue and carefully preserve all unbound books, manuscripts, pamphlets, and especially newspaper files containing legal notices which may be donated to the State Historical Board.

(g) To prepare for publication a biennial report of the collections and other matters relating to the transaction of the Board as may be useful to the public.

(h) To travel from place to place, as the requirements of the work may dictate, and to take such steps, not inconsistent with the provisions of this Act, as may be required to obtain the data necessary to the carrying out of the purpose and objects herein set forth.



Scenes Taken at Dedication of New Grand Teton National Park, Wyoming.

Photos by Stanley J. Mead. Engravings Courtesy "The Pepper Pot."

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PLACING THE GRAND TETON MEMORIAL TABLET

By F. M. Fryxell

Ranger-Naturalist, Grand Teton National Park

Editor's Note.

On February 9, 1927, the Nineteenth State Legislature of Wyoming, following an investigation of the question of who made the first ascent of the Grand Teton, passed by unanimous vote a Joint Resolution "declaring the first ascent of the Grand Teton Peak, in Teton County, Wyoming, to have been made by William O. Owen, Franklin S. Spalding, Frank L. Petersen, and John Shive, on August 11, 1898, and providing for a public record of the achievement."

Two years later, on February 21, 1929, the Twentieth State Legislature passed another Joint Resolution (introduced by Senator Robert C. Lundy) authorizing the "placement of a Bronze Tablet on the summit of the Grand Teton to commemorate the achievement of the Owen party." To make arrangements for the placing of the tablet, Governor Frank C. Emerson appointed the following committee: Mr. Joseph W. Weppner, chairman; Dr. F. M. Fryxell, Mr. William O. Owen, Mrs. Cyrus Beard, Dr. Grace Raymond Hebard, Senator Robert C. Lundy, Representative W. C. DeLoney, Mr. S. N. Leek, Mr. Phil Smith, and Mr. William Gilman. Mrs. Emma Matilda Owen, wife of the mountaineer, offered to donate the tablet, an offer which was gratefully accepted. Subsequently the Governor designated Dr. Fryxell, Mr. Smith, and Mr. Gilman to make the actual ascent of the Grand Teton and affix the tablet on its summit.

The placing of the Grand Teton Memorial Tablet was made a feature of the exercises held at the formal dedication of the Grand Teton National Park on the morning of July 29, 1929, at String Lake in Jackson Hole. Following the dedicatory ceremonies proper, the bronze plaque was unveiled by Governor Emerson's small son, Eugene. Mr. Joseph Weppner, representing the State of Wyoming, next introduced the members of the tablet committee, and then formally presented the tablet itself to Mr. Sam T. Woodring, Superintendent of the newly-created park, who gave the consent of the National Park Service to its placement and in turn entrusted its keeping to Dr. Fryxell, representative of the trio commissioned to make the ascent. Shortly after noon of the same day, the climbers departed, attaining the summit and fixing the tablet in place just twenty-four hours after the beginning of their journey. A detailed, official account of the climb written by one of its participants follows.

MRS. CYRUS BEARD, State Historian.

Editor's Note:—Publication of the illustrations in this article is made possible through the courtesy of W. O. Owen and the members of the Teton Tablet party.

At the conclusion of the impressive exercises which formally dedicated the Grand Teton National Park to the service of the American people, the hungry multitude gathered by String Lake was treated to an out-door fish luncheon. Considering the size of the crowd, it seemed almost like a modern version of the miracle story that there were enough fishes to go around. Ranger Phil Smith, William Gilman, and I took advantage of this diversion to appropriate the bronze tablet that had a few minutes before been the focus of interest, and with it in our possession slipped away to our camp at Jenny Lake. Here, undisturbed, we



The Grand Teton, photographed from the summit of the Middle Teton. This picture shows the "upper saddle" between the main summit and the West Spur.

The enclosure is built on the summit of the West Spur.

Photo by F. M. Fryxell.

made preparation for our trip. First, we carefully wrapped up the tablet in sheets of burlap, and tightly strapped it to the frame of a Bergans Meiss pack. Bedrolls, provisions, and the rest of our paraphernalia were next gotten ready, and the entire outfit turned over to our friend Aubrey Lyon, who had kindly placed a pack horse at our disposal and personally offered to transport our equipment as far as a horse could possibly take it. After lunch at Jenny Lake Inn, we set out ahead of the pack outfit, crossing Cottonwood Creek at the Lucas Ranch and cutting

directly up Burned Wagon Gulch to the mouth of Bradley Canyon where, according to arrangements, we were to wait for Mr. Lyon to catch up with us.

We had planned to ascend Bradley Canyon the first afternoon, making base camp at timberline just below the "lower saddle."¹ But the pack outfit was unavoidably detained and did not reach us at the mouth of the canyon until nearly four o'clock. This, we knew, did not allow us time sufficient to reach the proposed base camp before dark, and we were therefore compelled at the outset to make a radical change of plans and adopt the alternative route past Surprise and Amphitheater Lakes and over Teepee's Glacier.

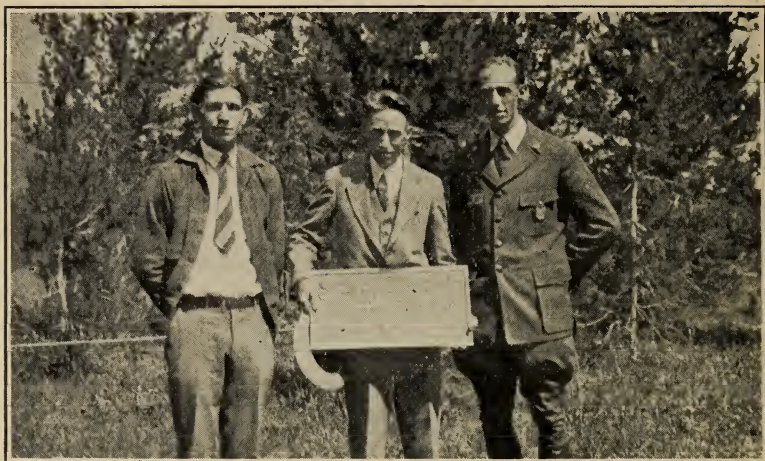
It was still quite light when we reached Amphitheater Lake (altitude 9,800 feet) and made ourselves at home in the little base camp which has served as a starting point for so many expeditions into the realm of rock and snow which lies above. Mr. Lyon unburdened the weary pack horse at this point, doubtless to the vast relief of that faithful creature, wished us Godspeed, and set off down the trail for home.

The Amphitheater Lake camp was anything but the silent and lonely place we had found it to be on previous trips. Earlier in the afternoon the Valley Ranch Outfit from near Cody, out on its annual pilgrimage, had come up the trail ahead of us and pitched camp along the edge of the lake. The outfit consisted, first and foremost, of some two score lively "dudines," girls 12 to 18 years of age, their seven lady councilors, and a half dozen "roughnecks" (cook, teamsters, and horse-wranglers). Horses, girls, councilors, and roughnecks were swarming around the lake. All alike were out for a merry time and were certainly having it. The roughnecks and councilors immediately took possession of us, not giving us so much as time to unpack our supplies, and before we fully realized what had happened we were enjoying a fine meal quite different from the humble one we would have cooked for ourselves.

Dusk came and the girls kindled a dozen fires along the lake. The grey crags above the lake glowed faintly from the light of the flames, which dispelled the shadows about us as effectually as the screams and shouts did the silence. A little later we all assembled for the evening around one huge log fire, and for the benefit of the visitors the girls rehearsed their extensive repertoire of Valley Ranch songs. We will always recall that evening with genu-

1. The "lower saddle" (altitude about 11,600 feet) referred to separates the Grand and Middle Tetons.

ine pleasure, and with gratitude for the unexpected hospitality that came our way. We finally retired to our own little camp near-by, to take advantage of a few hours of rest before dawn.



The party which placed the tablet on the summit of the Grand Teton, July 30, 1929.
Wm. Gilman (left), Dr. F. M. Fryxell, and Ranger Phil Smith (right).
Photo by Stanley J. Mead.

Before daylight we were up, and by five o'clock were ready to leave camp. Our Valley Ranch neighbors, not to be outdone, were early risers too, and just as we started they filed past us, bound for the open mountainside below Surprise Lake, where they could look out across the basin and catch the sun's first appearing.

The equipment for our day's work included the following articles: The bronze plaque (weighing about 20 pounds), a prospector's pick, an ice axe, a 60-foot alpine rope, a package of cement, a kodak, an aneroid barometer, a Brunton pocket transit, a pack in which to collect rock specimens, and a light lunch. Three drills were already on the summit of the peak, having been brought up on the 21st by Ranger Smith. As far as the "upper saddle" (2) we took turns with the pack containing the tablet, each man carrying it about one-third of the distance.

Crossing the rim north of Amphitheater Lake, we dropped down to the south margin of the North Teton

2. The "upper saddle" (altitude about 13,100 feet) lies between the main summit of the Grand Teton and a lesser one to the west, often called the West Spur.

Glacier. (3) Here a long, steep, snow-filled coulior leads up to the east end of a route which enables one to skirt the south flank of the Grand Teton and reach a point on the southwest side of the peak, half-way between the lower and upper saddles. This is the "short cut" we had, perforce, adopted as a substitute for the more round-about Bradley Canyon route. The route is formed along the outcrop of a trap dike which extends transversely across the Teton Range for several miles and at this point cuts through the steep south side of the Grand Teton. Against the grey and pink gneiss of the range the dike forms a conspicuous black band (4) forty to sixty feet wide, which is especially striking seen from the west side of the range. Because the dike has weathered away more rapidly than has the rock it cuts, its course is marked by a trough which extends through the south slope of the Grand Teton. Along its outer wall is left a ragged ridge of rock and a succession of gigantic pinnacles, of which Teepe's Pillar is by far the most spectacular member.

This "dike route" has been used in recent years by a number of parties in ascending the Grand Teton. At best, traversing involves an element of uncertainty, depending upon the amount and condition of the snow which one chances to encounter along it. Under favorable conditions it may be a short cut; at other times it may be quite the opposite, for if it contains snow which is crusted over, one is compelled to cut hundreds of steps—a tedious and time-consuming process.

Our traverse of the dike route was made under favorable auspices. We found less snow along the defile than on any previous occasion, and by this time the sun had risen high enough for its rays to shine full on the snowfields, softening the surface so that one could readily kick steps. Consequently we made good time, and at 6:55 had reached the end of the couloir and were ready to start up Teepe's Glacier.

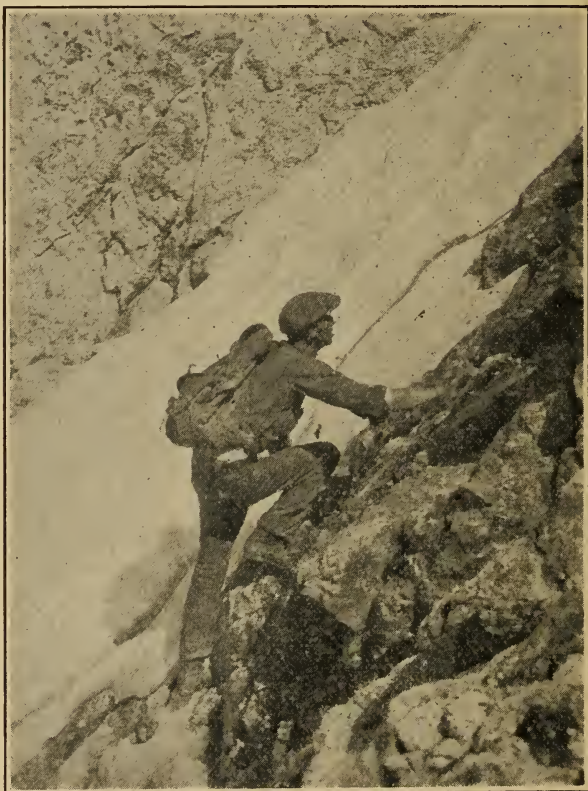
Teepe's Glacier is a small ice field—the smallest of the three the Grand Teton bears on its slopes—of the "cliff" variety which hangs on the south face of the peak at an altitude of 11,600 to 12,100 feet. It, too, lies along the dike trough, but has widened this otherwise very narrow cleft

3. This glacier, so-called for lack of any generally accepted name and to distinguish it from the glacier that lies at the head of Bradley Canyon, occupies a great amphitheater between Mt. Owen and the Grand Teton, on the east side of the range.

4. This is one of three great dikes which occur in the range, all visible from the floor of Jackson Hole. The other two are much the more striking scenic features, the one appearing as a vertical black band traversing the east face of the Middle Teton, the other one visible near the top of Mt. Moran, on the southeast side of that peak. All three dikes can be traced far down the west slope of the range.

into a shallow amphitheater. From its south margin juts Teepee's Pillar, the most magnificent "needle" in the Teton Range, a colossal column of red granite. Glacier and pillar have been known by their respective names since 1925 when, on August 4th, the ill-fated mountaineer, Theodore Teepee, was killed in descending this ice-field.

Our ascent of the glacier did not prove particularly difficult and occurred without incident of note. From here on no more snow was encountered, except for a few local



Ranger Smith, taking his turn at packing the tablet. In the couloir leading up to the second saddle. Photo by F. M. Fryxell.

patches, until on the return trip. We continued along the black dike, hugging closely the base of the cliffs on the right, to a point above the lower saddle; here we turned at right angles and climbed the series of "chimneys" which leads up the southwest side of the Grand Teton to the upper

saddle. We reached the latter at eleven o'clock and here made our first prolonged stop, while we ate our lunch and studied the maze of serrate ridges and peaks which, beyond the dizzy depths of Glacier Canyon, lay to the north of us.

Relieving ourselves of every article for which we would have no use on the summit, we entered upon the last portion of the climb. The features encountered in ascending the final seven or eight hundred feet of the Grand Teton have been too often described to require description here. (5) It suffices to say that the steep couloirs leading up the northwest side of the peak to the extreme summit were nearly ice-free, and we therefore experienced no difficulty in getting up places which are, at times, highly perilous. Where we had to push the tablet along before us, as in "the cooning place," or pass it up the couloirs from hand to hand, we took the precaution of securing it with the alpine rope, the ends of which were tied around our waists, lest the precious pack slip from us and be lost over the sheer north precipice, which at this point has a drop of more than three thousand feet.

It is perhaps true that a few writers have exaggerated the dangers involved in an ascent of the Grand Teton; certainly there are several peaks in this same range which, though not so high, are much more difficult and dangerous to climb. Yet it is no less true that others have erred more seriously in **belittling** the danger of the ascent, probably because—like us—they were fortunate enough to climb the peak under favorable circumstances. Even at its kindest the Grand Teton is a mountain to be treated with caution and respect, and is hardly a playground for amateurs. In its cruel moods, when the northwest face may be ice-coated, or when cold winds, often of fearful velocity, sweep the exposed summit dome, even the professional alpinist had best pause and consider well before venturing beyond the upper saddle. And the moods of the peak are capricious, changing with appalling swiftness in the course of the day. On the descent there is always the danger which extreme fatigue brings on, leading to accidents in places which appear relatively safe and easy. It is to be feared that as the Grand Teton becomes more accessible and increasingly larger number of climbers aspire to its ascent, many of

5. See especially the following articles:

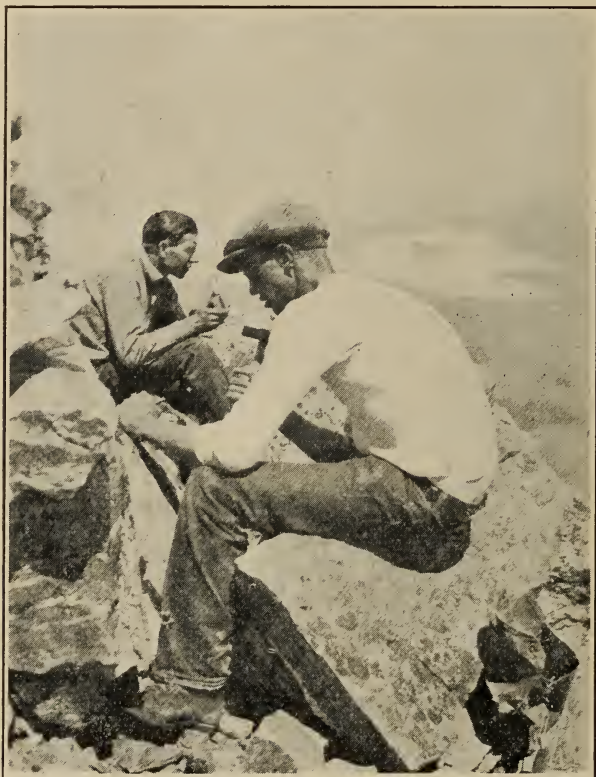
William O. Owen, "Ascent of the Grand Teton." *Outing*, Vol. 38 (1901), 302-307.

Ellingwood, A. R., "Our American Matterhorn." *Outdoor Life*, Vol. 54 (1924), 181-186.

For a fuller list of references on the Grand Teton see the Bibliography by the author in the "Circular of General Information Regarding Grand Teton National Park, Wyoming," issued annually by the U. S. National Park Service at Washington.

them ill-qualified for the attempt, the peak will exact a heavier toll in life and accident than it has in the past.

At 12:45 P. M. we sighted the summit cairn, 13,747 feet above the sea. This being his first ascent of the peak, it was Gilman's "honor" and he was first to set foot on the summit. The aneroid read 13,000 feet. Some persons watching the peak through glasses from down in the valley began seeing us on top as early as ten o'clock in the morning.



Easily at work on the summit. Gilman, in the background, is flashing signals to watchers down in Jackson Hole, almost 8,000 feet below. Smith is drilling holes in the rock, preparatory to fixing the tablet. Jackson Lake is seen far below. Photo by F. M. Fryxell.

Work was begun at once. There was no argument as to where the tablet should rest, for at the base of the cairn was a large boulder, the highest *in situ* on the mountain, with a smooth vertical surface facing the east; this, we agreed, would be an ideal place for the tablet. It seemed

appropriate that the plaque should face Jackson Hole and the east; at the same time, on this side it would be somewhat protected from storms. To afford the best view possible of the surface selected, we rolled aside several large obstructing boulders. The exact position of the tablet was then determined; its top was leveled with the transit; and the points on the rock where holes to receive the pins must be drilled, carefully marked.

The task of drilling the two holes came next. Only one man could find room at a time to work at this, so meanwhile the others took turns flashing signals down into the valley, nearly 8,000 feet below, by means of the mirror in the transit. These signals were not received by those for whom they were chiefly intended—the Owens, Dr. Hebard, Mrs. Beard, Mrs. Fryxell, and a few others—at the Elbo Ranch and Timbered Island; but they were picked up at several other places in Jackson Hole. However, most of the watchers had no difficulty in seeing our figures occasionally, as we moved about, and so knew we were safe on the summit.

While on top we were treated to one of those weather caprices already referred to of which the Grand Teton is capable. On our arrival the weather was fair enough, though rather warm. Very soon, however, thunder clouds began to build up to the north, south, and west of us. The heat and sultriness became intense, and we were wet with perspiration. Each man worked feverishly at the drill, for we had no desire to be caught on top should a storm break. Fortunately none of the electrical pranks so frequently experienced on Teton peaks occurred to increase the discomfort. By 2:15 o'clock it was raining on the higher slopes of Mt. Moran, Mt. Wister, and elsewhere, and the clouds seemed to be closing in on us. At 2:40 when we left the summit, the aneroid actually indicated an altitude for the summit of 14,100 feet—an increase of 400 feet in two hours! The upper saddle similarly gave a reading 400 feet higher during the descent than had been observed on the ascent. A striking illustration, this, of the unreliability of an aneroid barometer under changing atmospheric conditions as an indicator of altitude.

The hammer was light, the boulder hard, and the drills became dull, and it required an hour of incessant pounding to produce holes deep enough for the long, expanded pins on the back of the tablet. Water for mixing with the cement was by this time available, for we had set a cup of snow in the sun to melt. The holes were filled with cement and the tablet pushed into place.

The plaque was then draped with the historic little silk flag which Dr. Hebard had loaned to us for this occasion, one used in the past at the dedication of nearly all the state memorial tablets. At 2:30 o'clock the tablet was unveiled in place, "in the name of God and Country." So, on this barren and austere summit, 13,747 feet above the sea, on behalf of the Wyoming commonwealth, the memorial was briefly and simply dedicated. There were only three present to witness and perform the ceremony, and doubtless in the years to come those who would annually view the memorial in place would be comparatively few.

Our task discharged, we started down without delay. The descent to the upper saddle required only twenty-five minutes. Smith not having seen the Enclosure (6), he and I made the short side-trip over to examine this mysterious structure. Once more every stone was scrutinized and the floor examined in the faint hope that some mark might be found which would give up the secret of the builder, but to no purpose. Incidentally, however, I recovered a Stetson hat which I had "cached" in the Enclosure on August 2, 1927, while climbing the main peak. The felt was as good as ever, but the brim was trimmed back almost to the crown. Neat little teeth marks indicated that conies were probably the culprits that had been up to this mischief.

Meanwhile light clouds closed in on the Grand Teton, bringing a flurry of snow in the vicinity of the upper saddle and a cold drizzle at lower altitudes. We found Gilman waiting for us a few hundred feet below, dry and comfortable beneath an overhanging boulder, and together we continued the descent in the direction of the lower saddle, until the trap dike was again underfoot. We pushed on with utmost speed, appreciating the importance of getting down off the mountain before dark, and feeling sure that those waiting for us below would be concerned for our safety after learning from Mr. Lyon of our change of route.

Reaching the head of Teepe's Glacier, we paused briefly; it was clear that the descent of this ice field would not be the easy proposition which the ascent had been in the morning. We were beginning to feel the strain of the trip, and were wet and chilled from the cold rain. The steps we had made in the snow that morning were obliterated.

6. The so-called "Enclosure" is a rude structure of rock slabs set up on end to form a circular shelter about eight feet in diameter and two or three feet high. It must have been intended to serve as a wind-break, there having been no roof possible on such a structure. The presence on its floor of an accumulation of dust to a depth of several inches has been taken to indicate the great age of the shelter. The Enclosure is clearly the work of human hands, and since its discovery in 1872 by Stevenson and Langford has given rise to a great deal of interest and speculation. Undoubtedly it was hurriedly erected as a protection against the elements, probably by some early adventurer who was attempting to scale the Grand Teton.

ated, and the surface had for the most part become so hard as to necessitate step cutting. The head of the glacier was dangerously steep, and appeared doubly so seen from its brink. Glissading was quite out of the question. We realized that the success and good fortune attending our trip up to this moment must not blind us to the necessity for extreme caution at this point.

Two small "islands" of rock that melting had exposed within the field of ice lay directly below us. We decided to make for the more southerly of these. Anchoring one end of the rope, Smith and Gilman dropped the remainder down the steep slope and I descended along this to the end, which fell about thirty feet short of the rock. Using my prospector's pick for cutting steps in the surface (here, hard ice), I reached the rock. Meanwhile my partners decided it would be preferable to traverse diagonally to the other rock and thence straight across to the one on which I stood. After an exceedingly slow and tedious process of step-cutting, they finally attained their first objective, taking turns anchoring each other on the way across.

The north island was less than twenty feet in diameter, very steep, and as a result of the melting and rain, wet and slippery. Crawling out as near to me as possible, Smith attempted to throw me one end of the rope. His position was precarious and did not permit a good throw, consequently he failed at each attempt. We were by this time chilled to the bone and shaking with cold, and dark was not far off; our situation was becoming serious. Moving to a more secure point farther down, Smith repeated his efforts, and was at last successful. I secured the end of the rope and looped it securely over a large boulder; Smith tied his end around his waist, threw a half-hitch over his ice axe, and wedged the latter into the crevice between the ice and the rock. Gilman then began the traverse, following the rope. Half-way across, his feet shot from under him and he pitched down the steep slope. The rope snapped taut, and nearly jerked Smith from his moorings. Fortunately the ice axe held, and Gilman retained his grip on the rope. After a few seconds of astonishing acrobatics he recovered his footing and finished the traverse. Smith then came across hand over hand.

This was our only near-mishap. The boulder to which my end of the rope was anchored was absolutely firm and would have held both men if necessary. But Gilman was not tied, and had he lost his grip when the rope became tight he would have taken a bad plunge. Later we learned that it was at this point that Teepe, whose party was

descending the head of the glacier without the use of a rope, fell to his death.

Taking every precaution, we slowly descended to the more gentle lower slopes of the glacier, down which we could glissade. The snow-filled couloir beyond was similarly more difficult of passage than it had been in the morning, but was passed without accident.

Crossing the glacier had cost us nearly two hours time, and it was almost eight o'clock when we reached the now deserted and nearly dark camp on Amphitheater Lake. Out of consideration for those awaiting our return, we decided



The unveiling at 2:30 P. M., July 30. Only three were present when, "in the name of God and country," the tablet was dedicated on this lonely pinnacle 13,747 feet above the sea, but dozens of watchers were focussing their glasses on the summit from various parts of Jackson Hole, and caught occasional glimpses of the men on top. Dr. Fryxell, right; Ranger Smith, left. Photo by Wm. Gilman.

in favor of making the rest of the descent that night, in spite of the dark. We knew, too, that Mrs. Beard was delaying her return to Cheyenne on purpose to receive our report, so we decided to make every effort to get down on time before she would leave.

The rest of the trip was a nightmare at the time, and seems so now in retrospection. Heavily loaded with the sleeping bags and the rest of the luggage which the pack-horse had brought up to the lake, we groped our way pain-

fully down the trail in the dark, stumbling over boulders and repeatedly taking bad falls. The darkness was intense for the clouds hung against the mountainsides at our level, depriving us even of starlight. True, we had one flashlight, but its light began to fade before we were a third of the way down, and it had to be used sparingly lest it give out entirely. Down here no rain had fallen, and dust lay thick along the packtrail; as we kicked it up in clouds we developed a thirst which, prolonged for hours, became acute. The nearest water was far out on the flat of Jackson Hole. Hour after hour we stumbled silently along. Stops to allow ourselves and the flashlight to recuperate became successively longer and more frequent, and only the craving for water kept us from yielding to fatigue and drowsiness. The base of the range was at last reached, but the timbered moraines along Burned Wagon Gulch still had to be traversed and proved worse than the mountainside because of the tangle of wind-falls. Luckily I had gone through this portion of the forest several times before in the dark. At one o'clock we emerged from the last fringe of forest into the clearing back of the Lucas Ranch, where relief was to be had from the rushing waters of the Cottonwood Creek.

Leaving Smith and Gilman outside the ranch, I continued to Jenny Lake which I reached at two o'clock. Here I located a car and returned to the other two men. Together we drove to Smith's homestead—"the poorfarm" he calls it—at the base of Blacktail Butte, where we roused the women folks and set their growing fears at rest. We learned that they had waited for us until a late hour before giving up. Earlier in the evening the Lyons had sent a string of horses part way up the mountainside for our relief, but they had returned at nightfall.

At "the poorfarm" Mrs. Atwood warmed up the meal which had been waiting on the table for nearly nine hours. We then drove back to our camp on Jenny Lake where, after exactly twenty-four hours of constant activity, we turned in for a much-needed rest.

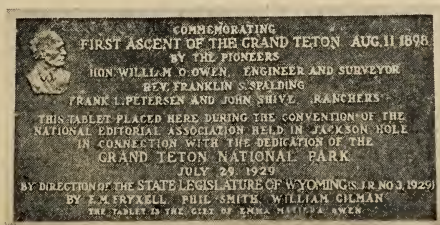


Photo by
W. O. Owen.

REMINISCENCES BY JOHN HUNTON

March, 1926

Prior to the spring of the year 1867, there were no white inhabitants living within the area of what is now Platte County, Wyoming, except a few, less than ten, along the Oregon Trail along the Platte river valley east of Guernsey, on Little Bitter Cottonwood, Twin Springs, and Horseshoe Creeks, and one family at Bridger's Ferry. During the summer of 1867 the U. S. Government opened a road and erected a telegraph line between Fort Laramie and Fort D. A. Russell near Cheyenne.

During that summer James Bordeaux built a house at the place called Bordeaux. His building was located about 250 feet west of the L. D. Ranch, just south of and adjoining the two-room house that stands there. A man named Hugh Whiteside ran this road ranch for Bordeaux, and was assassinated by a man named Franklin during the winter of 1867 and 1868 and was buried on the right bank of Hunton Creek near where the railroad bridge crosses it.

During the fall of 1867, two men built and operated a ranch where the town of Chugwater now stands. About the same time two other men built ranches on Big Bitter Cottonwood Creek where the "Fetterman Cut-off" road crosses the creek at the M. F. Coleman place. The Fetterman cut-off road diverged from the Fort Laramie and Fort D. A. Russell road at Bordeaux, ran down the Chugwater Creek valley, and crossed the Laramie river a short distance below the railroad bridge, crossed Bitter Cottonwood Creek at the Coleman place, and continued on to Fort Fetterman.

There were three ranches in the Platte Valley south of the river and east of Guernsey, one at Twin Springs and one at Horseshoe Creek, on what is now the Allan Laughlin farm. All the ranches on Cottonwood Creek, Twin Springs and Horseshoe Creek were burned by Sioux Indians about the 18th of March, 1868. All the burned ranches were located in what is now Platte County. All the ranches in the Platte Valley east of Guernsey were abandoned at that time, and the valley was not occupied for five or six years thereafter. From March, 1868, to about September, 1871, Bordeaux, Chugwater and Bearsprings contained the only buildings in what is now Platte County.

In the fall of 1871 Ecoffey, Cuny and Richard (Re-shaw) settled at what is now the Two Bar Ranch with a herd of about 600 Texas cattle. About the same time, but

later in the fall, Levy Powell settled on the North Laramie River at the mouth of Fish Creek with a mixed herd of 2200 Texas cattle. He built a small house and stable just to winter in, as he expected to go to Montana the next summer, but he was killed by Indians in March, 1872, and the herd was sold to F. M. Phillips, who was then being located on Laramie River at the mouth of Chugwater Creek.

Kent, Brook & Co. subsequently settled on the Powell place. In 1872, Jones and Loomis put in a herd on Sibylee Creek at the Jones ranch, and about the same time Dan McUlvan and John McFarland put in a herd on Chugwater Creek where Slater now stands, and a little later Wulfjen and Webb started the Mule Shoe ranch with about 2500 head of Texas cattle. Johnson & Walker put cattle—3,000 head—on Horseshoe Creek at the Fetterman crossing, in 1874, and in 1877 they moved their herd and outfit to where Chriss Huff now lives. They had three herders killed by Indians during their stay on Horseshoe Creek.

John Arthur, Mr. Workman, Stewart and others, settled on Bitter Cottonwood Creek in 1874, but did not remain long after having their horses run off once or oftener by Indians.

In 1871, Col. W. G. Bullock had a house, stable, corral and small shop built on Laramie River where Mr. Bomgardner now lives, and put a few head of cattle and horses there, but the Indians were so annoying he moved all his stock to Bordeaux in the spring of 1872. As there were no other ranches or cattle on the Laramie River at that time, the hay on Bullock's ranch was cut and hauled to Bordeaux for two years and for four years was sold at Fort Laramie.

The buildings at the Bullock ranch were covered with three-inch plank that had been used for flooring in the first wagon bridge constructed across the Laramie River at the fort in 1853. The planks were laid on the stringers or joists and then covered with earth. All the buildings have been torn down and moved away except the main log building, which is in fairly good condition and is only kept as a relic of the early days, as it shows the portholes for shooting through in case of attack by Indians and shows some of the lumber made by the first sawmill located at Fort Laramie seventy-two years ago—the plank supporting the earth roof.

A great many thrilling incidents occurred between the whites and Indians during the late sixties and the early seventies along the Chugwater Creek, which shows the continuous watchfulness that had to be kept up by the white men to protect their lives and property from Indian depredations. I will relate a few of them:

In the winter of 1869 and 1870, Ben Mills, who had a small herd of stock cattle on the Laramie River, and had suffered heavily from Indian depredations, moved the herd to Chugwater Creek, and in the early summer the herders, David Cottier, John Boyd and William Aug, established their camp at the mouth of Richard's Creek. They lived in a tent and had three horses with which they did all the herding and team work. One morning in April, 1870, Mr. Cottier took the team and wagon and went to Fort Laramie for supplies, leaving the one horse and Boyd and Aug. They had four milk cows and kept the calves confined in a small pen to entice the cows to come up at night. After Cottier left for the Fort they (Boyd and Aug) milked the cows and turned them out of the pen. They then took their rifles and walked to the tops of some of the hills nearby to see if the cattle were much scattered. They thought they were away from the camp about four hours or more. After getting back to camp, feeling very tired, they went into the tent and pulled off their boots to rest and ease their feet and were lying down on their beds, which were buffalo robes spread on the ground, when a volley was fired through the tent by Indians. Each man grabbed his rifle and cartridge belt and dashed out of the tent through the willows and into Chugwater Creek. As they had been lying flat on the ground, they were fortunately not touched by the bullets (twelve of them) fired by the Indians. They were then in the Chugwater Creek, barefooted and no coats, four miles from Bordeaux and eight miles below Chugwater Station. As the Indians saw them go into the willows with their rifles, they knew it would be dangerous to expose themselves. Boyd had been a soldier and had campaigned in Florida and in Oregon against Indians and had been twice wounded by arrows, so was not easily excited. After deliberating a short time, he and Aug decided it would be safest to go up the creek, as the banks of the creek were much higher and there was more timber than there was down stream. They took time and great care. The Indians discovered them in the creek just below Chimney Rock and fired several shots at them and again, about a mile above Chimney Rock, they were shot at but not hit. Boyd and Aug did not fire a shot. There was a camp of white men and halfbreeds at the point of rocks two miles below Chug station, which Boyd and Aug reached before dark, and were well cared for there. The next day they and a party of men went to their camp and found the Indians had killed the four cows and four calves, and burned the tent and everything connected with the camp.

Several days after the foregoing occurrence a party of Indians, supposed to be the same party that attacked Boyd and Aug, attacked the camp at Point of Rocks. The Indians had rounded up the herd of horses, mules and ponies before being discovered, but could not get them to drive well. Louis Richard and two other halfbreed boys mounted their horses, after arming themselves, and started for the herd. Just as they started, a party of Indians fired into the camp. Young Richard yelled out, "You men take care of the camp. I'm going for the herd." There were only a few shots exchanged at the camp. No one was hurt. After running about half a mile to get to the herd, Louis commenced to fire on the most active of the three Indians and fortunately killed him. Two boys who were assisting him to drive the herd off then ran and joined the Indians who had fired on the camp. The dead Indian remained where he fell, very near the Fort Laramie road, and was there the next morning when the mail ambulance passed from Fort Russell to Fort Laramie.

Late in the fall of 1867, after winter had forced the cessation of all work, many of the small teaming outfits and individual freight, wood and hay haulers, congregated on Sibylee Creek where the Two Bar ranch now stands. It was a very promiscuous gathering of whites, Mexicans and Indians, and, as usual for such crowds, there was much drinking and gambling indulged in, and consequently much fighting and several killings. The only killing of any note that I can now recall was that of "Bob" Sanders, who was what would now be called a "gun man." There was a young man named Ed Moss who had been a telegraph line repairer and emergency operator in the employ of the Government during the summer, but had been laid off for the winter, but, not wanting to leave the country, he joined this camp on the Sibylee. Sanders took a dislike to him from the start and one night imposed on and insulted him, with the avowed intention of provoking a quarrel and killing him, as Sanders had on a belt with two revolvers in the holsters. Moss, being something of an athlete, and Sanders, priding himself on his quickness to draw and shoot, approached within a few feet of Moss, when Moss made a spring, knocked Sanders down and, upon the yelling advice of all the bystanders, killed him with one of his own pistols. The crowd wrapped Sanders in an old blanket or robe and buried him on the west side of the creek before he was cold.

During the winter of 1869 and 1870 the same class of campers again gathered at the same place on Sibylee Creek to spend the winter. Many of them had one team of oxen or mules and some one span of horses, with which they did a

little work during the summer and fall. Some of them only had a few ponies but most of the men had Indian wives which caused some Indians to visit this camp. At this time the mail was carried by Government ambulance between Cheyenne and Fort Laramie, and the driver was allowed to take loose mail and leave it with the ranchmen at Chugwater and Bordeaux. The mail was carried once a week each way. The people at the camp on the Sibylee got their mail at Bordeaux, fourteen miles distant. In the camp was a man named Mahlon Dickerson. Some time early in the year it became Dickerson's turn to go to Bordeaux for the mail. He left camp one afternoon and went to Bordeaux. Next morning he took the mail and started back to camp. When near the top of Antelope Hill, where the trail began to descend toward Sibylee Creek, he was jumped on by nine (I think) Indians. Being mounted on a splendid horse, he immediately started to run. I will now give an Indian's story as I heard him tell it at a dog feast given at Red Cloud Agency on the Platte three years afterwards—I think in December, 1873.

"We shot at him and missed him. He run and his horse was fast. We saw we could not catch him. We all had long guns and jumped off our horses and shot. We saw his horse fall. He got up and had a pistol. We shot at him. He commenced to talk to us in Sioux and to make signs. He told us he had a Sioux wife named 'Yellow Blanket;' not to kill him; to go to his camp on Sibylee Creek and get plenty to eat and some horses. We told him not to shoot; we would do as he said. We went to him. He had put his pistol in the scabbard. He took his saddle off his horse. His horse was black and one of its hind legs was broken where one of the bullets had struck. We had extra horses. He asked us to let him ride one. We showed him one and he put his saddle on it. We were all on the ground. Some of us got on horses. I stayed on the ground. He put his foot in the stirrup to get on the horse, and I put my pistol close to the back of his head and shot him. He fell, and I scalped him. I took his pistol!!!"

There was much more detail to the foregoing story, but I have given all essential facts as I listened to the Indian relate them. He was a halfbreed named "Tutts Son." His father, John Tutt, was the first sutler at Fort Laramie, being appointed in 1849 and holding the job until 1857.

In February, 1874, Col. Wm. G. Bullock and "Jim" Hunton left Bordeaux to go to Fort Fetterman. They drove a pair of mules to a spring wagon. There was no one living on the road between Bordeaux and Fetterman at that time.

John Hunton had constructed a small two room log house on Horse Shoe Creek at the Fetterman road crossing the winter before, but it was not occupied at this time. It had no fireplace or stove. Bullock and "Jim" got to this house about sunset; watered the mules and put them in one room of the house; made a small fire in front of the other door; and made coffee and ate their supper by the light of the fire. They then spread buffalo robes on the ground in the room and were ready for bed, as both were tired, but stood and sat a while by the fire. The mules seemed to get uneasy and would jump and stamp as if something was wrong. Mr. Bullock suggested they had better put the fire out and lie down. Jim had just finished extinguishing the fire and started for the door when they heard one Indian yelling to another something about the water in the creek. Neither of them spoke Sioux, but Mr. Bullock understood a few words and knew when they spoke of water or creek. They went into the house and spent an uneasy night. One or the other was awake on on the lookout all the time, the one on guard spending much of the time in the room with the mules to prevent their braying.

Just a little before daylight they hitched the mules to the wagon as quietly as they could and drove out the same way they went in until they reached the Fetterman road, and then turned and went on toward that place, driving as quietly as possible for several miles. They reached Fetterman late that afternoon, and were surprised to find themselves so heartily welcomed, as it had just been telegraphed from Fort Laramie to Fetterman that there was but little doubt that they had been killed by Indians.

It was subsequently ascertained from the Indians composing the party, heard by Mr. Bullock and Jim, that they left their camp a little after daylight and went south over the divide to Cottonwood Creek, and while crossing the divide saw a train of mule wagons, known as the log or saw-mill train, on the road leading from the log camp near Laramie Peak to Fort Laramie. That they immediately began to watch for any soldier or hunter who might straggle away from the train so they might try to kill them. That they saw three men ride on ahead and away from the train toward the Cottonwood Creek. That they rode fast and approached the three men without themselves being discovered, and as soon as a suitable opportunity presented itself, shot and killed two of them. The other man not being hit and being well mounted, ran and got back to the wagon train. One of the men killed was Lieutenant Levi H. Robinson, 14th Infantry, after whom Fort Robinson, Nebraska,

was named. The other two men were soldiers in the 14th U. S. Infantry. The name of the man who escaped was Fred Wambold. The Indians took the horses and equipment and everything of value there was on the dead and mutilated their bodies. The leader of the Indians was a renegade halfbreed named Tousant Kensler, who had escaped from the Cheyenne jail a few months previous where he was confined for the murder of a Mexican herder at the Two Bar ranch in 1873. Soon after the Robinson killing, he was captured at the Red Cloud Agency by Lieutenants Ray and Crawford and hanged in Cheyenne for killing the Mexican. Lieutenant Robinson was killed February 9, 1874.

In the winter of 1867, after Hugh Whiteside was killed by Franklin at Bordeaux, as before mentioned, Mr. James Bordeaux permitted two men, "Cy" Williams and — Swalley, to occupy the ranch and use it for themselves. They had in their employ a halfbreed boy about eighteen years old, named Baptiste La Deau. About the first of March, 1868, he told them he was going to quit and go to Fort Laramie to his father. After breakfast one morning he saddled his pony and, calling his pet dog, mounted and started for the Fort. There were three or four men (hard characters) loafing about the ranch, and after the boy started Williams remarked to one of them in the presence of the others, "He will never get there. Come on and go with us." So Williams and Swalley and the man started on horse back. They overtook the boy just south of Chug Spring and as soon as he saw them coming he started his horse on the run for the bluff, but they having much better horses than the boy, came up with him on top of the bluff about a quarter of a mile west of Chug Spring and shot and killed the boy, horse and dog, and left them where they fell.

As there was but very little travel on the road at that time, it was more than a week before the boy's father and brothers heard that he was missing. After they heard he had left the ranch they paid no attention to his absence, as they thought he was at some Indian camp. About a month had elapsed after the boy was killed when General Adam J. Stemmer, on his way from Cheyenne to Fort Laramie with an escort of twenty-five infantry soldiers, camped at Chug Spring for the night. They went into camp early in the afternoon. After the soldiers had had their dinner, some of them went walking about the bluffs and discovered the remains of the boy, the horse and the dog. As soon as General Stemmer got to the fort the next morning he told of the discovery his men had made. Antoine La Deau, the boy's father, was employed as an

Indian interpreter at the sutler's store and was the first one to receive the news, and at once communicated it to the loafers and Indians. A great howl went up from the half-breed and Indian camp. The next morning a party of half-breeds went to Chug Spring and buried the boy where he fell.

The murderers denied the killing and were never arrested, as there was no civil government in the country at the time. The man Cy Williams was considered a bad man, as he had killed a wagon master, Lewis Simpson, at Fort Laramie the year before.

The sequel to the killing at Chug Spring was about as follows:

In the spring and early summer of 1868 the Government, having induced the Indians to consent to be moved to White Clay River, near Fort Randall on the Missouri River; then to concentrate into one large camp east of Ft. Laramie about 8 miles, preparatory to starting about the latter part of May or the first of June. This mobilization included all white men with Indian families who cared to make the move. Cy Williams, having an Indian wife, abandoned Bordeaux late in March or early in April and moved to the Indian camp east of Fort Laramie so as to be ready to start with the Indians. After his wife had been interviewed by the relations of the murdered La Deau boy, Williams was openly accused of the killing, which he denied, and was secretly and closely watched to see that he did not attempt to leave the camp. This condition of affairs lasted about a week, or when some drunken halfbreeds precipitated a gun fight. Williams was killed, but not before he had killed one halfbreed, Charley Richard, and wounded two other halfbreeds, Joe Bissnette and one whose name I have forgotten. Oliver P. Goodwin, an innocent spectator, was wounded, but not seriously.

A great many tragedies besides those I have mentioned occurred in what is now Platte County during the eleven years, 1867-1877 inclusive in which the Indians were constantly on the war path. The Indians were not the only killers. The "Six Mile" Ranch, located on "Baptist Fork," now known as "Six Mile," about a quarter mile south of Griffith's house on the Fort Laramie and Wheatland road, was a favorite place for killing. The first man killed there was John Hunter, the original owner, who was shot by "Bud" Thomason in October, 1868. The next two were John Lowry and James McClosky, shot by John Boyer in October, 1870. The next was Perry Arber, a wood chopper, who was assassinated by a man whose name I have forgot-

ten, some time in 1872 or 1873. Then followed two men at different times during the Black Hills excitement prior to 1877. The last one was Adolph Cuny, who was assassinated by Clark Pelton in July, 1877.

I will mention another Indian killing which took place May 4, 1876. James Hunton, my brother, left Bordeaux, my home, on the afternoon of that day to go to the ranch of Charles Coffee on Boxelder Creek about 14 miles east of Bordeaux, to get a horse he had traded for. While going down through "the notch" in Goshen Hole, about half way between the two places, he was waylaid, shot and killed by five Indian boys who were out on a horse stealing expedition. The Indians then went to my ranch at Bordeaux after night and rounded up, stole and drove off every head of horses and mules (38) I owned except my saddle horse, which I had with me at Fort Fetterman, where I received the news by telegraph the evening of the 6th. The horse my brother was riding ran and the Indians could not catch him and the next morning was seen on top of the bluff east of the ranch. Blood on the saddle told the tale and a searching party found the body that afternoon.

The last depredations by Indians in the County area was in January, February and April, 1877. On January 27th seven Indians on foot attacked two trappers on Cottonwood Creek about two miles above where the Coleman ranch now stands, killed one and wounded the other who escaped on a mule and got to the Kent ranch on North Laramie River and "Joe" Morris, the manager of the ranch, took him to Cheyenne, where he recovered from his wound.

On February 24th the Indians stole Kent's horses on North Laramie River, and on the 25th they stole some horses on Laramie River, where Mr. Bomgardner now lives.

On April 23rd they stole horses on Bear Creek but I do not remember who from. On September 4, 1877, Crazy Horse was killed at Red Cloud Agency and stealing stopped.

THE GRAND TETON PARK DEDICATION AN HISTORIC EPIC

By D. W. Greenburg

The formal dedication of The Grand Teton National Park on July 29, 1929, is an epoch in the affairs of our State which will endure among the peoples of our Nation for all time to come and future historians will point to the event as an epic in historic annals, probably not exceeded by any other State of our Nation. It is rare, if ever, any

other State has contributed to the peoples of the Nation in the same measure privileged to the people of Wyoming. The gift of Yellowstone National Park area within our State for the benefit of the public, and now another of its marvels of nature dedicated to the same cause by relinquishing the majestic Teton range, is illustrative of the unselfish nature of our people, and in measure reflects the true hospitality of Wyoming's loyal citizenship. What greater satisfaction to man than to leave for posterity those things which may bring happiness, health and contentment to his fellow man? In point, Wyoming has recognized that its great works of nature should be dedicated to the men, women and children of the Nation for their enjoyment and happiness, and a step in that fulfillment was the dedication of the Nation's newest National Park.

No words of mine can adequately picture the beauties or the grandeur of that marvelous rugged work of nature embraced within the borders of the new park. For thousands of years the lofty Tetons have weathered the ravages of time. They have stood as a monument to a Divine Creator whose works are not without true purpose. What manner of men viewed this majestic range ages ago and scaled its topmost summits may some day be solved by those whose bent for research leads them on, for while it is certain the white man found its rugged slopes impassable, queer markings or positions of stone at its tips indicate the possibility of unknown human presence there at some ancient period.

The Grand Tetons were the beacon for the white man more than a century ago, when its three most prominent tips were designated as "Pilot knobs." Not until that hardy pioneer and loyal Wyoming citizen, Honorable William O. Owen, had scaled its furthestmost summit, is there any definite record that white man had previously mastered the climb. That achievement has been recognized in official quarters and all honor goes to this citizen now in the evening of life. His story has been told and retold and Wyoming citizenry is proud of the honor which has come to one of its own.

The dedication exercises staged at String Lake among the beautiful pines brought together an assemblage of state and federal officials, leading citizens from nearby and our own state, and our distinguished guests, publishers and friends associated with the National Editorial Association, to whom were accorded the signal honor of making the formal dedication of The Grand Teton National Park. Hundreds of visitors from afar, viewing the adjacent Yellow-

stone Wonderland, motored to the scene to swell the throng. The setting was ideal and the weather perfect for such an event. On the speakers' stand erected for the occasion, and decorated with the National colors, were the chief dignitaries, including Honorable Frank C. Emerson, Governor of Wyoming; Mrs. Emerson and their son Eugene; Honorable Horace M. Albright, Director of National Park Service; Honorable Sam T. Woodring, Superintendent of Grand Teton National Park; Honorable Roger W. Toll, Superintendent of Yellowstone National Park; Honorable L. L. Newton, Executive Secretary, State Board of Commerce and Industry; Honorable Erwin Funk, President of National Editorial Association; Honorable Joseph S. Weppner, Chairman of the Owen Marker Committee; Honorable W. O. Owen and Mrs. Owen and Mr. H. F. Shive, the latter a surviving member accompanying Mr. Owen in the memorable climb; Dr. Grace Raymond Hebard, historian and a member of the Owen Marking Committee; Mrs. Cyrus Beard, Executive State Historical Department and a member of the Owen Marking Committee; W. M. Jeffers, vice president, Union Pacific Railway Co.; Prof. F. M. Fryxell, of the Owen Marker Committee; William H. Jackson, pioneer photographer and cartographer for the Oregon Trail Memorial Association; S. N. Leek, wild life photographer and naturalist, and others.

The formal presentation of the new park by the State of Wyoming was made by Governor Emerson and its acceptance acknowledged by Mr. Albright, representing the government. Mr. Funk made the formal dedication address on behalf of the National Editorial Association. The program was dual in character, since Master Eugene Emerson, son of Governor and Mrs. Emerson, unveiled a bronze marker provided by Mrs. Owen in honor of her distinguished husband, which was to be placed on the summit of the Grand Teton the following day under direction of the Owen Marker Committee.

As a fitting courtesy to the visitors, residents of Jackson and the Jackson Hole, provided a fish dinner at the noon hour in which was served 250 pounds of native trout besides other delicious edibles. The arrangements were under the direction of Harry Weston and A. C. McCain, both of Jackson.

Just completing its annual convention at Cheyenne and a tour of the State, the members of the National Editorial Association and its guests headed for the Jackson Lake Lodge as a rendezvous a day ahead of the exercises, arriving at the Lodge on the afternoon of July 28 where the

party was made as comfortable as the accommodations could afford. As a preliminary a campfire program was carried out at the lodge on that Sunday night in which Hon. Roger W. Toll, Superintendent of Yellowstone National Park, presided. On this occasion Dr. Grace Raymond Hebard gave an extended paper covering the history of the region in a most charming manner. Both Mr. Jackson and Mr. Leek recited their long experience in picturing the beauties of the region, while Mr. Owen told the story of the climb to the summit of the Grand Teton.

That the National Editorial Association was accorded the honor of dedicating the new park carries with it the significance which makes the occasion one of historical moment and which will live long in the annals of the Forest Estate. This organization, having thrown its heart into the program laid out for it, representing as it does the brightest minds of the Nation, we have endeared to us a virulent force, and through whose combined newspapers there will always be carried a message of the splendid virtues of our natural scenic wonder, The Grand Teton National Park.

It is only proper and fitting that full credit should be accorded the Wyoming Press Association and its officers and members in having sponsored the visit of the National Editorial Association and to have been host to a wonderful group of visitors. The zeal in which its officers attacked the problems of entertaining the guests was due in large measure for the splendid success achieved. Those most helpful in this connection were Honorable Ross H. Alcorn, President; Honorable J. B. Griffith, Vice President; and Honorable L. L. Newton, Secretary.

ECONOMIC HISTORY AND SETTLEMENT OF CONVERSE COUNTY, WYOMING

By John LeeRoy Waller, B. S., University of Oklahoma.

CHAPTER ONE

Introduction and Historical Setting

The following passage from Irving's *The Adventures of Captain Bonneville* tended to mold public opinion as to the barrenness of the "Great American Desert," of which Converse County would have been considered a part: (*1)

*1 Irving, Washington, "The Adventures of Captain Bonneville, 296-297.

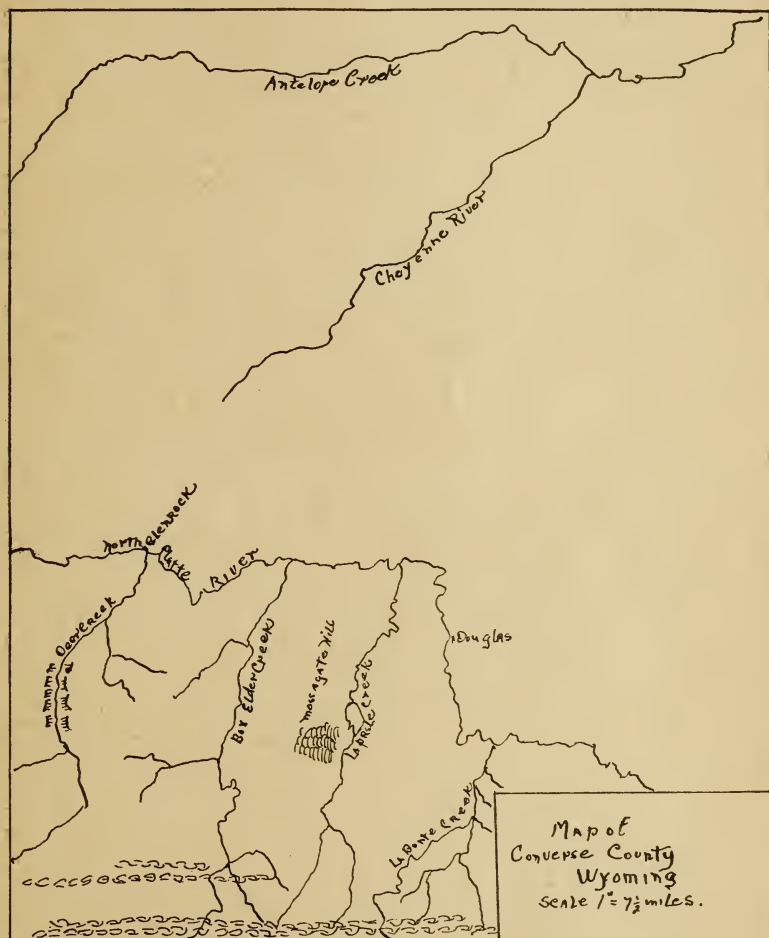
"An immense belt of rocky mountains and volcanic plains several hundred miles in width, intervening between the abodes of civilization, must ever remain an irreclaimable wilderness, and affording a last refuge for the Indians. Here roving tribes of hunters, living in tents and lodges, and following the migrations of the game, may lead a life of savage independence, while there is nothing to tempt the cupidity of the white man. The amalgamation of various tribes of white men of every nation will in time produce hybrid races like the mountain Tartars of the Caucasus. Possessed as they are of immense droves of horses, they may in time become a scourge to the civilized frontiers on either side of the mountains, as they are at present a terror to the traveler and trader."

Irving wrote this statement in 1843, and he reached his conclusions of the country from a study of the writings of Captain Bonneville, who had spent the greater part of three years in Wyoming and the Rocky Mountain territory. However ridiculous it might appear to the present inhabitants of Converse County, Coutant in his history of Wyoming justifies Irving's conclusion, and suggested that the discovery of gold in the West was the only reason for the prediction not remaining true. (*2) Nevertheless, there is a good reason to doubt Coutant's position, for thousands of people went to Oregon and Utah before gold was discovered, and every American that crossed this terrible plain added to the obligations of the Government to defend them. It seems absurd to think of wandering bands of semi-civilized white men being able to long withstand the power of the United States Government.

Part of the region discovered by Irving may have answered to his description, but from the many authentic reports of the thousands of buffalo that roamed over the country besides the other wild game it seems difficult to think of the entire country being a desert. Another fact that leads one to question the description, at least as far as it was applied to Converse County, was the thousands upon thousands of cattle and sheep fattened upon its grasses. The present situation is quite in contrast with the description. In place of wandering bands of hunters one will find thriving towns and communities; in place of Indians there are farmers and stockmen; in place of savage independence there is organized law; and in place of hybrid races there are representatives of the leading nations of the world. The object of this thesis is to give a short history of Converse

*2 Coutant, G. C., History of Wyoming, 1, 170.

County, with particular attention to the economic factors that have contributed to its growth.



The County is located in east central Wyoming, and lies along both sides of the North Platte River. (*3) It was created out of the northern parts of Laramie and Albany Counties, and originally contained Niobrara County, which was created out of the eastern part of Converse County in 1911. (*4) Topographically, (*5) the County is made up

*3 See Map page 3.

*4 See Maps, Nos. 1, 2, 3, page 47.

*5 Bartlett, History of Wyoming, 1, 515.

of the spurs and foothills of the Laramie Range of the Rocky Mountains and of rolling plains. The County might be divided from south to north into three divisions: the spurs and foothills of the Laramie Range, the North Platte valley and the rolling plains that cover most of the northern part of the County. The mountains, so-called, are covered with pine and fir, with some aspen, cottonwood and boxelder along the mountain streams. The Platte valley is wide practically its entire length through the County to afford large areas for farming. There are several fine mountain streams that empty into it, for example, Deer, Boxelder, La Prele and La Bonte. The rolling plains to the north of the river are covered with short grass, cacti and sage. Water is scarce and there are no all-weather streams. The buffalo grass of this region possesses wonderful strength. It is short, and the winds and hot sun cure it early in the season, thus conserving all of its natural strength.

The history of the exploration and settlement of this region really begins with the advent of those adventurous explorers who were in search of furs. The first white men known to have crossed this section were in a party of Astorians led by Robert Stuart. (*7) On a return trip from Astoria Stuart led his followers over a great part of what afterwards came to be known as the Oregon Trail. During the winter of 1812-1813 this party passed down the Platte through this section. The opening of the Trail stirred the interest of others, and in 1822 William Ashley (*8) led a party of trappers up the North Platte into the Sweetwater country. Ashley trapped the headwaters of the Platte and the Sweetwater and succeeded so well that other trappers followed. The Sublette brothers accompanied Ashley on his first trip, and they afterwards bought him out and organized the Rocky Mountain Fur Company. In 1832 this company made \$175,000.00. (*9) So many trappers came that the Indians became alarmed, and the Blackfeet, Cheyenne and Sioux became less friendly. It is estimated that, at least, three-fifths of the trappers along the Platte and Sweetwater were killed. (*10) In 1832 Captain Bonneville followed the Trail up the North Platte into the Sweetwater country. He did not secure many furs, for the American

*6 Love, Clara M., "History of the Cattle Industry in the Southwest," in *Southwestern Historical Quarterly*, XIX, 370-399.

*7 Chittenden, H. M., *History of the American Fur Trade in the Far West*, 460-463.

*8 Chittenden, H. M., *Op. Cit.*

*9 Coutant, G. C., *History of Wyoming*, 1, 147.

*10 Owens, Clyde M., "The Fur Traders" in *Quarterly Bulletin of the Wyoming Historical Department*, Jan. 15, 1925, 11, 47.

Fur Company was too strongly entrenched there at the time. However, Bonneville made some maps and gathered considerable data regarding the country. Fort Laramie, built by the American Fur Company in 1832, was bought by the Government in 1842 for a military fort. James Bridger established a trading post in the Sweetwater country, which afterwards under control of the Government became Fort Bridger. Thus we see exploration and settlement, (*11) in some degree, of the West.

The trappers and fur traders used wagons and it was not long before there was a trail deep and wide up the Platte. In 1835 Dr. Marcus Whitman and Rev. Samuel Parker followed the trail into the Sweetwater country. Trappers were so numerous at this time that no less than 200 were found at the rendezvous on Green River. At this point Whitman decided to return to the East to get missionaries for the Indian field. On his second trip Whitman carried his young wife. In this party were Rev. and Mrs. H. H. Spalding. These two women, as far as is known, were the first white women to pass over the Oregon Trail. In 1838 another band of missionaries followed the Trail to Oregon. Others came the next years. By this time some interest had been aroused in the Oregon country, and one trip actual settlers accompanied the missionaries. Thus the movement began which was to change the situation in Wyoming and extend the boundaries of the nation. It is difficult to get reliable statistics as to numbers of settlers that went over the Trail to Oregon, but there were thousands. The Mormon movement to Utah, which began in 1846 and 1847, contributed many thousands of other immigrants. When gold was discovered in California, and later in Montana and other parts of the West, there was a veritable congestion of traffic over this natural highway, which Father De Smet (*12) pronounced one of the finest highways in the world. Captain Reynolds who was on Government duty in the Indian country innocently asked his guide, Jim Bridger, if there was any danger of missing the Trail as they went south from Montana. Bridger answered him with only a look of contemptuous amazement, and the Captain understood when they came to the Trail. Heavy wagons had cut a road deep and wide. In some places it was 200 feet wide, and the winds had blown the loose sand out until the roadway was deep and hard. There are plain signs of the road after fifty years of disuse. Sixty years ago this highway was almost the

*11 Owens, Clyde M., "The Fur Traders," in Quarterly Bulletin of the Wyoming Historical Department, January 15, 1925, 44.

*12 Chittenden, H. M., History of the American Fur Trade in the Far West, 460-463.

only evidence of civilization in an otherwise savage wilderness. Practically throughout its entire length it is marked with stones, and it is well that these stones be placed before the last signs of this historic highway are obliterated. Six of the stone markers are located in Converse County.

The Mormon immigration to Utah was more intimately connected with the history of Converse County than was the passage of the Oregon settlers, who only left a few lonely graves along the highway to mark their passing. Many of the Mormons either settled permanently or temporarily in the state. A band of them temporarily settled in Converse County south of Glenrock. There are some signs of this settlement, and there is a canyon that bears their name.

The mining rush was one of the principal causes of the Government disregarding the rights of the Indians to the region south of the Missouri, east of the Rocky Mountains and north of the Platte, which had been guaranteed to them by treaty. (*13) The miners simply rushed in where only fools would have dared to venture. Thousands of the '49rs rushed across the plains madly in search of gold, and the Government felt compelled to give them all possible protection. When gold was discovered in Montana in 1862 and 1863 a stampede began to this section. (*14) At first the miners followed the Oregon Trail to Fort Hall, but later began to try a more direct route. Accordingly John M. Bozeman, (*15) a pioneer of Montana, laid out the route which bears his name, and which extends from the Red Buttes on the North Platte to the Three Crossings on the Missouri. The Bozeman Trail followed the North Platte from Fort Laramie to a point eight miles west of Douglas and then left the river, going in a northwesterly direction. This trail crossed the last hunting grounds of the Sioux and other Indian tribes, and greatly incensed them. Red Cloud, who was the most influential Sioux chief, vowed that he would resist to the death. When Forts Reno, Phil Kearney and C. F. Smith were erected war was declared. One immediate result of the war was the terrible massacre of Fort Kearney (*16) on December 21, 1866, in which Colonel William J. Fetterman and eighty soldiers were slain. On account of extreme cold and poor communication it was some time before relief could be obtained, and had Red Cloud had the sagacity to have followed up his victory the Fort might have been taken. All of these forts were shortly

*13 Paxson, F. L., *The Last American Frontier*, 123, 285, 291, 294.

*14 Hebard, G. R., *Pathbreakers from River to Ocean*, 189.

*15 *Ibid.*

*16 Hebard and Brininstool, *The Bozeman Trail*, 1, 15-38.

abandoned, one reason being given that communications could not be maintained.

Some mention of the means of communication is necessarily a part of this history. Freightage was a regular part of the trapping business. Settlement of Oregon, Utah and California greatly extended the freightage business, and when settlements began to appear in such widely separated places as Colorado, Idaho and Montana freightage reached stupendous proportions. Most of the freightage was done by "bullwhackers with their bull teams." The Government attempted to maintain communications with these settlements, and mail contracts were eagerly sought. Senator Gwin of California and Russell, the latter a member of one of the most important freightage firms of the time, sponsored the Pony Express (*17) movement, which was an attempt to give more rapid communication and bind the growing West to the nation. Stations were placed from nine to fifteen miles apart and provided with fleet American horses and feed. Daring riders were employed, and every effort was put forth to make speed. The original route of the Pony Express followed the Oregon Trail. Several stations were in Converse County. The route was officially opened April 3, 1860, and continued for eighteen months. It was superseded by the telegraph line, which Edward Creighton completed in 1861. (*18) Upon the completion of the telegraph line, Creighton announced his readiness to handle transcontinental communications. All means of communication were hard to maintain, for the Indians resented every encroachment of the whites and made no distinction between friend and foe. Freightage was extremely hazardous and was usually done in trains for protection, and these trains were often given military escorts. The life of the Pony Express riders was extremely precarious, abundant evidence being furnished in stations that were burned and the riders that never reached their destinations. It was not long before the Indians learned that the singing telegraph wires carried messages summoning soldiers against them, and accordingly wires were pulled down, posts burned and every means put forth to destroy this communication.

The white man continued to advance; the red man slowly gave way. In this manner the West was won, and the last hunting grounds of the Indians was taken over for farming, mining, and the other arts of the white man. Gone are the soldiers and the Indians, and although there are many lonely stretches of roads in Converse County, no man need fear sudden death from ambush by the Indian.

*17 Inman and Cody, *The Great Salt Lake Trail*, Chapter 8.

*18 Hebard, G. R., *The Pathbreakers from Ocean to Ocean*, 232.

CHAPTER TWO

The Cattle Industry

The discovery of the possibilities of Wyoming for grazing purposes is said to have been accidental, and is thus described: "Early in December in 1864, a Government trader with a wagon train of supplies drawn by oxen was on his way west to Camp Douglas in the territory of Utah; but being overtaken on the Laramie Plains, Wyoming, by an unusually severe snowstorm, he was compelled to go at once into winter quarters. He turned his cattle adrift, expecting, as a matter of course, that they would soon perish from exposure and starvation; but they remained about camp, and as the snow was blown off the highlands the dried grass afforded them an abundance of forage. When spring opened they were found to be in even better condition than when turned out to die four months previously." (*1) In 1869 a similar experience happened at Fort David Russell, near Cheyenne, when some Texas cattle which had been brought up in the fall for beef cattle became scattered by a severe snow storm, but in the following spring they were gathered up in excellent condition. T. H. McGhee, (*2) an old-timer and bullwhacker, claims that he wintered ox teams in Wyoming in the winter of 1857, but he does not say whether the cattle were kept up and fed, or turned loose on the range. Shortly after this time cattle began to be placed on the ranges of Wyoming for fattening purposes. The cattle were brought from the East and South, mostly from the latter section over what was called the "Texas Trail" or the "Long Drive." The trails usually began in some point in South Texas. One of the main trails (*3) began on the Gulf south of San Antonio, passing to the west of San Antonio north to Doan's Store in Willbarger County, Texas, where it divided. One branch went northwest through Oklahoma into Kansas. Some of the cattle that reached Colorado went by the Dawson Trail, a branch of one of the main trails north. Herds destined for Wyoming followed a main trail until the managers branched off at some point convenient to their particular destination. Senator Kendrick (*4) tells of his experiences on the "Texas Trail," over which he made several trips. The flood tide of this move-

*1 Morris, Robert, "Livestock Industry," in Wyoming Historical Collections for 1897, 29.

*2 McGhee, T. H., "Early Days in the West," in Quarterly Bulletin of Wyoming Historical Department, April 15, 1924.

*3 Love, Clara M., History of the Cattle Industry in the Southwest," in Southwestern Historical Quarterly, XIX, 370-399.

*4 Kendrick, Sen. John B., "The Texas Trail," in Wyoming Historical Society Miscellanies, 1919, 41-49.

ment of cattle to the North was reached in 1884, when it is estimated that 800,000 cattle passed over the various trails to the North. The movements of such magnitude as to bring about a move on the part of the Texas cattlemen to secure a National Highway (*5) from Texas to the North, the strip to be five or six miles in width, but by this time the stockmen of the North began to fear overstocking of the ranges and consequently opposed the plan. The fear of overstocking was well founded. Lusk, one of the prominent cattlemen of this section, writes of the overstocking of the ranges. He tells of one man, over the protests of local cattlemen, turning loose in the fall, 8,900 Texas steers on the range of the Hat Creek Basin in what became eastern Converse County. In the spring the man gathered up 1,700 of his steers, and his loss was only part of the general loss. (*6) Love tells of the terrible losses from the movement of the Texas cattle to the North. In many instances the cattle were brought up in the fall, too late for them to become acclimated or even familiar with the water holes. Early blizzards exacted a fearful toll, the cows suffering the worst. It was estimated that a million Texas cattle covered the road, the ranges and the shallow streams as a monument to man's greed for gold and his cruelty to beasts. (*7) Later movements were, undoubtedly, handled more carefully, for Kendrick speaks of the economical methods of getting these cattle from Texas to the ranges of Wyoming. He cites an instance where the party, of which he was a member, started from Texas with 3,470 cattle and turned loose 3,430 on one of the tributaries of the Cheyenne River in Converse County, and he says it was done without the "proverbial recruiting" along the route. (*8)

Introduction of foreign capital in building up syndicate ranches began during this cattle movement. The cautious Scotch contributed much. The Tolland Cattle Company with headquarters on Deer Creek, (*9) was a Scotch syndicate ranch. The formation of these big ranches was solely for dividends, and eventually led to unsound methods of business, such as over-stocking the ranges and selling off immature cattle. (*10) Some of the men that contributed

*5 Love, Clara M., *Op. Cit.*, 396.

*6 Lusk, Frank S., "My Associations with Wyoming," in *Quarterly Bulletin of the Wyoming Historical Department*, Aug. 15, 1924, 15.

*7 Love, Clara M., "History of Cattle Industry of Southwest," in *Southern Historical Quarterly*, XIX, 390.

*8 Lusk, *Ibid.*

*9 Clemen, R. A., *American Livestock Industry*, 185.

*10 Clemen, R. A., *Ibid.*, 186-187.

to the development of the County established themselves during the big cattle movement. Among these men were Billie Irvine, John Hunton, J. M. and Dr. John Carey (uncle and father of ex-Governor Robert D. Carey), and A. R. Converse. Billie Irvine helped to organize the Ogalalla Land and Cattle Company. (*11) John Hunton located on Boxelder Creek in 1877, and his location formed the nucleus of the famous Carey Ranch, which was developed under ownership of the Carey Brothers and is now the home of ex-Governor Robert D. Carey. (*12) A. R. Converse, after whom the County was named, organized the Converse "O. W." Company in the eastern part of the County (now Niobrara). On many of these ranches, notably the Toland Ranch, fine breeds of cattle were introduced, which formed the nucleus of the fine breeds that are now everywhere in the County. One of the causes of open friction between the big cattlemen and small ranchmen or homesteaders was finding some of the fine cattle on the ranges of the smaller cattlemen. Rustling began from branding "mavericks," (*13) which were first claimed by any man that happened to get his brand on them. Cowboys were at first paid a certain sum for each maverick branded for the boss. Enterprising cowboys began to place their own brands on mavericks. This led the Wyoming Stockmen's Association to get a law passed forbidding the branding of mavericks. But it was claimed that the law was not enforced, and the cattle-kings used this supposed violation of the law as an excuse to persecute the smaller ranchmen and homesteaders. This friction culminated in what is known as the "Johnson County Invasion." Johnson County, which is located northwest of Converse County, was settled in the '80s by homesteaders on range claimed by the big outfits. When the sheriff of Johnson County arrested a man that had in his possession damaging evidence against the plans of the big cattlemen it was decided to organize an invasion for the purpose of effecting the release of the arrested one and to destroy the incriminating evidence. Accordingly a number of tough characters were assembled at Cheyenne, carried on the train to Casper, armed and provisioned and sent north towards Buffalo (county seat of Johnson County). News, however, preceded the invaders and they were given such a warm reception that they barricaded themselves in a ranch house several miles from Buffalo. Acting Governor

*11 See map 33.

*12 See map 33.

*13 Love, Clara M., "History of the Cattle Industry of Southwest," in *South-ern Historical Quarterly*, XIX, 373.

Barber now called upon the President to send soldiers from Fort McKinney, near Buffalo, to the rescue, declaring that a state of insurrection existed in Johnson County. Prompt action on the part of the soldiers saved the lives of the invaders, who were arrested but soon released. This incident marks the climax of the fight for possession of the "open range," which meant to the cattlemen free range for them free of cost and molestation.

United States General Land Commissioner Fry in his report for 1924 makes some very illuminating comments on the attitude assumed by the cattle and sheep men relative to the range: (*14) "No federal control over grazing on public lands has thus far been exercised, though it has often been suggested, both from the viewpoint of the stockfeeder and the public economist, and both for practically the same reasons, that the growth of the native grasses and forage would be conserved thereby and the development of our national resources secured to a corresponding degree."

"To this end numerous bills have been introduced from time to time, all looking to some form of federal control of the grazing on public lands, but thus far all such efforts have proved futile. It is not unlikely that one reason which has heretofore operated to prevent legislation has been the general belief in the availability of a sufficient area of grazing lands to supply the demand as it then existed, and the objections of stockmen to any interference with free grazing on public lands. This privilege so long enjoyed and the substantial basis of all stock-growing operations in the public land country naturally came in time to be regarded by the stockmen in the nature of a right rather than a privilege, so that any proposition looking towards federal control was often regarded by them as an invasion of an actual property right. This condition of sentiment was the logical outgrowth of a system which had its foundation in the unbounded confidence of our people in the magnificent possibilities of our great national domain. The arrival of a time when our fertile prairies and otherwise tillable lands would be exhausted seemed too far distant for consideration. Thus the matter has gone until now, after the settler and homesteader, in effect, have left only such public lands as are not suited to their uses, are we confronted with the question of what shall be done with our public lands that are best adapted to grazing and are being used for that purpose without any supervision on the part of the Government."

(To be continued)

*14 Report of the Commissioner of the General Land Office to the Secretary of the Interior for 1924, 10-11.

ACCESSIONS

Sept. 30 to Nov. 29, 1929.

- Collins, E. P.—Original manuscripts written by Mr. Collins: "The Bon Boot & Shoe Company." "Two Shillings, Six Pence to Twenty-two Dollars," the Story of P. S. Cook's Sixty Years in the Plumbing Trade. "Forbes Bandsters." A newspaper clipping advertising the Bon Shoe Company. A copy of the magazine, "The Plumbers Trade Journal," in which the article on Mr. Cook is printed.
- Fryxell, Dr. F. M.—Report of the Placing of the Grand Teton Memorial Tablet written by Dr. Fryxell; seven pictures pertaining to the placing of the tablet; a copy of the magazine, "American Forests and Forest Life," in which an article written by Dr. Fryxell on the Tetons appears.
- Lindsay, Charles—Three pictures of "Old Town," in the Big Horn Mountains. A copy of the magazine, "The Prairie Schooner," which contains a Wyoming article written by Mr. Lindsay.
- Burnet, J. C.—Two large size American flags and two small ones. Flags were used at old Fort Washakie.
- Churchill, Mrs. Minnie Russell—Two programs used at the commencement exercises of the Cheyenne High School Class of 1892. A program of "Hamlet," played by Edwin Booth which took place at the old Cheyenne Opera House in 1887. These programs are printed on satin.
- Friends in Council—Programs of "Friends in Council," Buffalo, Wyoming, for 1923 through 1930.
- Ferguson, Mrs. R. A.—Two programs from the W. T. K. Club, Wheatland, Wyoming.
- Lemmon, G. E.—Thirty-five original manuscripts on Wyoming early days, written by Mr. Lemmon.
- Kennedy, Judge T. Blake (The Percy S. Hoyt Estate)—A bridle and bit which formerly belonged to Percy S. Hoyt. The bridle was made by Frank S. Meanea and the bit by Ernest Logan in the year 1883. This bridle was used by Mr. Hoyt almost continuously up to the time of his death.
- Carroll, Major C. G.—Recruiting News carrying the history of Mackenzie's Last Fight With the Cheyennes, a story of the Dull Knife fight.
- Women's Overseas Service League—"Carry On," a magazine published by the Women's Overseas Service League.
- Greenburg, D. W.—Original manuscript.
- Maclean, Mrs. John—Valuable collection belonging to the late Captain H. G. Nickerson. When classified, it will be noted in Annals.

Annals of Wyoming

Vol. 6

APRIL, 1930

No. 4

First Sheep 295

CONTENTS

Preserving Our Landmarks-----	D. W. Greenburg
Economic History and Settlement of Converse County, Wyoming-----	John LeeRoy Waller
Accessions.	

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CHAPTER 96

STATE HISTORICAL BOARD

Session Laws 1921

DUTIES OF HISTORIAN

Section 6. It shall be the duty of the State Historian:

(a) To collect books, maps, charts, documents, manuscripts, other papers and any obtainable material illustrative of the history of the State.

(b) To procure from pioneers narratives of any exploits, perils and adventures.

(c) To collect and compile data of the events which mark the progress of Wyoming from its earliest day to the present time, including the records of all of the Wyoming men and women, who served in the World War and the history of all war activities in the State.

(d) To procure facts and statements relative to the history, progress and decay of the Indian tribes and other early inhabitants within the State.

(e) To collect by solicitation or purchase fossils, specimens, of ores and minerals, objects of curiosity connected with the history of the State and all such books, maps, writings, charts and other material as will tend to facilitate historical, scientific and antiquarian research.

(f) To file and carefully preserve in his office in the Capitol at Cheyenne, all of the historical data collected or obtained by him, so arranged and classified as to be not only available for the purpose of compiling and publishing a History of Wyoming, but also that it may be readily accessible for the purpose of disseminating such historical or biographical information as may be reasonably requested by the public. He shall also bind, catalogue and carefully preserve all unbound books, manuscripts, pamphlets, and especially newspaper files containing legal notices which may be donated to the State Historical Board.

(g) To prepare for publication a biennial report of the collections and other matters relating to the transaction of the Board as may be useful to the public.

(h) To travel from place to place, as the requirements of the work may dictate, and to take such steps, not inconsistent with the provisions of this Act, as may be required to obtain the data necessary to the carrying out of the purpose and objects herein set forth.

Annals of Wyoming

Vol. 6

APRIL, 1930

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PRESERVING OUR LANDMARKS

By D. W. Greenburg*

No movement of an historical nature in Wyoming has greater significance nor will longer endure or be more genuinely appreciated by future generations than that of preserving historic landmarks and sites. Such work is now being accomplished in our State through The Historical Landmark Commission of Wyoming, and though yet in its infancy, scarcely three years old, the Commission has already acquired through gift and purchase some of our outstanding historical landmarks and is well along in its plans for adding other important assets of this nature with title resting in our State.

Such work as now undertaken in a serious manner through the members of the Commission and with the cooperation of local advisory boards or societies or individuals in the several communities of our State, is a labor of love. Back of all the efforts made in this direction spring a desire among those who have studied the project to perpetuate for all time those cherished spots so indelibly associated with the early development of our State—indeed of the whole western frontier. No commercial instinct does or should enter the negotiations or problems looking forward to the acquisitions of this character—except as in each instance it brings greater glory to our State and profit to all of our citizens. Thousands of the peoples of the Nation are awakening to the value of their historical surroundings. Annually the interest of the people is becoming more acute in seeking out hallowed shrines of those other days—and they travel afar to view those cherished spots. Thus only, in that respect, is there an incidental commercial return.

No attempt will be made in these few lines to outline the work already accomplished by The Historical Landmark

*Editor's Note: Mr. Greenburg is the Publicity Director of the Commission and is well known to the people of Wyoming through frequent contributions of early Wyoming history of The Midwest Review and other publications.

Commission of Wyoming. The fine constructive ability of its members has accomplished wonders in a brief period. Their work has scarcely begun. The First Biennial Report of the Commission to the Honorable Frank C. Emerson, Governor of Wyoming, issued during the last mid-year in printed form, gives intimate detail as to the purposes of the Commission, its accomplishments, hopes and aspirations. Much care was exercised in its preparation and many of the more important historical points of interest in Wyoming charted. This was amplified with a map which gives a visual picture of historic locations within our State.

It may be of interest to readers of The Annals to have recorded in these pages briefly the historic sites already acquired through the efforts of the Commission. It should be an inspiration to all of us to extend every aid to the Commission in securing further acquisitions. Site of Old Fort Reno on the Powder River in Johnson County was the first donation made to the State. Every reader of Wyoming history knows of the importance of that outpost of civilization during the hectic days of the Montana gold rush, when it became necessary to place armed troops along the Bozeman Trail to protect travelers from attack by hostile Indians. The Connor Battlefield, situated at the mouth of Wolf Creek on Tongue River adjacent to the town of Ranchester in Sheridan County, is another acquisition of importance, having been the site of an engagement between the command of General P. E. Connor and a band of Arapahoe Indians. The story of old Fort Bridger is too well known to your readers to need extended comment here, but its acquisition by the State gives to us one of the most famed of trading posts on the western frontier. The site of old Fort Bonneville, established in the fur trading days of 1832, is a recent gift to the State and one particularly cherished by our people. Such is the record at present and to this will be added other important points within our State as the plans of the Commission become fully developed.

The members of the Commission, each of whom are giving their time and energy in this laudable undertaking, do so without compensation for time or incidental expense, but as a contribution to our citizens and to future generations and for the glory of accomplishment in a line to which each are devoted for the joy and pleasure they receive. The membership of the Commission is composed of Mr. Robert S. Ellison, Vice President of The Midwest Refining Company, who resides in Casper and is the Chairman of the Commission; Mr. Warren Richardson, a pioneer resident and

business man of Cheyenne, who is Treasurer; and Mr. Joseph S. Weppner of Rock Springs, engaged in business in that city, who is Secretary. Each of the members has been personally interested in western history, especially that relating to Wyoming, for a number of years, and is an avocation with them. The Commission has named for purposes of administration Mrs. Cyrus Beard of Cheyenne, present executive of the State Historical Department, as Assistant Secretary; and Mr. D. W. Greenburg of Casper, publicity representative and Editor, *The Midwest Review*, of the Midwest Refining Company, as its Publicity Director.

At some future time we shall hope to offer through *The Annals* some of the interesting sidelights on the work of the Commission. In the meantime the Chairman of the Commission invites the helpful co-operation of all interested persons in this most laudable work.

ECONOMIC HISTORY AND SETTLEMENT OF CONVERSE COUNTY, WYOMING

By John LeeRoy Waller, B. S., University of Oklahoma.

(Continued from January Number)

According to G. M. Penley, county agent for Natrona County, which joins Converse on the west, the County Stockgrowers' Association at their 1925 meeting passed unanimously a resolution opposing any legislation for federal control of grazing on the public domain. (*15) Thus we see that Commissioner Fry has correctly summed up the situation as to the attitude of the stockmen.

Two other problems which the cattlemen had to face, the opposition of the Indians and the occasional severe winters, deserve some consideration. The Indians opposed every invasion of their rights. As late as 1870 (*16) Indians made a raid as far south as Cheyenne, and in 1876 they raided the ranches on Chugwater Creek, over a hundred miles south of Douglas. Fort Fetterman was built in 1867 on the south side of the North Platte River where the La Prele Creek empties into the river. After the abandonment of Forts Reno and Phil Kearney this was the most important Government fort in Wyoming west of Fort Laramie. While it was built primarily for protection to immi-

*15 Casper, Wyoming, *Daily Tribune* for March 25, 1925.

*16 Wyoming Historical Report, 1921-23, 95-97.

*17 Beard, G. R., *History and Government of Wyoming*, 44.

grants, detachments of soldiers were often out to protect ranches. The fort was abandoned in 1878, as the subjection of the Indians removed the need of it. Thus one of the hindrances of the development of the country was removed. Occasionally an unusually severe winter, for instance that of 1886-87, (*18) which caused an average loss of 85%, visited Wyoming. One of the things that tended to cause such heavy losses during those terrible winters was the presence of barb wire. As the homesteaders came they began to fence their lands. Cattle that usually drifted before a blizzard, feeding as they went, would when a barbed wire fence was reached, walk back and forth along the fence until exhausted from hunger and exposure. Such results thoroughly aroused the cattlemen, who resented the intrusion of the "dry farmer," and wires were cut, shacks burned and often settlers themselves suffered injuries or death. But to my mind the cattlemen had little cause of complaint, for it was their custom to command the streams and water-holes, if at all possible. Governor Moonlight spoke of the manner in which the "cattle barons" attempted to dominate the water and range back of it. It was possible in the early days to get a total of 1,120 (*19) acres of land, which was often extended by making fraudulent entries. Thus, the Governor stated, it was legally possible for a man to take out "forties" along a stream and effectually close it for three miles, and this of course controlled the range back of it. (*20)

The cattle industry was the most important business in the County until 1909, (*21) when the sheep industry exceeded it in value. After 1919 the valuation of the oil industry of the County exceeded in value that of both cattle and sheep combined. (*22) There are no accurate records of the number of cattle in the County until the year 1909. The assessor's rolls for 1909 show an assessment of 98,100 cattle. Doubtless there were many thousands more. For the methods of assessment were crude in the extreme and the big companies were not anxious to pay taxes on their herds. In the '80s, the boom period of the big cattlemen, several hundred thousand cattle roamed the ranges of Converse County. Following 1909 there was a steady decline in the number assessed until in 1913, after the formation

*18 Lusk, Frank S., "My Associations with Wyoming," in Quarterly Bulletin of Wyoming Historical Department, August 15, 1924, 15.

*19 The Ranchman secures a pre-emption of 160 acres, a homestead of 160 acres, a timber claim of 160 acres, and a desert entry of 640 acres, making in all 1,120 acres.

*20 Moonlight, Governor Thos., Report to Sec. of Int., 1887, 6.

*21 Assessor's Rolls for Converse County (Douglas, Wyoming), 1909.

*22 Assessor's Rolls for Converse County, 1919.

of Niobrara County out of the Eastern part of Converse County, there were only 21,887 (*23) cattle assessed. Beginning with 1914 there was a gradual increase in the number assessed until in 1919 there was 62,195 (*24) on the tax rolls. The growth was caused, in a great part, by the increased demand for beef cattle because of the World War. High prices prevailed throughout this period and greatly stimulated every phase of the agricultural and live stock business. The years 1920, 1921 and 1922 were hard for cattlemen. Prices of beef and hides dropped to the bottom, and since much money had been borrowed to buy high-priced cattle this depression spread bankruptcy throughout the cattle country. The tax rolls for 1922 show only 36,438 cattle assessed. The Report of the State Board of Equalization for 1923-24 shows that although the cattle industry has not yet regained its former importance for Converse County, indications point to a steady return.

The settlement of the public lands under the Stock-growing Act of 1916 has made it almost impossible for the big cattle companies to continue. (*25) This important phase of the development of the West is swiftly passing. The "round-up" with its color and romance is seen no more in its former magnitude in Converse County. Time was when the ranges were combed in the late spring by the cowboys of the various big outfits, and the cattle were rounded up, mavericks cut out, and calves branded. Usually each outfit covered its own particular range, but every big outfit had representatives at the place of branding in order to see that its interests were cared for. What might be termed a roundup at the present time (1925) consists of three or four cowboys and a cook wagon locating for two or three days in one place where their employer has a few cattle, then after trying to locate all cattle supposed to be there and branding any calves the outfit moves on to some other range, if the stockman happens to have cattle at different places. There are no large sections of the range open at the present, and if a large outfit, for instance the Carey Ranch, wants to use the range it is necessary to have small herds at different places.

When people began to locate along the tributaries of the North Platte—La Bonte, La Prele, Boxelder and Deer—and take out water rights a new phase of the cattle industry began, that of stock-farming. This has proved to be a great advance over the old method of running cattle

*23 Assessor's Rolls for Converse County, 1909-1919.

*24 State Board of Equalization, Report 1919-1924.

*25 Commissioner of the General Land Office, Report to the Secretary of Interior, 1924.

on the open range and seeing them once a year, for now there are so many more owners who have small herds of cattle and who improve what they have by better breeding and winter feeding. At the same time the public lands that come under the classification of mountainous, grazing lands afford considerable range for the summer. (*26) According to Commissioner Fry a large per cent of the unappropriated public lands in Converse County are of such a nature that 640 acres will not support a bona fide homesteader. All of this land is suitable for summer pasture. Stock-farming will make it possible to get use of all grazing lands, and at the same time supply winter feed. In place of a few large outfits with thousands of cattle depending almost wholly upon the range there are at present in Converse County several hundred small ranchmen who raise alfalfa by irrigation for winter feed for their small herds of 200 to 300 cattle. Ordinarily each of these small outfits has considerable range back of the streams along which they have their homesteads and in which they have taken out water rights.

One other change that should be noted relative to the few large ranches that still do business in the County is the fact that practically all of them have both cattle and sheep to run on what range they can control. Thus it is possible to trace the various stages of the live stock industry in the County. In the first place, the big companies brought in their large herds and took possession of certain streams and claimed the range most suitable to their location. Homesteading was discouraged only in so far as the companies could profit by the locations, and opposition of the most bitter kind was offered to fencing the public lands. Secondly, the big sheep companies began to establish themselves over the opposition of the cattlemen, and this struggle for possession of the range ended in the compromise of the cattle companies accepting the fact that the County was well adapted for sheep raising and handling both cattle and sheep. This compromise did not affect the opposition to the bona fide homesteader, who has had to face the ill will of both sheep and cattlemen even down to the present. But as the change is made to stock-farming, which is the third state, the hold of the homesteader becomes more firmly established, and it is now possible for a man to plant his shack anywhere in the county, fence his land and feel that there is no longer danger of being visited by the cowboys of some big outfit and ordered out of the country or forcibly evicted.

*26 Report of Commissioner of General Land Office to the Secretary of the Interior for 1924, 10-11.

CHAPTER THREE

Sheep Industry

The introduction of sheep dates from the year 1878 (*1) when a small band was herded near the Rawhide Buttes in what is now Niobrara County. In 1880 (*2) the Wilson Brothers had a band near the present site of Lusk, county seat of Niobrara County, and in 1883 (*3) George Powell pastured a band on La Prele Creek. None of these early ventures proved to be very successful because none of the owners had had any previous experience with sheep in the way of handling them or curing the scab. Low prices prevailed for both wool and sheep, and there had not been created any real desire to have sheep in the country. (*4) About 1889 John Morton and J. J. Hurt brought bands of sheep up from the Union Pacific country, and in 1894 (*5) one of the largest sheep companies, The Platte Sheep Company, was organized. DeForest Richards was one of the directors of this company. He soon became governor of the State and this goes to prove that the sheep business had at last gained respectable recognition. In spite of heavy losses from an unusually severe winter, this company continued to increase its capital, which at last became \$200,000.00.

Opposition to the introduction of sheep was at first violent. Cattlemen seemed to have a sort of natural antipathy to the presence of sheep, and too, any invasion of what they considered their right, the use of the public range, was strenuously resisted. It was the spirit manifested this early that Commissioner Fry spoke of in his report for 1924. (*6) During 1893 and 1894 a number of sheep outfits were raided by cattlemen. (*7) These raiders were called "Gunnysackers" on account of being distinguished with a gunny sack over their heads. They marked off dead lines on the range, burned some sheep wagons, shot and clubbed to death some sheep, and shot at and mistreated some of the sheepherders. It was very difficult to get convictions for these outrages at first for the sheepmen were without a fixed habitation and the cattlemen were in control of local affairs. Presently, though, the situation be-

*1 Maurer, C. F., "Concerning the Sheep Industry in Central Wyoming," in Bill Barlow's Budget, 21st Anniversary Edition, 1907.

*2 Ibid.

*3 Ibid.

*4 Connor, L. C., "A Brief History of the Sheep Industry," in Annual Report American Historical Association, 1918, 1, 136-185.

*5 Ibid.

*6 Report of Commissioner of General Land Office to Secretary of the Interior, 1924, 10-11.

*7 Maurer, C. F., "Concerning the Sheep Industry in Central Wyoming," in Bill Barlow's Budget, 21st Anniversary Edition, 1907.

gan to change. Prices of grown ewes advanced from \$1.50 per head to around \$4.00, a result in large part caused by the Tariff of 1897, (*8) and of course a corresponding increase resulted in the price of lambs and wool. It soon became apparent that the sheep business had come to stay, and men who had been the most bitter "Gunnysackers" entered the sheep business with resulting prosperity to themselves and firm establishment of the industry in the County.

It might be explained here why the sheep business so quickly won a place and to a certain extent, superseded in importance the cattle business. In the first place, a large section of the County, especially north of the Platte River, (*9) is covered with short grass and sage brush and is scarce in water. Sheep can graze much closer than cattle and do not require as much water—the snow sufficing in winter. Furthermore, the sheep relish the sage and other shrubs which cattle rarely ever touch for food. Grass can grow about the roots of the sage and in heavy snows the sheep can live. This was clearly demonstrated during the hard winter of 1898-1899 when the sheep had practically nothing to eat except the sage tops and what grass they could find about the roots. Yet only approximately a 10% loss was reported. Perhaps the most attractive feature about the sheep business is the quick return on the investment, for the wool clip and lamb crop of the first year are marketable. On the other hand the cattlemen usually have to wait three years for a return from the range cattle, except where the cattle are corn fed (or "baby beef").

The terrible losses resulting from very severe winters and heavy snows at lambing time in the spring have taught sheepmen that food must be provided during severe winter weather, and shelter for the ewes at lambing time. Consequently as the business took on a stable policy capital was expended for deeded lands, farming and irrigation equipment, and sheds. Snowstorms often came as late as the last of May, and lambing usually occurs about the first of May. Should a severe storm occur during the time of lambing heavy losses in both ewes and lambs result, for the snow is usually very wet and when the fleece is wet weakened ewes and lambs cannot stand the cold nights that invariably accompany such storms.

Sheep are usually herded in bands of 2,500 to 3,000 and it is unsatisfactory for horses and cattle to follow them.

*8 Connor, L. C., "A Brief History of the Sheep Industry," in Annual Report of American Historical Association, 1918, 1, 144-145.

*9 See map page 33.

Open ranges, such as existed in Converse County prior to 1917 were ideal for herding such large bands of sheep, but when settlers fenced their homesteads trouble started. It is very difficult to keep sheep out unless one has a taut, four-wire fence with the posts set close together. Proper respect was not always paid to the homesteader, sheepmen soon assuming the attitude of the old cattlemen that the open range belonged to them and that settlement and fencing were plain cases of trespassing on sheepmen's rights. After many years of friction compromise, in most cases, is being effected by the sheepmen leasing the homesteads. The average price is around \$50.00 per section per year. However, no man cares to lease his land to sheepmen if he wishes to live on it and have any stock of his own, because of the close grazing of the grass by the sheep.

During the sixteen-year period (*10) following 1890 the growth of the sheep business in Converse County was astonishing. In 1890 the total number of sheep assessed was 10,733, valued at \$17,187.00; and in 1906 the number assessed was 287,581, valued at \$607,282.00. One writer (*11) stated that the actual number of sheep in the County in 1906 was fully 500,000 (not a very complimentary estimate of the efficiency of the assessor or of the veracity of the sheepmen) with an actual valuation of \$2,500,000.00. Increases in numbers assessed continued until the flood tide seems to have been reached in 1909 (*12) when the assessor's rolls show 503,182 sheep assessed at \$2,406,020. In 1913 (after the formation of Niobrara County) 199,367 were assessed at \$683,034.00. The sheep industry according to assessments continued until what is thought to be the minimum was reached in 1924 when 86,275 were assessed with a valuation of \$495,489.00. The present high prices of wool and lambs assures an increase for the next few years, unless prices fall or some unforeseen development occurs. During the winters of 1923-1924 and 1924-1925 conditions were very favorable for the sheep business, for the winters were "open," that is, free from disastrous blizzards and snowstorms at lambing time. Range conditions have been good since 1923 during both winter and summer pasture. Many of the old ewes were sold during the depression that existed through 1921, 1922, and 1923. Consequently, there are at the present time (1925), an unusually large number of young ewes and with reasonably good conditions the next few years will show fine lamb

*10 Assessors' Rolls for Converse County, 1890, 1906.

*11 Maurer, C. F., *Supra* page 23.

*12 Assessor's Rolls for Converse County, 1909.

crops. Most of the wool clip for 1925 (*13) was sold at from 40 cents to 42 cents per pound and the lambs were contracted at prices around \$11.00 a hundred weight. The very fact that the sheep business can quickly recover from depression is one thing that often leads to disaster. During the World War high prices for both wool and lambs prevailed, because the Government and Allies gave large orders for woollen goods and meat. Many people were led to borrow heavily in order to buy ewes at from \$12.50 to \$18.00 and feed and other necessities at corresponding prices. When the war closed most of the Government and Allied orders were cancelled and prices fell. Feed and other necessities did not fall in price so rapidly, and several severe winters came close together. Notes came due, but as the security in most cases was greatly depreciated bands of sheep, many bankers encouraged the sheepmen to keep going, except in cases where the banks simply had to foreclose. In the latter case the result was often bankruptcy of the individual and closing of the bank. Those sheepmen that were able to keep going are now recovering rapidly. The case of the Slaughter-Patzold Sheep Company (*14) will illustrate this rise and fall. During the depression this Company lost heavily, but today this is one of the strongest companies in the County. They have some 7,500 sheep on the range. Their wool clip was contracted for at least 40 cents per pound and lambs at around \$11.00 per hundred. With an average wool clip they will have almost 50,000 pounds for the market, and the value of the lamb crop depends upon the per cent of lambs to the number of ewes. It would not be at all surprising if they were able to market \$40,000.00 worth of wool and lambs. This company owns considerable deeded land with many valuable improvements, but they depend almost wholly for grazing on leased lands. It seems to be their policy to lease in such a way as to control the best grazing lands near them, and along the streams and water holes that they wish to command. In 1924 this company leased lands from their own local range to within a few miles of Glenrock, a distance of 25 miles. They paid \$50.00 per section, and had some fifty sections leased during 1924. It seems to be a settled policy of theirs to be on good terms with the homesteaders, in spite of the fact that no encouragement is given to farming.

In addition to the problems of fluctuation in prices of wool and lambs and hard winters and spring storms, the

*13 Personal Statement of Wheeler Eskew, President of the Slaughter-Patzold Sheep Company.

*14 Ibid. See map page 33.

sheepmen have disease to guard against, and cure when once found in their herds. The State Board of Sheep Commissioners make every effort to eliminate scab by means of dipping regularly and segregation of infected flocks. Presence of scab in one band of ewes was reported for Converse in 1924. (*15) Regular inspection of the many bands and strict enforcement of dipping regulations will go far towards absolute riddance of scab. Importations of sheep must be inspected most carefully. Another danger to sheep is attacks from predatory animals, such as mountain lions, wolves, bobcats and coyotes. In past years this was a very real danger, but the bounty law gave such encouragement to trapping and killing these animals that this danger has about been eliminated.

Importations of sheep from other sections often lead to the introduction of some disease. Consequently, there are certain regulations as to dipping and segregation of imported sheep. Segregation of bucks for some time is especially necessary. On the other hand, importation of the right kind of sheep greatly improves the quality of the wool and meat. Prices of wool and lambs have much to do with the number imported, and range conditions largely determine the general movements. In 1912 there were 214,670 ewes and 6,320 bucks imported from other states to Wyoming. This was a year of high prices and the range conditions were good. In 1923 there were only 23,300 ewes and 3,388 bucks imported. This was one of the worst years in the history of the state as to prices and range conditions. (*17) Beginning with 1924, range conditions have improved and prices of wool and lambs have been better. Importations have increased.

Among the outside influences that affect sheep business the federal regulations of the tariff on wool must be mentioned. The State Board of Equalization in 1898 made the statement that the removal of duty on wool caused an actual loss of \$2.50 per head in valuation of Wyoming ewes. (*18) The Report of the State Board of Sheep Commissioners for 1922 is in the nature of a plea to the legislature for protection of the sheep industry, and incidentally to encourage the public to accept the policy of a protective schedule (tariff on raw wool). "We therefore must maintain the woolgrowers and the spinners of wool always, for their work makes an element in the completeness of our independence as a nation." The Board says that the reason

*15 State Board of Sheep Commissioners, Report for 1924-1925.

*17 State Board of Sheep Commissioners, Report for 1924, 37.

*18 State Board of Equalization, Annual Report 1898, 9.

why the wool schedule is the most contested one in every tariff is that it is more important to the welfare and independence of the country than any other single industry. There may be room for argument on their position, but there is no doubt of the direct effect on the price of wool and sheep of a change in the protective schedule of raw wool. (*19)

Another thing that has affected the sheep business is the Federal Farm Loan. The Board of Sheep Commissioners felt that this Act was one of the most important of all agricultural acts passed, for it assisted the stockmen over a crisis which threatened complete ruin. (*20) No statistics were available to show the amount of aid Converse County received from this loan, but it is reasonable to suppose it received its proportionate share. Some money has been lent to stockmen by the State Farm Loan Commissioner. The Sixteenth Legislature made provisions for \$1,000,000 to be used as loans to farmers and stockmen of the various counties. It was to be pro-rated to the different counties according to their assessed valuations. Converse County got \$75,150 during the years 1921-1924. (*21)

The present condition of the sheep business is very encouraging. Sheepmen are better prepared to handle the sheep, for they have more and better shearing pens and lambing sheds and in most cases have the good will of the homesteaders. Better banking facilities with such help as may be secured from the State Farm Loan Commission and the Federal Farm Loan are tending to make stockmen and farming interests in general less affected by temporary rises and falls in prices and occasional bad years.

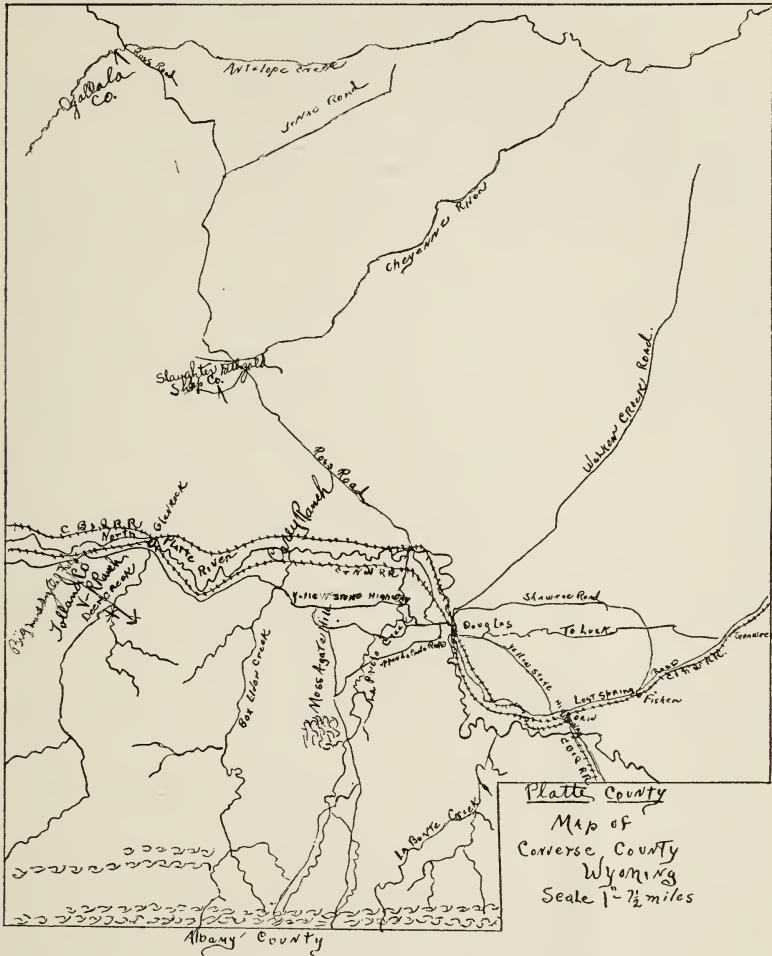
On July 1, 1924, there were 222,369 acres of unappropriated and unreserved public lands in Converse County which were described as being rough, grazing, dry farming and mountainous. (*22) The Commissioner of the General Land Office in his report for 1924 stated that he felt that the lands remaining unappropriated were of such a nature that 540 acres would not support a bona fide homesteader, and that homesteading of these lands should not be encouraged. This will likely lead to withdrawal of much of the remaining public lands from homesteading. The General Land Office feels that some system of federal leasing should be introduced, which so far has not been done.

*19 State Board of Sheep Commissioners, Report 1922, 5-7.

*20 Ibid, 5.

*21 Commissioner of Public Lands and Farm Loans, Biennial Report 1923-1924, 5-12.

*22 Vacant Public Lands on July 1, 1924, Circular N. 959. Department of the Interior, 21-22.



Whether the lands remain open without federal control or a system of leasing is begun, much of the range will be used for stock, and it is especially good for sheep. The unappropriated lands in Converse County lie almost wholly north of the Platte River in the sheep country. It is reasonable to assume that the future of the sheep industry is assured.

CHAPTER FOUR

Communication

On January 20, 1885, Congress granted the Fremont, Elkhorn and Missouri Valley Railroad Company the right to cross the Fort Robinson Military Reservation in northeastern Nebraska. (*1) Under the territorial laws of Wyoming it was illegal for a corporation to own or build a railroad in Wyoming unless the corporation was organized in the territory. Consequently, when the Fremont, Elkhorn and Missouri Valley Railroad reached the Nebraska-Wyoming border near the present town of Van Tassell, Wyoming, which is forty or fifty miles north of the Platte River, the Wyoming Central Railway Company was organized and incorporated under the territorial laws of Wyoming. Although there were representatives of Wyoming citizens on the Board of this road, it was merely an extension of the Fremont, Elkhorn and Missouri Valley operating under the name of Wyoming Central Railway Company. The Fremont, Elkhorn and Missouri Valley Railroad was taken over by the Chicago and Northwestern System in 1884. The new organization was perfected in October, 1885, and the Company was authorized to build a railroad from some point on the east line of Wyoming to some point on the Platte River, the point on the eastern border being connected with the Fremont, Elkhorn and Missouri Valley. By September, 1886, the line was completed to Douglas and trains were in operation. (*2)

In the spring of 1886 the only settlement of importance in the entire region embraced in Converse County was at Fort Fetterman, which after abandonment by the Secretary of War in 1878 had passed into private ownership. Bill Barlow, (*3) who reached the Fort early in the spring of 1886, estimated that there were 200 people living in the old buildings, which the Government had sold. Freightage was done by some of the prominent citizens of Converse County over the Old Medicine Bow or Rock River Trail from the Union Pacific to this Fort, and supplies were sent north to Fort McKinney. Some freightage was done from Cheyenne by way of Chugwater to this Fort. Just as soon as the railroad was surveyed from Chadron, Nebraska, into Wyoming, ambitious freighters began to blaze a new trail paralleling the proposed railroad. Just as soon as it became known that the railroad was actually to be built the

*1 Yesterday and Today, A History of the Chicago & Northwestern Railway System, 196.

*2 Ibid, 168, 44-45.

*3 Bill Barlow's Budget—21st Anniversary Edition, 1907.

territorial press gave it all possible publicity and the railroads contributed liberally to the advertising scheme. The result was that the "Fetterman Country" became widely advertised and conditions were ripe for a rapid settlement as soon as traveling facilities were available. Just as soon as he arrived at Fort Fetterman, Barlow began editing a weekly newspaper, "Bill Barlow's Budget," and as soon as the townsite of Douglas was established he moved there and set up his press. Fort Fetterman is about eight miles west of Douglas.

The first to settle at Douglas were C. H. King and a surveyor by the name of Wattles. Presently two enterprising cowpunchers set up a saloon. Rumors began to circulate that the townsite was to be near the locations of these four and many began to settle near them, but Barlow says that most of the incoming settlers pressed on to Fort Fetterman. On July 1, 1886, Barlow estimates that there were fully 1,000 people at the Fort. The townsite of Douglas was laid out in July but no lots were sold. Fort Fetterman was practically abandoned, most of the people settling in "Poverty Flats," the low lands lying along the Platte and between the high embankment thrown up by the railroad at Douglas. By September 1st, 1886, fully 1,600 people were settled in this new location. Streets were laid out and business opened. There were twenty saloons, two dance halls (both wide open in all that the term implies for a frontier town), a bank and post office. The railroad was completed August 22nd to Douglas, which was the terminus for almost a year. Beginning September 30th, 242 lots on the townsite were sold for \$70,405.00. Houses sprang up like magic, and the town "boomed" as only a western town can boom. Most businesses were simply overdone, and the terrible winter of 1886-1887, which was one of the worst in the history of the State, made bad matters worse. There were some failures, Barlow speaking of one bank failing because of bad loans and poor guesses on the part of the cashier as to the cards he drew. (*4) Nevertheless, there were some sound business men, for they had grown up with the country, avoiding all the pitfalls of booms and speculation.

The Cheyenne and Northern Railroad Company was incorporated with the Secretary of State in 1886, and some work was done that year. This road was to be projected northward to the North Platte, evidently meaning to connect at or near Douglas with the C. & N. W. Railroad. Laramie County voted to pay this line some \$400,000 if it

*4 Bill Barlow's Budget—21st Anniversary Edition, 1907.

completed its construction in 1888, and allowed the commissioners to make personal inspection. This appropriation of public money is mentioned because in the State Constitution adopted in 1889 there is provision making it illegal for state, county, township, school district, or municipality to give aid to railroads or telegraph (*6) (the provision not to affect obligations contracted prior to the adoption of the constitution). The Cheyenne and Northern was completed in 1887 to the crossing of the Laramie River some sixty miles south of Douglas. In 1891 it reached Orin Junction, fourteen miles east of Douglas, where it connected with the Northwestern Railroad. This railroad opened the Fetterman country to Cheyenne, and soon the road was completed from Cheyenne to Denver. The Burlington Route projected its system from Alliance, Nebraska, up the North Platte by way of Fort Laramie to Wendover Junction where connection was made with the Cheyenne and Northern. After the Cheyenne and Northern was built to Denver that part between Wendover and Denver took the name of Colorado and Southern, and the part from Wendover to Orin was sold to the Burlington. The Burlington and Northwestern parallel each other from Orin to eastern boundary of the Wind River Reservation. From this point the Burlington follows the Big Horn River to Billings, Montana, while the Northwestern went to Lander, Wyoming. Converse County had fine connections with the north, east and south; two main lines to the east, two north and west and two to the south; the Burlington furnished service over the Colorado and Southern to Denver. It would be very difficult to overestimate the contributions these railroads have made to the economic development of the County. Cattle and sheep can be shipped to packing centers very quickly; food stuffs that are to be bought or sold can be secured or marketed much more quickly and economically than ever before, in spite of the great cry that freight rates are ruining the stock and farming interests of the County. It is possible now to ship cattle to Omaha, a distance of 500 miles, for \$50.00 per car, and to Chicago, about 1,000 miles, for \$59.00 a car. Freight rates of first class are \$3.61 per hundred from Chicago and \$2.43 per hundred from Omaha. Parcel post and express rates are cheap in comparison to those before the coming of the railroads. Rates were so high before the Union Pacific was built that kerosene was often sold in mining camps as high as \$1.50 per gallon, and flour \$1.00 per pound. Danger from fire, floods and Indians added to the great cost of freighting. When the Pony

*6 Constitution of Wyoming, Article X, Section 5.

Express first began to carry mail the rates were as high as \$5.00 per one-half ounce, later reduced to \$1.00. (*7) Freight rates from Rock River on the Union Pacific to Douglas were from three to five cents per pound. (*8) Col. E. H. Kimball, a former newspaper man of Douglas and Glenrock, says that it cost him \$99.15 to ship his printing press from Lusk to Douglas, something like sixty miles, by bull team. Harry Young states that it cost his father \$250 to move by freight wagons from Uva, terminus at the time of the Cheyenne and Northern, to Glenrock, something like 100 miles. Freight rates in the County after the railroads came were about average of one cent a pound per hundred miles, or one cent a hundred per mile. Much freighting had to be done for there were many ranches 50 to 60 miles from the nearest point on the railroad—this phase of communication continues to exist. Freighting from the Union Pacific ended when the railroad got to Douglas, but modern truck lines traverse a parallel route from Rawlins on the Union Pacific to Casper on the Northwestern and Burlington.

The State Board of Equalization in 1895 placed the valuation of all railroad property in Converse County at \$435,572.00; (*9) in 1924 the valuation was placed at \$4,789,840.00. (*10) Many factors contributed to the increase in the valuation of railroads and equipment. The assessed valuation per mile in 1895 was \$3,000; in 1924 the average was about \$30,000 per mile. Since 1895 the Burlington has extended its line from Orin Junction through the entire length of the County, about sixty miles of roadbed. The roadbeds of both roads have been greatly improved with ballast; much heavier steel has been laid; switch yards at Douglas and Glenrock have been enlarged; many spurs have been built between these important towns; and a great deal more equipment in the way of engines, cars, etc., have been bought. The opening and developing of the Big Muddy Oil Field in the west end of the County has required considerable improvement on both roads. The building and improvement of the two oil refineries at Glen-

*7 Visscher, W. L., *The Pony Express*, 19.

*8 *Quarterly Bulletin*, Wyoming Historical Department, 11, 65.

*9 State Board of Equalization, Report 1895.

*10 State Board of Equalization, *Biennial Report*, 1923-1924.

*The duties of the State Board of Equalization are to examine the tax rolls of the various counties, set the rates, place valuations on things as cattle, sheep, horses, all sorts of land, and assess all public utilities, such as railroads, telegraph and telephone lines. The Board collected the taxes from the public utilities and made the distributions of the collections to the various counties. Many assessors resent the arbitrary rulings of the Board, claiming that the Board can often place the valuation of cattle, sheep and horses too high and that of railroads, pipe lines and oil production too low. An explanation is given of the duties of the Board, for its figures must be used to show changes in valuations of all sorts of property in the County.

rock have called for improvements in the service of the roads. The Burlington has just completed a spur from its track north of the river to Glenrock south of the river, which required some two miles of track and a steel bridge. A comparison of the amounts of business done in 1907 with that done in 1924 will help to show the importance of the improvement in service. In 1907 Bill Barlow (*11) rather boasts of the service Douglas received from the Chicago and Northwestern (C. & N. W.) which was one passenger and one freight train each way daily, and he gave \$90,000 as the estimated yearly receipts of the Douglas freight office. The reports of the cashier of Glenrock station on the Chicago and Northwestern for 1924 show an average of between \$75,000 and \$60,000 monthly business. Of course this particular station did more business that year than all the other stations in the County combined, for it handled all of the oil shipments to and from the refineries. The building of the spur by the Burlington will about split the refinery business. These two railroads run six passenger trains daily, and two locals have passenger cars attached for local service. Development of the mines in the future may secure spurs from the main lines, but one spur was built to the building stone in the front range only to be abandoned because of too distant markets. A survey for a new railroad to connect the lines along the North Platte with those along the Missouri has already been made, and such a road, if constructed, will traverse diagonally the northern part of Converse County and make accessible for farming some of the best lands of the County. Bancroft (*12) states that wherever the railroads go settlers follow. If this statement is true, and the one surveyed in this County were built, it would be of untold benefit to the County, but that remains for the future.

The development of the highways of the County has been one of the important factors in its economic development. Prior to organization there was only one real highway in the country, the old Medicine Bow or Rock River Trail which connected the Union Pacific with Fort Fetterman. Even the Oregon Trail had none of its former grandeur or usefulness. The Tolland Company near the present site of Glenrock and the Carey Ranch at the mouth of Boxelder were connected with Fort Fetterman by a winding wagon road that followed the Platte. One of the Commissioners of the County states that there are at present (1925) at least 250 miles of good automobile roads in the

*11 Bancroft, H. H., History of Nevada, Colorado and Wyoming, 705.

*12 Bancroft, H. H., History of Nevada, Colorado and Wyoming, 705.

County, and perhaps 1,000 miles of road as good as the average road of the time of organization of the County. (*13) Six well known highways are marked through the County: National Park-to-Park, Yellowstone, Grant, Oregon Trail, Buffalo Trail and A-Y-P. The Yellowstone and National Park-to-Park highways are the same in the County. This is a fine highway, being covered with gravel most of its entire length. Thousands of tourists pass over it every summer.

One of the most important factors in the development of the roads so rapidly and thoroughly is the state's share of 35% of the Federal Oil Royalties, which go to the building and upkeep of the highways of the State. This amounted to \$1,400,000 in 1924. (*14) In addition to the oil royalties, the Highway Department received \$425,000 from automobile license fees, and \$220,000 from gasoline sales tax. The 1925 legislature raised the gasoline sales tax from 1 cent to 2½ cents per gallon. This will increase the highway revenues very much, and since the number of cars is not likely to diminish or the oil royalties to decrease in the near future, it seems that the improvement of highways will continue. The roads leading out into the rural communities are being improved rapidly. The taxpayers are enthusiastically committed to a good roads program. One reason for rapid improvements of the roads leading out into the small communities is the fact that most farmers and ranchmen now own automobiles. Nothing will convert a man to the idea of spending tax money for road building quicker than to get stuck in his automobile or to break a spring on some particularly bad stretch of roads over which he has to travel often. One of the first improvements of the highway in Converse County was done with convict labor, that part of the Yellowstone Highway between Glenrock and the Natrona County line. (*15) The fine highway between Glenrock and Douglas has helped to create a good feeling between the two towns. Many attempts have been made in the past to divide the County into east and west divisions, for Glenrock is 30 miles from Douglas, and the people there and in the adjoining sections have not always felt that they got a square deal from Douglas. A good highway has shortened the time and removed the discomforts of attending to the necessary official duties connected with the seat of the County government at Douglas. Furthermore, the presence of a good highway has made it pos-

*13 Personal statement from D. J. Smyth, Commissioner, Converse County.

*14 Petroleum Industry, 1924, pamphlet published by the Rocky Mountain Oil & Gas Producers Association, 64.

*15 State Engineer, Biennial Report, 1911-1912, 53.

sible to develop one of the growing industries of the County. The farmers along this highway have begun to develop dairying. At the present time there are two large trucks that carry milk and cream from Converse County to Casper, the center of oil refining in the West. Freightage along the highways has reached proportions sufficient to call forth protest from the railroads. But the most active influential factor in arousing and sustaining interest in highway construction and improvements is the desire to draw as many tourists to the State as possible. Every county along the main highways directly profits from tourist trade. There is not a town in Converse County that does not have a "fine free camp ground," and every inducement is given tourists to stay over a day or so and see the local attractions.

The growth in telegraph and telephone communication has kept pace with the improvements of the railroads and highways. The Western Union Telegraph Company lines in Converse County were assessed at \$6,382.50 in 1895. (*16) Evidently there were no telephone lines, for no assessment was reported. In 1920 (*17) the valuation of both telephone and telegraph lines was \$370,341.92. In 1921 (*18) the valuation was cut almost 60%, being \$158,681.24. During 1921, 1922 and 1923 the State Board of Equalization was overwhelmed by every class of property owner for relief from tax burdens. These years mark a low state of business in Wyoming, and returns on the investment would not meet taxes and necessary expenses and give anything like an adequate return on the investment. There is a certain amount of routine business that ordinarily uses the telegraph and telephone. In periods of depression such transactions are reduced to the barest minimum. On the other hand when times are good and there is a great deal of construction going on and development of all kinds prompt communication is highly desirable, and use of the telephone and telegraph is very extensive. Since the value of any property is ordinarily measured by its dividends, one can appreciate the large reduction in valuation allowed these companies in 1921. If the use of these means of communication is a fair indication of conditions, then there has been a steady growth since 1921 for each year's assessment has shown a slight increase since 1921, being \$179,614.00 in 1924. (*19)

The use of the radio has not yet reached commercial importance, but the time may not be in the distant future

*16 State Board of Equalization, Annual Report for 1895.

*17 State Board of Equalization, Biennial Report for 1919-20; 1921-22.

*18 Ibid.

*19 State Board of Equalization, Biennial Reports for 1921-1922; 1923-1924.

until this phase of communication will be an economic factor. Many of the ranchmen have receiving sets and get weather and market reports daily. But now the real value of the radio lies in the pleasure it gives to homes from the nightly concerts that are received during the long winter evenings. If this invention helps to make a more comfortable and enjoyable home life; if it relieves some of the dreariness and monotony of the farm wife—then it has served a good purpose and is of true economic importance. (*20) Everything that will help to counteract the urban movement and make for a more contented farm life deserves to be listed as an economic factor.

CHAPTER FIVE

Organization of the County

Prior to the organization of Converse County it was very difficult for residents of the Fetterman Country to transact any legal business. Converse County was created out of parts of Laramie and Albany Counties. (*1) It was from 150 to 200 miles to Cheyenne, county seat of Laramie County, and as far, if not farther, to Laramie, county seat of Albany County. Most of the distance to either place was by wagon road, and it was a long and tiresome trip to get legal advice or court trial. The United States Land Office at Cheyenne had control over all of the region of which Converse County was created, until the United States Land Office was established at Douglas in 1890. Consequently, it was practically impossible to locate at that distance from the Land Office. Occasionally some venturesome pioneer would find his way into the Fetterman Country and locate some desirable homestead. Should he be contested by some cattleman, which was often the case, it was necessary to go to Cheyenne for a hearing before the United States Land Commissioner. (*2) The few scattered settlements along the tributaries of the North Platte had very little connection with each other or with the outside world. Stages and freighting teams made the trips from the Union Pacific to Fort Fetterman, and the Cheyenne-Deadwood Stage crossed the eastern end of the County. Mail and freight were received at irregular intervals in this manner, and no doubt

*20 Buck, Solon J., *The Granger Movement*, 37-39.

*1 See maps (Nos. 1, 2), page 47.

*2 Mart Smith of Glenrock, Wyoming, settled in Boxelder Park, along Boxelder Creek, about 1885, was contested and had to go before the Land Commissioner at Cheyenne. Such a contest was very expensive for the time, it being necessary to have witnesses. Frequently delays were brought about which necessitated more than one trip.

but the condition would have remained so if the railroad had not entered the country. The railroad caused rapid settlement of the favored places all along its route. The presence of so many people under semi-lawless conditions made organization of a county along the line of the railroad almost imperative. The Cheyenne and Northern Railroad did not make connections with the Chicago and Northwestern until in 1891, and so the difficulties of getting to the county seat, Cheyenne and Laramie, of the two counties that embraced the territory adjacent to the Chicago and Northwestern, remained. (*3) Shortly after Douglas was founded there arose an insistent demand for county organization. In November, 1886, a mass meeting was held in Douglas at which funds were pledged and a committee appointed to agitate for organization. J. DeForest Richards, afterwards Governor of the State, was one of the committee of ten. This committee sent two of its members to Cheyenne and Laramie to collect all possible data as to valuation and to urge in every way for a division. When the territorial legislature convened in 1888, everything was ripe for organization, and during the closing hours of the session a bill for organization was passed, vetoed by Governor Moonlight and repassed over his veto. This bill created three counties, and was entitled, "An act making divers appropriations and for other purposes."

As originally created, the County had an area of 6,740 square miles, or 4,313,600 acres. (*7) In 1911 Niobrara County was created out of the eastern part of Converse County. (*8) Still the area is at present 4,133 square miles, with an approximate land acreage of 2,645,120 acres. This is quite a large area for one county. In fact, it has an area greater than the combined states of Delaware and Rhode Island. (*9) It was named for A. R. Converse, who had played an important part in its economic development. Be-

*3 See map page 47.

*7 Thirteenth Census Wyoming Supplement 1910, 606.

*8 See map No. 3, page 47.

*9 Fourteenth Census Wyoming Compendium 1920, 11.

*The section relating to Converse County was as follows: "All that portion of this territory described and bounded as hereinafter in this section set forth, shall when organized according to law, constitute and be a county of this territory, by and under the name of Converse, to-wit: Commencing on the eastern boundary of this territory, where the same is intersected by the forty-third degree and thirty minutes of North Latitude, and running thence south along the said eastern boundary line of the territory to the township line between townships thirty and thirty-one north; running thence west along said township line to the eastern boundary line of the present County of Albany; running thence south along said eastern line (of Albany County) to its intersection with seventh standard parallel north; running thence west to the western boundary line of the present County of Albany; running thence north along the said western boundary line of the present County of Albany to the forty-third degree and thirty minutes of north latitude; and running thence east along the said forty-third degree and thirty minutes of north latitude to the place of beginning.

fore organization of the County, Converse had organized one of the largest cattle companies in the State, and it was located along the Running Water, afterwards called Niobrara River. (*10)

Governor Moonlight appointed E. J. Wells, J. M. Wilson and J. K. Calkins as commissioners pro tem for purpose of organization. They called an election for May 15, 1888, for the purpose of selecting a county seat and the election of the county officers. Lusk, Douglas, Fort Fetterman and Glenrock were candidates for the seat of the County government. The contest was so intense for the location of the government that little interest was displayed in the election of the officers. Douglas was chosen as the county seat, and the choice was proper for it was most logically situated to serve the needs of the County at that time. New officers assumed their duties at once and the period of local government began. Many problems faced the people, for the resources of the County were lying undeveloped. The present condition of the County is such that, on the whole, the policies have been wise.

CHAPTER SIX

Agriculture and Irrigation

Before the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad was constructed to Douglas and Glenrock, very few settlements of any sort were in the entire sections embraced by the original County. Practically none of the land had been homesteaded. Prior to the establishment of the Government Land Office at Douglas, (*1) November 1, 1890, the Land Office that controlled the North Platte region was located at Cheyenne. (*2) Locating was very expensive, and only a very few attempted it. A few of the old-timers like Captain Jack O'Brien, Al Ayers and John Hunton, felt the worth of establishing themselves along the tributaries of the Platte, on La Bonte, La Prele, Boxelder and Deer Creek. It can be said with truth that most of the old-timers considered the land worthless, and there are many in the County today that have never taken out a homestead right, although they could see all of the choice locations being taken up. The coming of the railroad brought many people and some of them were land-hungry, and such a strong demand for filings was made that the Government decided to establish a (Government) land office at Douglas.

*10 Bartlett, History of Wyoming, 1, 515.

*1 Messages and Documents Interior Department 1895-1896, 1,143.

*2 See maps page 47.

Statistics are not available which show the number of acres appropriated each year from 1890 to 1895, but the report of the Commissioner of the General Land Office for 1895 showed that a total of 209,150 acres had been appropriated in Converse County. (*3) The Report of the State Board of Equalization for 1895 shows that 91,575.03 acres of land were assessed which with all improvements, were valued at \$306,047.41, or about one-fifth of the total assessed valuation of the County. (*4) The discrepancy in the acreage assessed and appropriated was caused from the fact that most of the Government land had been appropriated under the terms of the Homestead Act of 1862, which allowed five years for making final proof. This act was amended in 1909 to permit a total filing of 320 acres. In 1913 President Taft signed an amendment to the Act of 1909, which permitted final proof to be made in three years. Patented lands increased rapidly after 1909. In 1910 the assessor's rolls showed a total of 329,762 acres assessed. (*5) The most important of all the land acts, as far as they affected settlement in Converse County, was passed in 1916. This act was called the Stock-Raising Act, (*6) and allowed a total filing of 640 acres. It was the result of the recommendations of the Commissioners of the General Land Office, who called attention in their reports to the kind of land that remained unappropriated was of such a nature as to require 640 acres to support a bona fide homesteader. Senator Kendrick of Wyoming supported this measure in the Senate and deserves much credit for its successful consummation. Two theories for the disposal of the unappropriated lands were advocated. One theory was supported by the cattle and sheep men to the effect that the unappropriated public lands were of such a nature that 640 acres would not support a family and were suitable for grazing purposes only. The Commissioners of the Land Office felt that much of the lands were of such a nature that 640 acres would be sufficient to support a family, that there would be enough land to graze a few cattle or sheep and have enough tillable land to raise feed for stock. Attention was called to the favorable results of the Kincaid Act in Nebraska. Under the liberal terms of this Act, western Nebraska, which has a soil and climate quite similar to a great part of Wyoming was rapidly settled and the homesteaders were successful. The second theory for the disposal of the

*3 Message and Documents Interior Department 1895-1898, 1, 204-5.

*4 State Board of Equalization, Report for 1895.

*5 Assessor's Rolls for Converse County, 1910.

*6 Commissioner of the General Land Office, Report to the Secretary of Interior 1917, 29-30.

lands prevailed and the Stock-Raising Act was passed in 1916. The effect of this Act on the disposal of the public domain was simply astounding. Within four months after the passage of the Act gross filings to the amount of 60,000, embracing 24,000,000 acres, had been made. Approximately 712,000 acres were filed on in Converse County within six months after the passage of the Stock-Raising Act. (*7) The report of the filings made in the Government Land Office at Douglas for 1924 (*8) will show the effect of the liberal land policy of the Government: 27 filings under the Homestead Act of 1862 with a total of 3,228.39 acres; 88 filings under the Amended Act of 1909 with a total of 34,901.68 acres; and 366 filings under the Stock-Raising Act of 1916 with a total of 158,277.02 acres. In 1895 the Government Land Office at Douglas had under its jurisdiction 8,195,645 acres. (*9) On July 1, 1916, this office had a total of 6,248,697 acres (*10) unappropriated; on July 10, 1921, a total of 2,552,122 acres; and the amount had so decreased by 1925 that the President felt that the office had served its purpose and it was closed by Executive order on April 30, 1925.

Irrigation began in Converse County by private projects along the small streams and tributaries of the North Platte River. The first right taken out in this region was in 1876 on Boxelder Creek by J. M. and R. David Carey. It was a territorial right and was designated Carey Boxelder No. 3, and entitled Carey Brothers to use 4.40 cubic feet of water per second which was to irrigate 304 acres. The right was taken out for stock, domestic and irrigation purposes. Charles Macy took out the next right along Boxelder in 1882. In 1885 the Carey Brothers took out two rights in the stream. Three rights were taken out in 1886, three in 1887 and six in 1889. Two rights were taken out in each of the years 1893, 1895 and 1897, and nine were taken out in 1898. Two rights were taken out on Little Boxelder in 1879. George Powell, famous bullwhacker, took out the first water right on La Prele in 1878 to be followed in 1879 by J. H. Kennedy. After the locating of these two along the La Prele settlement seems to have been rapid, for water rights were taken out every year, except in 1881, until statehood in 1890, and several rights in almost every

*7 Commissioner of the General Land Office, Report to the Secretary of the Interior, 1917, 144-145.

*8 Commissioner of the General Land Office, Report to the Secretary of Interior 1924-82.

*9 Messages and Documents Interior Department, 1895-1896, 1, 204.

*10 Vacant Public Lands July 1, 1916 (Circular No. 484) Dept. of the Interior 22-23.

*11 Commissioner General Land Office, Report to the Secretary of Interior 1917, 14.

year. Water rights were taken out in La Bonte, Wagon Hound and Deer Creeks for the first time in 1883. Tolland No. 1, in Deer Creek, provided for 14.71 cubic feet of water per second, and was to irrigate 1,030 acres. Tolland No. 2 provided for 1.43 cubic feet per second and was to irrigate 100 acres. Major Wolcott, manager of the Tolland Company, was very ambitious and prepared an elaborate system of ditches. His irrigation project was not very successful, but some signs of the old ditches still exist along the Hound Creek and its tributaries, and their rights entitled them to enough water to irrigate about 500 acres. Pollard and Company secured water rights on La Bonte in 1883 and 1884, and the Darlington Ditch Company located there in 1885, with rights sufficient to irrigate 645 acres. (*12) Hundreds of these corporation ditch companies secured charters to do business in the County immediately following the organization of the County, (*13) but so far this sort of irrigation has not made a very great contribution to the economic development of the County. The Douglas Reservoirs Company (organized as the La Prele Ditch and Reservoir Company) is an outstanding exception, of which more will be said.

The Carey Act of 1894 provided for segregation of irrigable Government lands to be developed by the states, with state money or supervision or both. Under the terms of the Carey Act 18,563.23 acres, embraced in Wyoming Desert Lands Segregation Lists Nos. 34, 41 and 48, situated in Converse County, near Douglas, to be irrigated by the waters of the La Prele Creek, a tributary of the North Platte River, through the La Prele Ditch and Reservoir Company were secured. (*14) The La Prele Ditch and Reservoir Company contracted with the State for the construction of this project but later transferred all its rights to the North Platte Valley Irrigation Company. The latter company became financially weakened, and finally the project went into the hands of the receiver. The Douglas Reservoirs Company took the project over and completed it satisfactorily. This is the largest successful corporation ditch project in the County. Another large project was started along the North Platte, the purpose being to install a series of pumping stations and pump the water out. This project failed from lack of funds, and too, because there was no demand at the time for expensive irrigated lands. It was estimated by the company that started the project that it

*12 State of Wyoming Tabulated of Adjudicated Water Rights in Division No. 1, July, 1921, 94-122.

*13 Corporation Records Converse County.

*14 Commissioner of Public Lands, Biennial Report, 1919-1920, 32-33.

would reclaim some 35,000 acres, and a later estimate by Ellwood Mead, now head of the Reclamation Service of the Government, confirmed the accuracy of the preceding investigation. According to the Thirteenth Census 5,000 acres of land were irrigated under the terms of the Carey Act and 35,607 acres were irrigated under private control in 1909. The report of the State Board of Equalization shows a decided decrease in the amount of irrigated lands. (*15) Evidently many are getting their irrigated land assessed as dry farming or grazing land, for only 23,983 acres of irrigated lands were assessed in 1923, and 23,584 acres for 1924. A steady increase in irrigated lands should have resulted, for the reports of the State Engineer covering the period from 1909 to 1924 show that water rights were being taken out in the streams of Wyoming every year. The Fourteenth Census gives further confirmation in the growth of irrigation in Converse County by comparing the capital invested in three streams of the County, Boxelder, La Prele and La Bonte, in 1902 with the amount invested in the same streams in 1920, the amount invested in 1902 being \$107,795 and the amount in 1920 being \$503,913. (*16)

State Engineer Clarence T. Johnson offers some illuminating suggestions and information relative to irrigation. He suggests that private rights along streams are not always for the best interests of the region the stream would irrigate, because the individuals possessed of these rights are too independent for the good of the community, that an associated interest will work better growth of the entire region. Furthermore, the estimate was made that where the summer flow would irrigate 1,000 acres, by impounding the waters from 6,000 to 10,000 more acres could be irrigated. (*17) These statements being accepted as having been justified by careful estimates on the part of experienced engineers, it affords the optimistic conclusion that irrigation is just now in its beginning, and may lead one to expect that in the future when a maximum of efficiency of impounding the water and a minimum waste in seepage and evaporation are secured that Wyoming may become a first class agricultural state. Converse County with its many mountain streams will reap a maximum of benefit in improvements in methods of irrigation. It is estimated that the waters of the North Platte above the Pathfinder Dam are sufficient to provide 1,000,000 acre feet of water, and there are hundreds of streams with thou-

*15 State Board of Equalization, Biennial Report 1923-1924.

*16 Fourteenth Census, Wyoming Compendium, 62.

*17 State Engineer of Wyoming, Biennial Report, 1907-1908, 9-10.

sands of acre feet of water below the dam with much of the water being unused.

The Alcova Project, to be located in Alcova Canyon west of Casper, Wyoming, is being urged in Congress with probable assurance of success. The purpose of the Project is to take care of the irrigable lands near Casper, but one feature of the plan is the installation of pumping units between Casper and Wendover Canyon. These pumping units would take care of about 35,000 acres of land in Converse County. The estimated cost of supplying the water is \$10 per acre. Much of the land to be reclaimed in Converse County is now claimed as grazing land with a present valuation of \$2 per acre, and it would become irrigated land with a valuation of \$50 or more, according to proximity to railroads, highways and markets.

The principal crops raised by irrigation are alfalfa, vegetables, sugar beets, corn, wheat, oats, and beans or field peas—the last a new crop. Several carloads of seed were bought, and if the venture proves to be a success it will be extended and will likely encourage more farmers to settle in the County. Governor Carey is the leader in the new enterprise, and to him belongs the credit of introducing the sugar beet into the County. It is, indeed, a hopeful sign to see Carey in the lead, when one remembers that he was brought up in the atmosphere of open opposition to anything that savored of encouragement to farmers. The yield of the different crops, as reported in 1923, (*18) was very high. For instance, alfalfa averaged 1.4 tons per acre, sugar beets 10.71 tons per acre, potatoes 70 bushels per acre, oats 33 bushels, wheat 15 bushels, and corn 24 bushels per acre. No distinction was made between yield from dry-farming and irrigated lands. It is safe to say that the yield of the staple products of corn, wheat and oats averaged high in comparison with the recognized grain states. The possibilities in raising potatoes seem to be almost without limit. (*19) Burdick published in his pamphlet, "The State of Wyoming," in 1898, an instance where a farmer in Johnson County raised 974 bushels to sell for over \$700 and in addition the farmer received two prizes of \$250 each from the "American Agriculturist" and the State of Wyoming. (*20).

Dry farming has been rather slow to develop for several reasons. In the first place, "It has been a fight against prejudice, derision and selfishness." Deming, editor of the

*18 Wyoming Agricultural Statistics (No. 1) 1923, 23-31.

*19 It is an established fact that potatoes will grow and produce a fairly good crop in first year plowing, which means that there can be no cultivation.

*20 Wyoming Agricultural Statistics (No. 1) 1923-29.

Wyoming State Tribune, whom I quoted, feels that great credit belongs to the dry farmers who have persisted and succeeded in spite of opposition. He thinks that the efforts of Mondell and Kendrick, who championed the Amendment to the Act of 1909, which allowed a homestead of 320 acres, and the Stock-raising act of 1916, which allowed 640 acres, are to be highly commended. Thirty-five years ago the irrigator appeared with his shovel and plow and began to divert the water from the streams and use it for farming. This is now conceded, that at best only a small fraction of the tillable land can be reached with water. Stockmen are beginning to adjust themselves to the change and are using the feed raised by these farmers. Deming suggests that in recognition of the success the term dry (formerly a word of contempt) has been left off and these men are now called farmers. (*21) The State Engineer recognized the growing importance of the dry farming movement, and in his report in 1908 stated his belief that the movement was destined to bring about settlement and reclamation of large areas hitherto devoted to grazing purposes only, that the leaders are proving that Wyoming is not a desert, but a place where crops will grow by proper cultivation. (*22) Whereas the acreage of irrigated lands in Converse County did not change from 1921 to 1923, being in round numbers 23,000 acres, that of dry farming grew from 29,000 acres in 1921 to 43,000 acres in 1923. (*23) The acreage under irrigation in 1919 was no more than it was in 1909, but at the same time the farm acreage increased from approximately 550,000 acres in 1910 to 777,000 acres in 1920. (*24) The value of farm property increased from \$5,180,165.00 in 1900 to \$17,488,441.00 in 1920. (*25) With this steady growth in farming there has been no diminishing in the value of live stock. In the "good old days" ranchmen used canned milk and oleomargarine from Chicago and Omaha. Today there are many fine dairy cattle in the County, a large creamery at Douglas and a regular milk line that takes care of the milk and cream along the highway that is sent to Casper.

A few years ago such a thing as a County Fair was unknown in the State. Today there is not a county in the State that does not have a fair, and most of the towns have local fairs. Glenrock has a local fair, and the State Fair is

*21 Deming, W. C., "Dry Farming," in Proceedings and Collections of Wyoming Historical Department 1921-1923, 158-159.

*22 State Engineer of Wyoming, Biennial Report, 1907, 1908, 58-59.

*23

*24 By farm acreage is meant patented lands, which includes grazing, dry farming and irrigated lands.

*25 Fourteenth Census, Wyoming Compendium, 1920, 48.

at Douglas in September of each year. The local fair at Glenrock has creditable exhibits each year of wheat, oats, corn, hubbard squashes, alfalfa, melons, and practically every sort of vegetable. The State Fair has exhibits of live stock in addition to a fine display of farm products in the way of grains, etc. Not many years ago cattle and sheep men controlled the banks of the County, and this did not encourage farming. Banking men have learned a lesson from the disastrous losses resulting from fluctuation in prices in stock and severe storms to the effect that it is not sound policy to put all their money in one thing, and they now feel that it is much sounder policy to encourage farming, both irrigated and dry farming. Not many years ago a farmer would not have received a loan to buy dairy equipment; today banks join with farmers in improving their dairy herds and the movement to introduce sugar beets and field beans has the backing of the bankers. The stock-farmer is entering into the economic progress of the County.

The State Department of the University of Wyoming are co-operating with the United States Department of Agriculture in every way possible. Certain crops are being encouraged. Others are being studied as to methods of tillage, growing season, and other things. Some obstacles have been overcome, but others remain for study, as distance to market, lack of good highways, and real interest in the movement. Scarcity of rainfall and the short growing season are the two main problems. Crops have been found that will mature within the average growing season and the average rainfall. It may not be true that "rain follows the plow," but it is well established that many sections that were once considered too dry to support anything except cacti, sage and sandstorms now contribute to the world's supply of grain. Converse County has over one and one-half million acres of tillable land. Many thousands of it will in time be irrigated, but the major portion can never be irrigated and will lie as grazing land unless the need of the world for food overcomes the problems of dry farming.

CHAPTER SEVEN

History of the Oil and Mining Industry

There is evidence to show that some of the "49ers" on their way to California prospected the region along the Laramie Range in Converse County. Outcroppings of silver and copper were found. In 1869 Emanuel George, an experienced and intelligent prospector, came to this section

and found the old shafts and opened more. He found an abundance of copper, but as it was worth only about ten cents a pound it could not be marketed because the Union Pacific, the nearest railroad, was over 100 miles to the south and roads were very poor. George was further handicapped by being a miner in a cow country. The cowboys dubbed him "Crazy Horse." (*1) Consequently this phase of mining was abandoned until after organization of the County. Soon after organization a feverish activity began in different parts of the County, and many veins bearing gold, silver and copper were discovered, opened and developed, to some extent. Evidently all have been abandoned, for the report of the State Board of Equalization for 1924 gives no valuation for any minerals other than coal and oil.

*1 Wells, E. J., "Mineral Resources of Central Wyoming," in Bill Barlow's Budget—21st Anniversary Edition, 1907.

(To be continued)

ACCESSIONS

From Jan. 1, 1930, to April 1, 1930.

"Captain Nickerson Collection":

One copy of The South Pass News, Vol. 1, No. 56, April 9, 1870.

One copy of The South Pass News, Vol. 3, No. 4, August 31, 1870.

One copy of The South Pass News, Vol. 3, No. 21, December 28, 1870.

These papers were published at South Pass City, Wyoming Territory. The paper was established in 1868 by the late Mr. E. A. Slack.

One copy of The Fremont Clipper, Vol. 1, No. 10, October 29, 1887, published at Lander.

One copy of The Clipper, April 18, 1902, published at Lander.

One copy of Daily Sun-Leader, October 2, 1897, Special Edition.

One copy of Wyoming State Journal, July 29, 1921.

Six copies of The Lander Evening Post, dates—October 1, 6, November 16, 17, 18, 1921, and May 3, 1927.

The following documents:

Letter written by ? L. Johnson advising Captain Nickerson as to the books he should read for a law course. Dated April 24, 1866, Elyria, Lorain County, Ohio.

Letter written by ? L. Johnson certifying Captain Nickerson has been a student in his law office. Dated April 24, 1866, Elyria, Lorain County, Ohio.

H. G. Nickerson's affidavit of October 23, 1867, South Weber, U. Ty., stating that he had rendered complete and correct returns of all money and property of the Quartermaster's department which had been received and referred to the Third Auditor of the Treasury for file with his re-

turns. Dated February 6, 1868, Quartermaster General's Office, Washington, D. C.

Notice from the Treasury Department that H. G. Nickerson's "Returns of Quartermaster's Stores" for the months of July and August, 1865, have been examined and found to be correct. Dated February 29, 1868, Third Auditor's Office.

Certificate of Non-Indebtedness issued to H. G. Nickerson (South Weber, Utah Territory), from the Third Auditor's Office, Treasury Department. Dated March 2, 1868. Signed by John Wilson, Third Auditor.

The United States Commission for the Third District of Wyoming, issued to Captain Nickerson, October 19, 1869, Signed, J. H. Howe, Chief Justice of the Territory of Wyoming; J. W. Kingman, Associate Justice; William J. Jones, Associate Justice. On November 6, 1869, in South Pass City, Captain Nickerson took his oath of office before J. W. Kingman, Associate Justice of the Territory of Wyoming.

Letter dated 1869, written to H. G. Nickerson by Edward M. Lee, Secretary and Acting Governor of Wyoming Territory, pertaining to Captain Nickerson's commission as County Superintendent of Public Schools for Sweetwater County.

Certificate of Election in which H. G. Nickerson is notified of his election as a member of the House of Representatives from Sweetwater County. Signed by J. A. Campbell, Governor of Wyoming Territory, and H. Glafcke, Secretary of the Territory. Dated September 30, 1871.

Union Pacific Railroad Pass made out to H. G. Nickerson on November 12, 1871.

H. G. Nickerson was selected to attend at Cheyenne six days before the commencement of the session of the Legislative Assembly for the purpose of settling with the Auditor and Treasurer of the Territory. Signed by H. Glafcke, Secretary of Wyoming Territory. Dated October 11, 1871.

Cheyenne, Wyoming Territory, May 18, 1872, Captain Nickerson, residing at Hamilton, Wyoming Territory, was appointed Commissioner of Supreme Court. Signed by J. W. Fisher, Chief Justice; Joseph M. Carey, Associate Justice; and J. W. Kingman, Associate Justice.

Letter signed by nine members of the Lorain County Bar in the State of Ohio, written to President R. B. Hayes, recommending Captain Nickerson for an official appointment in Wyoming Territory under that administration. Dated February 20, 1877, Elyria, Ohio.

H. G. Nickerson appointed Justice of the Peace for Miners Delight Precinct in Sweetwater County, in Wyoming Territory. Dated October 17, 1877.

A certificate stating that H. G. Nickerson is a member of the Wyoming Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters for the year 1881-1882. Signed by John W. Hoyt, President. Dated December 23, 1881.

Letter signed by E. S. N. Morgan, Secretary of Wyoming Territory, and dated May 22, 1882, in which H. G. Nickerson is authorized as a Commissioner for the Denver National Exposition.

Certificate signed by John W. Hoyt, Governor of Wyoming Territory, and E. S. N. Morgan, Secretary of Wyoming

Territory, in which Captain Nickerson is commissioned a Commissioner for the Denver National Exposition. Dated May 20, 1882.

On Jan. 12, 1883, Captain Nickerson's Certificate of Election for representative from Sweetwater County, Eighth Legislative Assembly, Wyoming Territory, was signed by William Hale, Territorial Governor, and E. S. N. Morgan, Acting Governor and Secretary of Territory.

Letter written to H. G. Nickerson by E. S. N. Morgan, Secretary of Wyoming Territory, in which Captain Nickerson is commissioned as a Commissioner to organize the County of Fremont. Dated March 27, 1884.

Certificate authorizing H. G. Nickerson as a Commissioner to organize Fremont County. Signed by William Hale, Governor of the Territory and E. S. N. Morgan, Secretary. Dated March 27, 1884.

On May 3, 1884, Captain Nickerson received two commissions from the Territory of Wyoming. One was for County Treasurer for Fremont County and the other for Probate Judge. Both documents carry the beautiful Territorial Seal and are signed by the Acting Governor, E. S. N. Morgan.

On May 11, 1885, the proclamation declaring the 30th of May, 1885, as Memorial Day, is signed by E. S. N. Morgan, Acting Governor and Secretary of Wyoming Territory.

H. G. Nickerson is appointed Aide de Camp by the Commander in Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic. Dated June 27, 1890.

Certificate designating that H. G. Nickerson has been appointed Agent for the Indians of the Shoshone Agency in Wyoming. Signed by President William McKinley and Cornelius N. Bliss, Secretary of the Interior. Dated February 15, 1898.

Letter to Captain Nickerson signed by William McKinley, President of the United States.

Letter written to Captain Nickerson by Garret A. Hobart, of Paterson, New Jersey, Nov. 24, 1896.

Letter from James Boyle, Private Secretary to President McKinley, Nov. 24, 1896.

Letter signed by M. A. Hanna, Dec. 1, 1896.

Certificate of membership in the McKinley National Memorial Association. This also carries the signature of M. A. Hanna. President McKinley and Captain Nickerson were Civil War comrades of the Ohio 23d Regiment.

Two letters from Colonel John C. Fremont written by Captain Nickerson. These letters are dated March 22, 1884, and September 8, 1887. They are written from the summer home of Colonel Fremont in New Jersey. They are mounted with glass and framed with copper so that the letters can be easily read.

One copy of the Wind River Mountaineer, Lander, August 19, 1886.

One copy of Rules and Committees of the Constitutional Convention of Wyoming, 1889.

One copy of United States Mining Laws and Regulations thereunder, General Land Office, June 10, 1872.

Lead pencil list of the names and politics of the first Territorial Council and Assembly held in the Territory of Wyoming.

Address of General E. P. Scammon, First Colonel of the 23d O. V. V. I., at Annual Reunion, Lakeside, Ohio, August 22, 1888.

Diaries kept by Captain Nickerson during the years 1866, 1873 and 1889. The 1866 diary is written in shorthand.

A pamphlet containing the Story of the Lost Train to Oregon.

Picture of eighteen Civil War soldiers and a drummer boy. Undated.

Picture of the members of the Eighth Legislative Assembly, Wyoming Territory, 1884.

Picture of President Lincoln and his Generals in the Civil War.

Picture of South Pass City, in Wyoming.

Picture of Atlantic City, in Wyoming.

Picture of sixteen Civil War Veterans who were also pioneers of Fremont County, Wyoming.

Official report of the Oregon Trail Commission, 1920.

The following newspaper clippings:

A man by the name of John O'Grady frozen to death between Fort Washakie and the railroad. Acting Coroner Justice Nickerson, of Miners Delight, empanels a jury and holds an inquest. Dated March 31, 1880.

"Effect Woman's Suffrage," an address by Mrs. Hansen of Wyoming, before the Political Equality Club, Des Moines, Iowa, June 2, 1899.

The Future of Miners' Delight, a deserted mining camp in the mountains, at an elevation of 8,500 feet, where nuggets of pure gold have been taken from the adjacent mountains and gulches, valued at hundreds of dollars. Undated.

Lander, a new town in an old settled community, wherein agriculture, stock raising and mining proves profitable. Undated.

Henry DeWolf; golden wedding; death; poem written by Addie E. Holmberg, entitled "Farewell, Old Pioneer." Clipping is made from the Wyoming State Journal, August 29, 1928.

The following army papers:

Special Orders No. 9. Dated December 2, 1863, Camp White, West Virginia.

An army circular dated July 12, 1864, and the poem written by J. A. Smith, Company "K", 28th Iowa Volunteers, and both signed at Cedar Creek, September 18, 1864, by Captain Nickerson.

Sergeant Nickerson is commissioned Captain in the 186th Regiment, O. V. I. Signed by R. B. Hayes, Brig. General. Dated March 1, 1865, Columbus, Ohio.

H. G. Nickerson is appointed Captain in the 186th Regiment, Ohio Volunteer Infantry, in the service of the United States by John Brough, Governor of the State of Ohio. Dated March 4, 1865.

Special Orders No. 111. Dated April 10, 1865, Columbus, Ohio.

Special Orders No. 6. Dated April 22, 1865, Cleveland, Tenn. Captain Nickerson is honorably discharged from the service of the United States on September 18, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.

Special Orders No. 111. Dated September 23, 1865, Columbus, Ohio.

Document from the Adjutant General's office of the State of Ohio, giving the dates of H. G. Nickerson's enrollment in the army, promotions, and discharges. Dated February 26, 1884, Columbus, Ohio.

Soldiers' Memorial. List of soldiers in Company "D", 23d Reg't Ohio Vet. Vols. H. G. Nickerson was at this time 1st Sergeant. Undated.

List of names and addresses of the enlisted men of Co. "I", 186th Reg't Ohio Volunteers. Undated.

One transfer card recommending James Ryan for admission into any Post of the Order (Grand Army of the Republic). Dated June 30, 1886, Fort Custer, Montana.

Muster-in Roll of Captain Nickerson. Undated.

Two blank army discharge papers.

Letter to H. G. Nickerson from J. P. and S. I. Wright, United States Pension and Claim Attorneys, containing instructions regarding the procuring of a pension.

Note from the Bureau of Pensions, Army and Navy Survivors Div., Washington, D. C. Undated.

Three Wells, Fargo and Express Company Waybill books:

Waybills from Bryan Station into the Sweetwater Mining District. 1870.

Waybills from Bryan Station into the Sweetwater Mining District. Jan., 1870, to June, 1877.

Waybills forwarded from the Sweetwater Mining District to Bryan Station. Dated 1870.

Myers, E. P.—Two framed pictures of the Boulder Dam, dated 1913. One framed picture of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. One picture of the Underwood Livestock Company Float, three Red Cross pictures, one Boy Scout picture, two W. C. A. pictures, one picture of the inauguration of Frank C. Emerson as Governor of Wyoming, two class pictures of Cheyenne High School students, one picture of Frank Clark's garage in Cheyenne, one picture of the 15th District Lions International Float, two pictures of the Union Pacific Machine Shops in Cheyenne, one picture of a Children's Clinic, a group picture of the different Governors taken at the time of their meeting in Cheyenne in 1926, a picture of an old map of the United States dated 1853, negatives of the above map, two pictures of the plane "Spirit of St. Louis" taken in 1927, two pictures of the Pole Mountain Reserve dated 1926, one picture of the C. M. T. C. Cavalry Base Ball Team, C. M. T. C. mess line at F. S. King's Ranch taken July 1, 1926, a picture of the C. M. T. C. boys in camp at the F. S. King Ranch on July 1, 1926, one picture of the C. M. T. C. Field Artillery dated June, 1926.

Allen, George—An Indian axe found on the farm belonging to his brother, William Allen, near Azalia, Indiana.

- Johnson, Arthur C.—A copy of the Annual Stock Show Edition of The Denver Daily Record Stockman for 1930.
- Willard, James F.—A 1913 report on the archives of the State of Wyoming written by Mr. Willard, who is the Professor of History at the University of Colorado.
- Ellis, Mrs. Charles—Seven original manuscripts:—"Life of Oscar Collister," "Michael Quealy," "Jens Hansen," "Frederick Herman," "Robert Foote," "David Ellis," "William Richardson."
- Richardson, Clarence—Pamphlet entitled "Pioneering Western Trails with Clarence Richardson." It is an address delivered before the Cheyenne Rotary Club on December 18, 1929.
- Crow, I. R.—An invitation to attend the grand ball and entertainment given to celebrate the opening of Wisner's Hotel, at the Forks of Hay Creek, on Miles City Road, Sept. 11, 1883. An invitation to attend the opening ball at Slaughter's New Opera House, Douglas, Wyoming, June 1, 1887.
- Durbin, Thomas F.—A program for the opening night of the New Cheyenne Opera House, Thursday, May 25th, 1882. These programs were perfumed by Geo. W. Hoyt. Emblem from the 50th Annual Communication, Grand Lodge A. F. & A. M. of Wyoming, Laramie, Aug. 27-28, 1924. Two McKinley-Hobart buttons, one Mondell button, bearing these words: "Protection, Bimetallism," one Theodore Roosevelt button, one Methodist Sunday School button. Emblem from the 40th Convocation General Grand Chapter held in Denver, Colorado, in 1921. Two Royal Arch Masonic emblems from the convention held in Denver in 1921. A Pythian Veteran medal which belonged to Geo. L. Durbin, brother of Mr. Thomas Durbin. Two Masonic badges. Knight Templar buttons taken from Mr. Durbin's coat. Badge from the Panama Pacific International Exposition held in San Francisco in 1915. Revolver patented in 1865 by E. Allen & Co. of Worcester, Mass. Official Brands, State of Wyoming, 1908. Thomas Durbin, Secretary. Shiloh Battlefield Association Badge, April 6-7, 1862. One copy of the Commencement number of the *Lariat*, published by the Cheyenne High School in 1904. Three tickets to the Floto Circus in 1904. Exposition Universelle Badge, 1889. Good luck piece from the Denver Gas and Electric Co. Eleven business documents dated 1919 and 1921. The following First National Bank Books in account with the Durbin Bros.: Aug. 2, 1877-Sept. 30, 1880; Oct. 13, 1880-Apr. 1, 1884; Aug. 17, 1882-Mar. 20, 1884; Apr. 1, 1884-Jan. 23, 1888; Mar. 18, 1884-June 25, 1886; Jan. 2, 1890-July 2, 1893. Letters regarding the Silver Anniversary of the Grand Chapter Order of Eastern Star of Wyoming and an invitation to attend. Program from the Grand Chapter of Wyoming, Order of the Eastern Star, 25th Anniversary, held on Sept. 11 and 12, 1922, in Rawlins, Wyoming. By Laws and official directory Wyoming Number 1, Knights Templar, 1914. By Laws and official directory, Wyoming Chapter No. 1, Royal Arch Masons, 1920.
- Burnett, Edward—A phostat map published by the Kansas Pacific Railroad in 1878 in which there is given a reasonably correct outline of what is known as the old Chisolm Trail.

Annals of Wyoming

Vol. ~~6~~ 7

JULY, 1930

No. ~~5~~ 1

CONTENTS

Economic History and Settlement of Converse County, Wyoming-----	John LeeRoy Waller
Camp Jenney-----	Chris Holley
Life of Oscar Collister-----	By Himself
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CHAPTER 96

STATE HISTORICAL BOARD

Session Laws 1921

DUTIES OF HISTORIAN

Section 6. It shall be the duty of the State Historian:

(a) To collect books, maps, charts, documents, manuscripts, other papers and any obtainable material illustrative of the history of the State.

(b) To procure from pioneers narratives of any exploits, perils and adventures.

(c) To collect and compile data of the events which mark the progress of Wyoming from its earliest day to the present time, including the records of all of the Wyoming men and women, who served in the World War and the history of all war activities in the State.

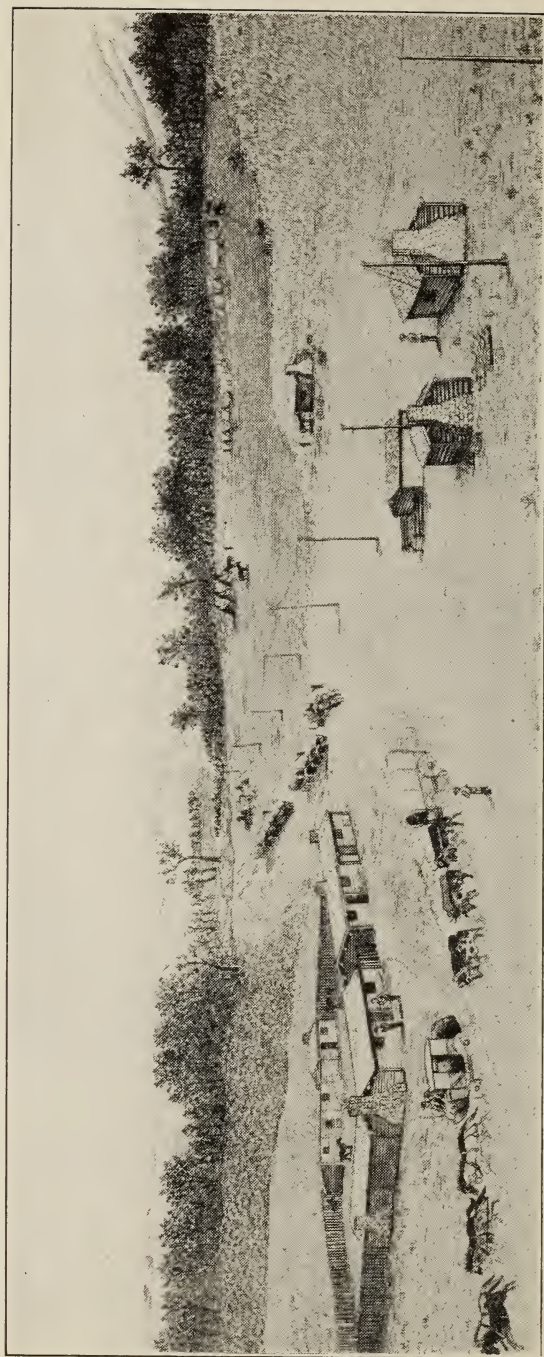
(d) To procure facts and statements relative to the history, progress and decay of the Indian tribes and other early inhabitants within the State.

(e) To collect by solicitation or purchase fossils, specimens, of ores and minerals, objects of curiosity connected with the history of the State and all such books, maps, writings, charts and other material as will tend to facilitate historical, scientific and antiquarian research.

(f) To file and carefully preserve in his office in the Capitol at Cheyenne, all of the historical data collected or obtained by him, so arranged and classified as to be not only available for the purpose of compiling and publishing a History of Wyoming, but also that it may be readily accessible for the purpose of disseminating such historical or biographical information as may be reasonably requested by the public. He shall also bind, catalogue and carefully preserve all unbound books, manuscripts, pamphlets, and especially newspaper files containing legal notices which may be donated to the State Historical Board.

(g) To prepare for publication a biennial report of the collections and other matters relating to the transaction of the Board as may be useful to the public.

(h) To travel from place to place, as the requirements of the work may dictate, and to take such steps, not inconsistent with the provisions of this Act, as may be required to obtain the data necessary to the carrying out of the purpose and objects herein set forth.



DEER CREEK STATION DURING THE 60'S

Annals of Wyoming

Vol. ~~6~~ 7

JULY, 1930

No. ~~5~~ 1

ECONOMIC HISTORY AND SETTLEMENT OF CONVERSE COUNTY, WYOMING

By John LeeRoy Waller, B. S., University of Oklahoma.

(Continued from April Number)

According to John Hunton, an oil spring was discovered in the vicinity of Casper by Lajeunesse in 1873. Hunton and Lajeunesse went to the spring and secured a sample of the oil, and while there were visited by a number of Arapahoe Indians and ordered out of the country. Hunton says that upon arriving at Fort Fetterman he heated the oil in hot water and got a pint of crude oil. (*2) In 1895 the builders of the Brenning Basin Irrigation Ditch 15 miles west of Douglas, cut through cretaceous formations into the sand rock of the Dakota group and found strong indications of oil. The Wyoming Valley Oil Company was organized in 1896 and put down a 500 foot well at great cost and with disastrous results, for neither oil nor gas was found. This company later put down a hole to a depth of 825 feet, only to lose it. There was a great deal of water in the Brenning Basin, where all the early drilling was done, and this caused much trouble and delay in drilling. It was not until 1905 that oil in commercial quantities was found. Eight wells were producing in this basin in 1907, (*3) but all have been since abandoned or the production is too small to be reported.

In 1912 the Wyoming Oil, Gas and Power Company drilled two shallow wells in Township 33N, Range 74 West, within a mile or so of an oil seep. V. H. Barnett of the United States Geologic Survey made a close study of the Big Muddy Dome, (*4) and in his report spoke of the two wells being drilled near the oil seep in 1912, and stated that the reason for no discovery of oil was because the wells were drilled into a monocline where the dip in the rock was uniform. Barnett deserves great credit for the develop-

*2 Proceedings and Collections, Wyoming Historical Department, 1919-1920, 153.

*3 Bill Barlow's Budget—21st Anniversary Edition, 1907.

*4 See map page 33.

ment of the Big Muddy field, which lies west of Glenrock and on the south side of the North Platte between Glenrock and the Big Muddy Creek. Barnett went all over this region, and made his report in 1914, in which occurs the following statement: "The most favorable place for oil in this area, and in the judgment of the writer, the most favorable place within 50 miles of Douglas, is in a flat south of the Northwestern Railway between Glenrock and the Big Muddy Creek, near the central portion of the area. In this vicinity the structure is favorable, and oil if present at all, is probably about 2,500 feet below the surface." Nevertheless Barnett added the significant statement that although the sand that was producing the oil in the Salt Creek field was found in outcroppings all around the Big Muddy Dome the only way to learn definitely whether the sand was wet or dry was to drill. (*5) The report created a great deal of excitement and aroused the interest of the capitalists. The latter was absolutely necessary, for to make proper use of the drill would require an expenditure of possibly \$50,000.

H. Leslie Parker played a very important part in the early history of the field. He became a frequent visitor in the home of ex-Governor Brooks, whose home ranch is southwest of the Big Muddy field. On one of these visits Brooks spoke of the oil springs near his ranch that furnished oil for lubrication of the ranch machinery. Brooks and Parker examined one of these springs after which Parker tried to secure capital for a test well to be drilled somewhere in the Big Muddy district. After publication of Barnett's report it was easier to interest men with money. Having associated with himself Brooks and Patrick Sullivan and other men of Casper, Parker located all of the Government land in what is now the Big Muddy field. (*6) A group of California men, including the eminent geologist Ralph Arnold and one Waltmeyer of Denver, succeeded in securing leases upon a large part of the patented and state lands. A group of Glenrock citizens secured some leases, and the excitement became so feverish that there was some confusion as to rights, which had to be adjusted before actual operations would begin. (*7)

The Shannon sand was reached August 25, 1915, and paying quantities of oil were found. Several shallow wells were drilled in 1915 and the early part of 1916, but it was not until November, 1916, that the Wall Creek sand was

*5 Contributions to Economic Geology, United States Geologic Survey, Department of the Interior, Bulletin No. 581, Part II, 105-117, 1913.

*6 The Midwest Review, 1, No. 7, July, 1920, 5; No. 9, September, 1920, 12-14.

*7 Ibid, No. 7, 4-5, 30-31; No. 9, 12-14.

reached at a depth of about 3,000 feet. This well came in with a flush production of 300 barrels per day. Barnett did not live to see the fulfillment of his prediction, for he died in 1916 before the completion of the first Wall Creek well. However, the oil companies united in presenting a handsome sum of money to his widow in token of their appreciation of her husband's services. (*8)

The Midwest Refining took the lead in production, and by July, 1920, had one hundred and thirty-five wells completed, seventy being to the Wall Creek sand. Other companies secured leases at varying prices. J. T. Hurst and associates are said to have paid \$100,000 for a lease on the east half of section 16. The Ohio Oil Company secured some leases in the east end of the field, drilled many wells of considerable production and built one of the largest and finest machine shops in the State.

A. E. Humphreys and R. B. Whiteside deserve much credit for advancing the capital for the test well, and they have continued in the field to develop it. The Texas Company secured a valuable lease on the ranch of the Mountain Home Sheep Company. The Midwest Refining Company sold out in 1923 to the Mutual Company, which is now the Continental Oil Company, a subsidiary of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana.

The increase in the valuation of the County since the Big Muddy field was opened has been very rapid. In 1919 the value of oil and the related products was \$3,139,698.00, that of the entire county was \$20,299,398.00; in 1924 the value of oil and related products was \$7,485,079.00; that of the entire County was \$22,886,546.00. Of the approximate increase in the valuation in 1920 over that of 1919 of \$1,500,000.00 almost \$1,300,000.00 was from oil. The period 1921, 1922, and 1923 was depressing for the oil business. Prices of crude oil went down steadily because of over production. Work of every kind was limited and production decreased to the point of abandoning many of the wells and drilling was absolutely stopped. In 1923 the valuation of oil and related products was only \$1,791,156.00. The large valuation for 1924 was caused by increased production, better prices for crude oil and the assessing of the two refineries at Glenrock. There should be an increase in valuation for 1925 because both of the refineries at Glenrock have been improved and their capacities increased. There was one other factor that contributed to the increase for 1924, the assessing of the Sinclair Pipe Line (connects the Teapot

*8 Ibid, No. 7, 30.

Dome field with the East), which passes through Converse County. (*9) The valuation of School District No. 15, of which Glenrock is a part, has been increased the exact valuation of the oil business, for the oil field and refineries are located in this district. The present valuation of the District (1924) is about \$8,000,000.00, of which 75% is oil and related products. J. E. Higgins, most substantial citizen of Glenrock, says, in an article written for the *Midwest Review*, that the oil field is the source of the wealth that has built and now sustains Glenrock. (*10) The development of the oil industry has made possible the building and equipping of the very best school buildings in Glenrock and Parkerton. There has been the direct benefit of increased valuation to aid in raising local taxes for building and maintaining schools, and in addition there has been an indirect support from the oil industry in the way of apportionment of the federal oil royalties and the income from the permanent school fund of the state, which has greatly increased from the leasing of school sections in the various oil fields especially in the Salt Creek field. Wyoming schools receive 50% of all the federal oil royalties of the state. From the distribution of the federal oil royalties for the school year 1923-1924 Converse County received \$80,836.15. From the distribution of the interest received from loans made from the permanent school fund Converse County received the same year \$28,678.90. (*11) The budget for School District No. 15 (Glenrock and Parkerton) for the school year 1924-1925 called for \$60,000.00 and the school board estimated that something like \$36,000.00 would be received from outside the district. This means that the burden of local taxation is greatly lessened because of the funds received from oil royalties.

If the state oil royalties are carefully guarded and invested safely there is every reason to feel that the future of the education of the children of Wyoming is safe. The permanent fund now amounts to over \$12,000,000.00, (*12) and is increasing very rapidly. Other things contribute to the permanent fund, but the income from leasing the state school sections for oil development is by far the most important source and likely to be the first exhausted. No one knows how much oil lies hidden under the school sections, but it is certain that what has already been found is now being exploited fast. The state is to be commended in get-

*9 State Board of Equalization, Biennial Reports 1919-1924.

*10 *Midwest Review*, 1, Part II, 12 July, 1920.

*11 Petroleum Industry of Wyoming, 1924, 29, 35 (Pamphlet published by the Rocky Mountain Oil and Gas Producers Association, Casper, Wyoming).

*12 *Ibid*, page 14.

ting its proper share of the oil, otherwise a priceless heritage for the public schools would be lost forever.

There are other mineral resources in Converse County, and in the future these will likely be developed. Deposits of nitrate have been found south of Glenrock. Should these prove to be of commercial value they will be exploited. Coal exists in abundance. There are outcroppings in many places and many ranchmen and homesteaders get their fuel from these open veins. Some of this coal is of good quality, but the distance to market has so far rendered shipments of coal impossible for gain, and there is no reason to anticipate shipment of coal from Converse County until supplies nearer markets are exhausted. Local manufactures and railroads may use more in the future. As it is today this is one resource undeveloped. The greatest valuation given to coal production in the County was in 1923 when the combined assessed valuation was \$25,161.00. Whether the old veins of copper and silver are ever used the future will decide.

CHAPTER EIGHT

Settlement

A small settlement grew up in the immediate vicinity of Fort Fetterman, which was established in 1867. (*1) After this fort was abandoned in 1878, the Government sold the property to private citizens and the settlement was continued. Freightage was carried on from the Union Pacific to Fort Fetterman, and to Fort McKinney to the northwest. The Tolland Cattle Company was established on Deer Creek in 1877, and John Hunton located on Boxelder that same year. (*2) During the Mormon immigration to Utah a band of them made a temporary settlement south of the present site of Glenrock. Small settlements were made along the La Prele and La Bonte Creeks in the late '70s and early '80s. None of the settlements were very large. After it became known that a railroad was to follow the North Platte into the Fetterman country more people began to come, but Barlow estimated that there were only 300 people at Fort Fetterman in the spring of 1886, and this made the point where all the new settlers came before the site of Douglas was established.

*13 State Board of Equalization, Biennial Report, 1923-1924.

*1 Hebard, G. R., History and Government of Wyoming, 44.

*2 Cross, G. H., "Early Explorers," in Quarterly Bulletin, Wyoming Historical Department, 1, Nos. 1 and 2, 12.

*3 Bill Barlow's Budget—21st Anniversary Edition, 1907.

The railroad brought a large number of people. Towns sprang up all along the railroad, which reached Glenrock late in 1887. In spite of the severe winter of 1886-1887, with its attendant business failures and discouragements the population of Converse County in 1890 was 2,738. (*4)

The Chicago and Northwestern Railroad reached Douglas in 1886, and it afforded direct line of communication with Nebraska, South Dakota and Iowa, the states that were most likely to furnish settlers. In 1891 the Cheyenne and Northern Railroad reached Orin Junction, where connection was made with the Chicago and Northwestern. These means of communication greatly facilitated settlement.

The Government Land Office was established at Douglas November 1, 1890, and this office served a great purpose in encouraging settlement on the lands. The Government adopted a very liberal land policy after 1909. At this time an act was passed which allowed a total of 320 acres to one homesteader. In 1912 this act was amended so as to permit a settler to make final proof in three years. The Act of 1909 must have been considerable encouragement to homesteading for the population in 1910 was 6,294, an increase of 88.6% over the population of 1900. The most liberal land act in the history of the Government was passed in December, 1916, the Stock-Raising Act, which allowed a total filing of 640 acres. The effect of this Act on homesteading was astonishing. Within six months after its passage approximately 712,000 acres of land was homesteaded in Converse County. The population of the County in 1920 was 7,871, a gain of 25.1%. (*6) In 1913 Niobrara County was created out of the eastern part of Converse County, and if the population of the two counties combined is counted the gain of 1920 over 1910 is 125%. All the gain in population was not caused by the liberal land policy, for oil in commercial quantities was discovered in Converse County in 1915. Previously oil had been discovered in 1905, but the amount had not proved to be of lasting quantities. Some idea of the effect on population of the County because of the development of the Big Muddy oil field is shown by comparing the population of Glenrock in 1915 with that of 1920. The State Census for 1915 gave 220 as the population of Glenrock, (*7) the federal census for 1920 gave 1,003 (*8) as the population. This did not in-

*4 Fourteenth Census, Wyoming Compendium, 11.

*5 Ibid.

*6 Ibid.

*7 State Census of Wyoming, 1915-10.

*8 Fourteenth Census, Wyoming Compendium, 1920, 14.

clude the inhabitants of the field. Various estimates of the number of people living in the field in 1920 were from 1,200 to 1,500. The number of school children enrolled in the Parkerton school the school year 1921-1922 was 170. (*9) This school took care of all the school children in the Big Muddy field that school year. Practically every family in the field is there because of the oil industry.

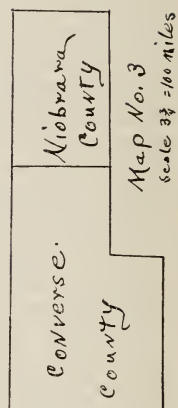
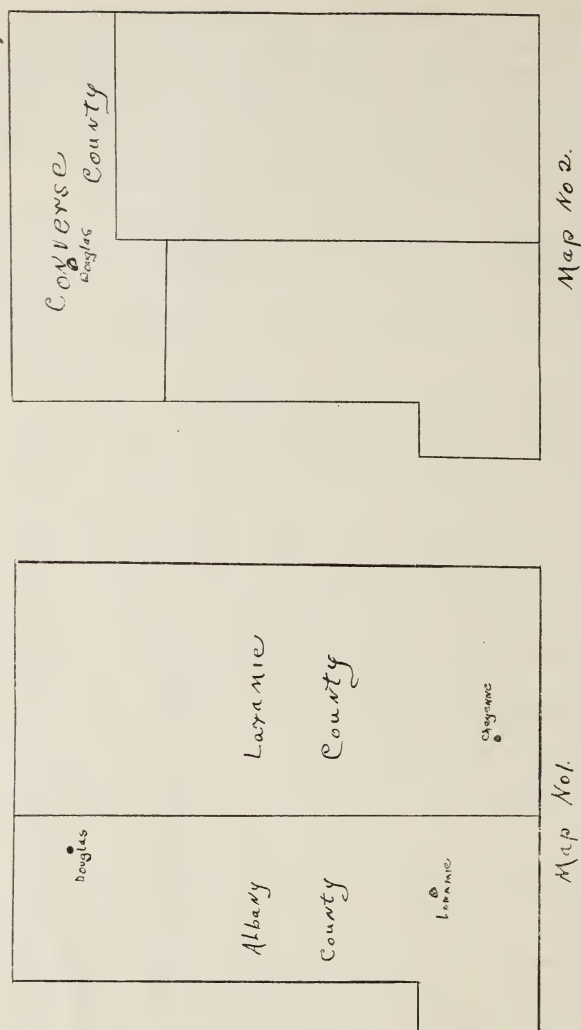
The State Legislature established an immigration bureau for the purpose of encouraging settlement in Wyoming. The appropriations for this bureau were very meager until J. M. Carey became Governor. In his message to the Legislature in 1911, Governor Carey stressed the importance of the work that could be done by the immigration bureau in encouraging desirable citizens to settle in the state. Governor Carey was a firm believer in the agricultural possibilities of the state, and he felt that a good class of farmers, preferably sons of the farmers of the neighboring western states, should be given every encouragement to come to Wyoming. At present there are no published statistics available that show just where the present residents of Converse County formerly lived, but the statistics for the entire state are fairly representative of the separate counties. Of the total population, 194,402, in 1920, 167,835 were native born, that is, both parents were born in the United States. Of the latter number 48,982 were born in Wyoming and 77,412 in the states of Nebraska, Iowa, Missouri, Illinois, Colorado, Kansas, Utah, Wisconsin and South Dakota. (*10) If these figures are representative of the relative number of its inhabitants that come from the states named then it is reasonable to infer that the County has the class of citizens that Carey desired. There were only 495 foreigners in the County in 1920, and more than half were from Germany, Canada, Sweden and England. (*11) The Fourteenth Census shows that of 6,165 inhabitants ten years of age and over there were 15 illiterate, or 0.2% per cent. This is an exceptionally high percentage of illiterates. Schools are numerous and well attended, for the same census reports that 94.5% of all the children of ages seven to thirteen years inclusive were in school, and 86.9% of those fourteen and fifteen years of age. Separate dwellings for families are almost universal, for there are 1,947 dwellings for 2,065 families. (*12) Another promising thing about the population is the fact that

*9 School Records District No. 15 (Glenrock) 1921-1922.

*10 Fourteenth Census, Wyoming Compendium, 28.

*11 Ibid, 24.

*12 Ibid, 20.



of the 2,065 families, 1,170 of them owned their homes. (*13)

Converse County has only three incorporated towns. The entire population is classed as rural, that is, no town has a population of 2,500 or more. The three incorporated towns had a combined population of 3,418 in 1920, (*14)

*13 Ibid, 30.

*14 Fourteenth Census, Wyoming Compendium, 14.

while the total population of the County was 7,871. The density of the population was 1.9 per square mile. While the density of the population would place the County in the frontier class there are very few of the old marks of the frontier remaining. No buffalo are ever seen, except a very small herd on the Carey Ranch, and antelope and all other wild game are about gone. The Fourteenth Census reported the presence of one Indian in Converse County in 1920, (*15) and it is quite safe to assume that this lone Indian possesses no mark of savagery. That part of the Bozeman Trail that was northwest of Douglas, which is now the Ross Road, (*16) is now a Government mail route. This road, passage over which was so hotly contested by the Indians in the days of Red Cloud, is lined on either side by mail boxes, a few cream stations and one or two small stores. Instead of the Indian wars and savage reprisals there is government with courts of justice; instead of long-horned Texas cattle there are white-faced Herefords; and instead of a few syndicate ranches with their thousands of cattle and claims to the "open range" there are hundreds of farms and small ranches with a few grazing livestock and small dairy herds. Converse County has, indeed, passed through several stages of its economic growth and is now entering what bids to be its most promising phase—that of stock farming.

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*15 Ibid, 19.

*16 See map page 33.

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CORRECTIONS

Mr. John Jackson Clarke of Mexico City sent in the following corrections for his manuscript which appeared in Volume 6, Numbers 1 and 2, of Annals of Wyoming:

Page 225, paragraph 6, last line—substitute the name of O. H. Earl for that of W. B. Doddridge.

Page 226, next to the last line from the bottom—"pale" should be pall.

Page 228, next to the last line from the bottom, the name "Newcome" should be spelled wherever it appears "Newcomb."

In Annals of Wyoming, Vol. 6, Nos. 1 and 2, Page 191, first line, last word: Typographical error—read Hague for Hayden.

CAMP JENNEY

Hill City, S. Dak.
 July 21st, 1926.

Mrs. E. C. Raymond,
 Newcastle, Wyo.
 Dear Madam—

Enclosed you will find a short article on early day life of Camp Jenney (Jenney Stockade), which I hope will be of some use to you. I had some old photographs of the

camp and stockade, also Fanny Peak, but these I have been unable to find. If the following datas and facts are of interest to you, well and good.

In order to lay a foundation for the correct datas and facts relative to the early history of the Jenney Stockade (or Camp Jenney, the latter term being used in all early Army reports) it becomes necessary to go back to the year 1857 and to the month of September. On the 12th of September, 1857, Lieut. G. K. Warren of the U. S. Topographical Engineers in company with Dr. F. V. Hayden as Geologist explored the west portion of the Black Hills as far north as Inyan Kara Mountain. The Sioux Indians in great numbers objected to their going further north and Warren's party turned back and camped on the east fork of the Beaver identical with the Jenney Stockade, where they constructed a corral for their horses and rolled up a few logs as breast-works in case of attack by Indians. This the Warren expedition was the first authorized expedition to enter the Black Hills and their first camp within the Black Hills territory was where the Jenney Stockade was afterwards erected.

On May 17th, 1875, Prof. Walter P. Jenney and party of scientists and miners, 18 men in all, left Cheyenne for Fort Laramie where they were joined by a military escort of over 400 soldiers and teamsters (75 wagons and 2 ambulances).

This party, with escort left Fort Laramie on May 25 for the Black Hills traveling northeast to Rawhide Creek thence north on east side of Rawhide Buttes to Old Woman's Creek, and down that creek to the Cheyenne River thence down the Cheyenne River about 6 miles where they crossed the river and traveled northeast to Beaver Creek. On the 3rd day of June they camped on the east fork of Beaver Creek. On the 4th of June the erection of a stockade was begun and completed about the 10th of that month. Stockade was 85 by 122 feet with 2 log houses within its walls where the provisions were stored.

Lieutenant Warren's corral and rifle pits were still there although the logs were in state of decay. The camp was first known as Camp Jenney. In 1876 the name generally used was "Jenney Stockade." It first served as a supply station for the expedition, provisions being hauled from Ft. Laramie to the stockade then distributed to the different camps throughout the Hills.

In October, 1875, on the 5th, the Jenney party and soldiers left for Fort Laramie and the east, leaving one

man at the stockade with a small stock of remaining provisions.

During the winter of '75-'76 it was a stopping place for gold seekers coming from Cheyenne by the Jenney trail. In the summer of 1876 it was used by the Cheyenne and Black Hills Stage Co. (Gilmer Salisbury and Patrick) as a station. In 1877 on the 22nd day of June, Messrs. Florida and Spencer secured possession. The winter of '77-'78 Mr. Spencer having bought Florida's interest organized the L.A.K. (LAK) Cattle Company, R. D. Lake and Sam Alerton becoming partners of J. C. Spencer. Their foreman Geo. Burrows came with Florida and Spencer in '77. J. C. Spencer became the sole owner in 1886.

One little episode connected with the beginning of the stockade days will be noted as the memory vibrates with the echoes of the hills sent back from that time. On June 7th, '75, one Henry Keats drove into camp with a team of ponies hitched to a rather large two-wheeled cart. He made camp on the creek bank nearby. That night nearly every man got drunk, Mr. Keats having supplied the whiskey at 50 cents per drink. The noise and howling scared all living things excepting snakes. Mr. Keats was sent back to Ft. Laramie under escort the next day.

The road to Custer City from the stockade was known as the Stonewall road as Stonewall was Custer City's name at first. The road running north from Jenney Stockade was called the Warren Trail after Lieut. Warren who made it.

Sincerely Yours,
CHRIS HOLLEY

The Jenney Expedition was at the request of President Grant, authorized by Congress in February, 1875, directing the Secretary of the Interior to organize and start an exploring expedition at once.

Scientists

Walter P. Jenney was selected to lead this party with Prof. Henry Newton, E. M. as Geologist; Capt. Horace Tuttle, Astrologer; E. C. Newberry, A. M.; W. F. Patrick, E. M.; Lieut. J. G. Burke, Topographer; D. V. T. McGillicuddy, Topographer.

Miners

John Brown, Jr.; Wm. H. Root; Wm. O. Baldwin; A. J. Bottsford; A. P. Sanders; T. H. Mallory; Thos. Morey; James Conklin; Robert M. Jones.

Cooks

A. E. Guerin; Geo. Bowlin.

This is a complete list of the Jenney party. 18 men in all.

This party joined an escort at Fort Laramie under command of Lieut. Colonel Richard Irving Dodge of the 23rd Infantry, U. S. A. With him were 400 men and officers and teamsters. As this command built the "Jenney Stockade" their or the officers' names might be of interest and are as follows:

Lieut. Col. Richard Irving Dodge, 23rd Infantry; Lieut. J. F. Trout; Lieut. M. F. Foot, 9th Inf.; Capt. E. L. Burke, 9th Inf.; Capt. J. G. Burke, Q. M., 3rd Cavalry; Capt. Wm. Holley, 3rd Cavalry; Capt. O. E. Munson, 9th Inf.; Lieut. DeLong, 9th Inf.; Capt. O. P. Spaulding, 2nd Cavalry; Lieut. C. F. Holley, 2nd Cavalry; Lieut. Wm. Coole, 2nd Cavalry; Lieut. R. Kingsbury, 2nd Cavalry; Capt. A. Russell, 3rd Cavalry; Capt. J. Wessal, 3rd Cavalry; Lieut. C. King, 3rd Cavalry; Lieut. Whitman; Lieut. L. Lawson; Lieut. F. Foster; Lieut. H. E. Morton.

These are officers of Lieut. Col. Dodge's command.

LIFE OF OSCAR COLLISTER, WYOMING PIONEER, AS TOLD BY HIMSELF TO MRS. CHAS. ELLIS OF DIFFICULTY, WYO.

I was born in the little village of Willoughby, Lake County, Ohio, on November 14, 1841. I was a fretful, cross, and sickly child until I was 7 years old, when my parents sent me to live with my aunt and uncle on a farm, in hopes that the change would be beneficial to me. It did improve my health, and I remained with them until I was about 16 years of age or a few months past, frequently visiting my parents in town. Then I began to dislike the farm, finally leaving it altogether, going back to the village.

Next I got the "railroad fever," and as I was too small in stature to fill any other place, I learned telegraphy. That was accorded me if I would go on as a messenger boy without pay. When I was 17, I was given a position as night operator, then a relief operator, and then a permanent. Two years later the Civil War broke out and I tried to enlist, but I was first prevented from doing so by my father, and later by the Legislature passing a law to the effect that the enlisting officers were forbidden to enlist Railroad operators.

A short time after this, I was discharged from railroad duties because, as I afterward learned, the Superintendent believed that confinement would kill me.

On a Sunday morning early in October, 1861, myself and three other boy telegraphers were by appointment, assembled in the office of Mr. Ward, a prominent official of the Western Union Telegraph Company, to receive instructions regarding a trip to the western wilds of the American continent. There they were to take positions along the route of the line, then being built from Omaha to Salt Lake, where it was to connect with the line of the California State Telegraph Company then in process of construction from San Francisco eastward.

They were under contract to stay at least one year, unless forced by accident or illness to return, in which event they were to be returned at the company's expense.

On the following morning they embarked for the trip. One of their number, a Mr. Brown, was in charge. He was to pay all expenses, and being the oldest of the party, was to be the director of their movements until they met with an official to relieve him. They were a happy party as they took the train out of Cleveland, Ohio, and were informed of the route they were to follow, viz., to St. Joseph, Missouri, via Chicago. From the start to the end of the railroad journey they received constant reminders of the awful condition our country was then in. At every station the same scene was enacted; the weeping of women and the cheering of men—that accompaniment to the going away of volunteers who were joining the ranks of the war then in progress. When we reached St. Joseph, we found the streets patrolled by soldiers.

On the following morning we resumed our travels going seven miles out of St. Joseph to the terminus of a railroad then being built, and where the stage line to Council Bluffs commenced. Here began our "tenderfoot" career, as expressed by the westerners of that time.

Our trip to Council Bluffs, consuming a day and a night, was uneventful. The agent at one point where the drivers changed took particular pains to impress upon the passengers, the fact that the driver was a novice and to look out for trouble. The warning was unheeded however, and no one was frightened. At Council Bluffs we crossed the Missouri River to Omaha, and that night took the Omaha stage for the far west.

Our next delay was at Fort Kearney, Nebraska for two days, and then to Julesburg where the Assistant Superintendent Ellsworth stopped the gang for location and instructions. From Julesburg, Colorado, each became an in-

dividual unit. Brown was sent to Fort Laramie to work a repeating station, McReynolds to South Pass Station, the other boy, whose name I am unable to recall, to Chimney Rock, and myself to Deer Creek. These telegraph stations were all situated on the Oregon Trail, and were of vast importance to stage lines, pony express, and emigrants. Deer Creek was one hundred miles west of Fort Laramie, and twenty-eight miles east of where Casper was later situated. The Station had been in existence two years when I arrived there as telegraph operator, and was used by the pony express, and Holliday Stages. Bisonette had established the trading post there some time before my advent, but when I landed in 1861 it bore evidence of having been inhabited, perhaps several years before. Major Twiss, who was a West Point graduate had been sent out there as an Indian Agent in President Buchanan's time—about 1856, and was relieved in 1861. Bisonette was conducting a trading station there some years before this, operating all thru the Powder River and Pole Creek territory, then occupied by the Sioux, Shoshones and Arapahoes. He also ran a scow ferry on the North Platte River, using the force of the current to propel the scow. This trade was very much depressed in 1862, and gradually petered out after the stage line was established. This old Indian Agency was three miles up Deer Creek from the telegraph station.

John Friend was telegraph operator at Horseshoe Station while I was at Deer Creek. There was then a bridge over the Platte River, known as Guinard's toll bridge, and this is now the present site of the city of Casper. Years before there had been another bridge known as John Richards' (pronounced Reshaw) bridge over the Platte about six or seven miles east of the first mentioned one, but after the Guinard bridge was built the Richards bridge was almost totally abandoned. I knew both these men well.

Not long after the arrival of we four operators into the land of the setting sun, Mr. McReynolds and the Chimney Rock man returned to "civilization," Brown was pleasantly occupied at the Fort, so this narrative will not further include them.

Here began my life of pioneering, among indescribable dangers, for savage Indians lurked among the friendly hills, and outlaws seeking refuge from officers in the east were not a few. Why I was chosen for telegraph operator at Deer Creek was a mystery, for I was small of stature, weighing only about a hundred pounds, and appearing very frail. Deer Creek was a French trading station on Slades

Division. There was very hostile feeling between Slade and the French. This condition was explained to me, and I was told by Mr. Ellsworth that he looked to me to keep the friendship of both parties, and show equal regard to all.

I was detained at Julesburg one day longer than the others and then sent out alone, except for the two men who constituted the crew for every stage, the driver and the mail guard. The trip so far was monotonous, nothing to divert the mind—just open trails as far as observable to the summit of a range of hills which appeared to be but a short distance from us, but was really miles away. I found that distance was hard to judge by one coming from the east lowland as portrayed by an incident which occurred the day after leaving Julesburg. I asked the driver if he would wait a few minutes at Chimney Rock station, where they exchanged mules. I explained to him that I wished to run up and see the formation of the rock that gave the place its name, but I was very curtly informed that they wouldn't wait. I felt quite hurt at the rebuff. The mail guard, feeling sorry for me, kindly proposed to the driver to let me take his (the guard's) place on the outside, as we would pass thru Scottsbluff, which would be a pleasant change from the monotony. This we did, and as soon as we were under way the driver apologized for the way he had spoken to me, and informed me that Chimney Rock was ten miles from the station, and to prove his assertion, he asked how long it would take to go from where we were then and return. I got wise and allowing for deception of appearances, answered, "Fifteen minutes." I was told to look at my watch, and the driver added, "You don't look as if you could keep up with this team very far, and I am going to keep up my present gait for an hour to reach the foot of the bluff." Well he made it in an hour and five minutes.

I arrived at my destination in the night and found that another operator had been working there, and had an instrument placed and everything ready for me. He wished me all kinds of luck in my new home, boarded the stage and went on west, I presume to open up somewhere else.

In the morning I awoke in the little log cabin assigned to me and went out to survey the situation. I found myself located in a cluster of primitive buildings comprising about fifteen rooms all told, occupied as dwellings for the inhabitants and store-rooms for their personal effects; also a stockade used as a corral, and quite an extensive stable. The property belonged to Bisonette, a French trader and most of the men were employes of his. Nearly all

of them had squaw wives. I lost no time in locating the cook house where I was cordially received by my future associates. As I had developed an appetite far from being in accordance with my puny appearance, the regular established menu of wild meat and bread cooked in a skillet, and coffee, was heartily welcomed.

The old trader, Bisonette, seemed to take a liking to me and sent a man to fix up my quarters much nicer than were most of the cabins. He assured me that anything I wanted that was procurable in a country where there were no saw-mills could be had for the asking, and he very seldom missed his evening visit to my room. He began immediately to teach me the ethics of the far west, lest I innocently get into trouble, and the lectures came none too soon.

I had been at Deer Creek only a few days when a pony express rider, who was discussing the Civil War then in progress, made a statement regarding President Lincoln's inaugural address which I knew to be wrong, and I told him so very politely. I told him I could show him a printed copy of the address. The man's name was Bond, and he soon turned and walked across the road to the trader's, and I then noticed that those who stood near to him, moved away, and I wondered what it all meant. No one spoke for some moments, when the cook who was standing in the window, called to me and I went to see what he wanted. He told me that it was a miracle that I was alive and asked if I had not seen Bond reach for his gun. Everyone expected me to be killed for Bond was a known killer, and feared by all. Bisonette said that evening that Bond had remarked when he came to him that he didn't like to kill a damn tenderfoot that didn't know any better, but if I ever crossed him again he would sure get me. To the delight of everyone he left our place that night and never came back. I was especially pleased to know that he was gone. Shortly after my arrival at Deer Creek, the pony express was taken off, the telegraph lines having completed their connections at Salt Lake City.

The district that was covered by the Deer Creek office, was about forty miles each way, and the operator there was to keep the line in order.

Before I had occasion to go out to repair trouble, Ed Creighton, the contractor who built the line and who was appointed General Superintendent on its completion, came to Deer Creek on his way back to Omaha. He camped there for the night and came in to talk with me. He soon showed me very plainly that he did not approve of me, and remarked that he wondered what prompted Mr. Ward

to send a delicate looking boy where robust men were required. This left me in dread of being sent back east as a damaged lot, when I so earnestly desired to stay in the wilds of what later became Wyoming.

However, my dread of deportation was shortly afterward removed. Late one afternoon the Salt Lake office told me to prepare to go east, as all appearances indicated wire trouble between that city and Horse Shoe. A horse was ordered for me and stood before my cabin door all equipped for action, and Salt Lake was notified, "All ready." The order was to go. It was nine miles to the next stage station, and darkness overtook me before I was half way there. However, it was a clear night and I managed to keep the wire in sight until I reached Boxelder. There I was comfortably put away until daylight, when I was again in the saddle, and at last located the trouble twenty-five miles from my office, at about 10 A. M.

That saved me from being sent back, as the manager in the Salt Lake office in his report to Mr. Creighton made a meritorious story of it, and advised against my return, as I had proven myself competent.

The time soon began to weigh heavily, there being no amusement except gambling, and that was banned for me, for I had pledged myself never to gamble when I bade my mother good-bye. It was the only promise she asked me to make, and it certainly was a fortunate one for my life in the territorial service. Nearly five years of my life was spent where gambling was a common pastime, and indulged in by the best of frontier men.

I was called out in the afternoon of the day that President Lincoln presented his annual message to Congress, and on horseback went to Guinard's bridge on account of wire trouble. How well do I remember meditating on the President's message as I rode along on my lonely mission. I thought of how far I was from home and friends, and the dangers which constantly surrounded us, but with all, I liked the wilderness. I had to go farther up the next day before I found the trouble, returning to the bridge again that night. Next night I arrived back at my station only to find that someone had been in my cabin and cut my telegraph instrument out. It took me just two days to get this message back to the California coast. On one occasion John Friend, who was operator at Horse Shoe, came to Deer Creek, and he, two other men and myself were besieged in a cabin there for two days by Indians. These were certainly two days of horror for us, but we were rescued on the third day by soldiers, who were sent to save us from the savages.

Deer Creek had been a Government Indian Agency for the Sioux, Cheyenne and Arapahoe tribes, under the control of Major Twiss, but as the Major lost his commission as Indian Agent with the expiration of the Buchanan administration, the agency had been moved, but the Major, who had adopted the habits of the country, had taken a squaw wife, and had several half breed children to his credit. so he remained in the vicinity. Someone told him that they had heard that I could play chess. The Major came immediately and asked me if this was true and when I said I could, he insisted on me coming to his ranch that we could enjoy the game we both loved so well. Thus began an acquaintance which greatly relieved the monotony of the telegraph station. In the game of chess we stood about fifty-fifty, and in current events of the day, especially regarding the army, we exchanged notes daily. I being the telegraph operator, knew all the latest moves of the warring factions, and the Major, who had served in the engineers corps in his younger days, was a perfect encyclopedia regarding the district then occupied by the contending army. Thus we enjoyed each other's company immensely.

One of the novel amusements brought out in the early winter was the teaching of the squaws to dance. One of Bisonette's men, Wheeler, was a good violinist, and a suggestion from me was sufficient. Wheeler soon had the squaws dancing the old fashioned quadrilles, and they became quite efficient, altho few of them could speak English.

Early in the winter I formed the acquaintance of a young man from Missouri, whose name was Brenon. He was superior to most of the men whom I met, but he was a Southerner and I was from the Abolition hotbed. However, I wanted to be friendly and so did he. I took the initiative with the remark, "I want to be friendly with you. I like you, but you are from the South and I am a Northerner. Let us compromise, and leave the war entirely out of our conversation, as if we didn't know it exists." That was enough. We shook hands and became warm friends for the short time he lived there. Brenon later went back to his camp near the Platte bridge—now Casper. We met once after that. I had occasion to pass his camp when hunting wire trouble, and at his earnest request, put up with him for the night. Not long after that I was informed that Brenon was found dead not far from Deer Creek, on a trail leading to the old Indian Agency. Although several there knew his people in Missouri, no one seemed disposed to inform them as to his sad fate. As soon as I became aware of this I wrote to Brenon's father,

whom I had learned was ex-mayor of his home town. On mentioning this to Bisonette, he showed considerable excitement, but at last said that he was glad I had done it. He started to leave the cabin, then turned back and in nervous undertones confided to me that his son and another half-breed named Richards (Reshaw) had murdered Brenon. He said that the Senior Brenon was an old and greatly esteemed friend of his and that he had liked the young man very much, and that they had had young Brenon's body buried up near the old agency.

In due time I received a letter from Brenon's father, requesting me if possible to ascertain who had murdered his son, and have them brought to justice. He mentioned the father of the half-breeds as his friend, and told me to ask them in his name, to help me to carry out his wish. In the meantime, old man Richards had gone on a drunk, and had come to me telling me amid a cloudburst of tears, of the horrible murder. He put no restriction on the use of this information. Writing again to Mr. Brenon, I gave him the names of the culprits, reminding him at the same time that nothing could be done lawfully, there being no law recognized, and no one to enforce it had there been. I also requested Mr. Brenon not to inform anyone as to who had told him of this without first letting me know that he did so, because it would imperil my life. The old trader who held a commission as postmaster at Deer Creek had turned the post office over to me, so I felt quite safe that no letter would come to any of them except through me. But the time came in the spring for me to sit up and take notice, when two letters came to Richards from Crondalet, Missouri, the home of the Brenons. The Richards' camp was then up the creek about a mile above Major Twiss's place, and the letters were duly sent up to them by a man named Wheelock whom I considered worthy of my confidence. As the elder Richards could not read, it was reasonable to suppose that he would ask Wheelock to read them for him, and I asked Wheelock to notify me immediately, in case my name was mentioned in the letters.

Next day I went up to the Richards camp with the stock tender for the stage company, and found Mr. Richards drunk, and learned that one of his half breed sons who had attended the Indian school had been called upon to read the letters, and consequently Wheelock could give no information concerning them.

Richards received me very cordially, but was not long in letting me know that he was well aware of who had reported the murder. He stated that he had no unfriendly feelings for me, but blamed a Frenchman for advising me

to do it. I noticed that young Bisonette was with young Richards, and that the latter sauntered off toward where Richards' horse herd was. The situation looked bad to me, for old Richards was urging me to drink with him, so I mixed a couple of drinks making his very strong, while my own was quite weak. A few minutes later I helped the old man onto his bunk, and hurriedly left the room to find Wheelock and the stock tender. I asked Wheelock to try to delay the half-breeds a little if they got away very soon, and told the stock tender to come on, I was going home. We rode at a very moderate rate until we were out of sight of the camp, and we had met the horse herd being brought in just after we started. I knew very well that this meant that those half-breeds were going to catch themselves some horses and I also knew that that meant that they were going to give me a chase for my life. When I looked back and saw they were out of sight I said to my companion, "See if you can make that mule keep up with my pony." I told him in a few hurried words that those half-breeds were going to follow us with guns. He realized the precariousness of the situation as well as I did, and we rode like mad. We halted at Major Twiss' long enough to ask them to make strenuous efforts to detain the half-breeds for a while in order to give us a chance to get near enough home so that our pursuers would be afraid to attack us. After a most exciting chase we reached Deer Creek ahead of the would-be assassins, and found safety within the four walls of our log cabins. Next day I learned that the half-breeds had followed me past the agency, and that they carried guns as well as revolvers, showing that they were surely out "after my scalp."

A few days after this episode, the Richards moved away to some other camping ground. The night before they left, a plan which they had to decoy me out to where they might ambush me, was frustrated by a white man's squaw who had overheard them discussing it. She informed her man just in time for him to keep me from walking into the trap.

Friends advised me to change places with some other operator, but I had made up my mind not to be driven out by such a band of outlaws. It was not long after that that the soldiers were stationed with us and then I felt that I had substantial protection. The Captain, who heard of the plot to kill me, told another half-breed that if ever I was found dead while he was in command at Deer Creek, he would hang the two half-breeds who killed Brenon without asking a question, if he had to follow them into the heart of the Sioux Nation. He said if he found out after-

ward that he had got the wrong men he would charge it up to the Brenon murder to ease his conscience.

I had every reason to believe that although I stood well with the stage men with whom I came in personal contact, I did not stand well with the manager of the division, Joseph Slade. I was for some time ignored by Slade when passing him on the road, and finally was taken to task by him over the wire, in a misunderstanding over a report of a stage passing the station. I had been erroneously informed of the time the stage passed while I was asleep, and Slade had told the operator at the first crossing of the Sweetwater River that another operator would be required after he had passed his station that night. However, in the conversation between myself and Slade when we met personally, Slade admitted that he was wrong in judging me as he had, and wished to consider the incident closed. He warned me against the French who composed the majority of his associates, and informed the operator at his station when he got home that he believed I was all right, and asked why the operator had not told him that I was not a Frenchman. From then on most friendly relations existed between the stage men and myself.

Shortly after New Years, Bisonette opened up the season's trade with the Indians by sending his teams out to their camps in the sections frequented by immense herds of buffalo, which constituted their main support. The buffalo furnished the larger part of their foods, as well as the tents they lived in the year around besides their clothing and beds. They usually killed the larger percentage in the winter when the hair was thickest. They had a strict unwritten law against shooting buffalo in the herd except when authorized by the council in what they called the "surround," and then only with bow and arrow, and there was a heavy penalty for the law's violation.

The hunters were not restricted in killing deer, elk or antelope, in any way, any place or any time; but when it was deemed necessary to supply the village with dried meat, or judicious to slaughter for robes, the council held a meeting, set the day for the hunt and notified the warriors. On the morning of the appointed day, the warriors went forth to round up a herd previously located. The regular rule was to go in single file until they were on all sides of the herd, each man riding his best horse, and armed with a bow and a quiver of arrows. When the entire herd was surrounded and the best spot chosen for the slaughter, they commenced riding in. The buffalo, seeing they were being approached, stampeded, but finding themselves menaced from all sides, began to mill in a circle. As

soon as the circle was well formed the warriors rode in, forming an outer circle, and commenced shooting arrows, aiming just back of the ribs of their animal and driving their arrows to the heart. This awful carnage was repeated until all the poor brutes were down, then the Indians went over the field to give a death blow to any that might be only wounded. The next move was the squaws advancing to skin, dress and care for the meat and hides. The surplus meat which could not be used while fresh, was "jerked"—cut into thin strips and dried in the sun. The "surround" takes in any where from one hundred to two or three hundred animals or all that constitutes the herd.

While the traders were with the Indian villagers they usually sent a courier about once a week to headquarters, and frequently some fairly important man of the tribe accompanied him. That practice enabled me to meet several Indians who later became noted characters. The warrior, Sitting Bull, who became the leading chief of the Sioux, and who afterward led the forces that destroyed the gallant General Custer and his army, used to send a request to me every week for newspapers. He was learning to read and would write his request on the margin of a paper and give it to the courier to deliver to me.

The chief, "Man-Afraid-Of-His-Horse," six feet and four inches of flesh and bone, called on me, and was deeply interested and awed with the wonder of the ability to talk hundreds of miles with a wire, and told Mr. Bisonette that "the little man was good medicine."

By the time the traders returned, the young warriors began to get restless and had gone so far as to agitate a scheme to bring on hostilities between the whites and themselves, having heard of the Civil War then going on, but their chiefs and councilmen frowned that down. Their orator, Lone Horn, made the closing speech, which was interpreted by the French trader, Bisonette, and was truly a masterpiece. This was at a meeting of their council, and decided that there were strenuous objections to a war with the whites.

There being no other excuse for their favorite display of energy, the warriors organized a party to go on the war trail, patronized by the allied tribes and the Shoshones, their hereditary enemies. The aforementioned trail left the Platte country at the lower crossing of the Sweetwater River and followed that stream to the South Pass of the Rocky Mountains.

The war party started out as soon as weather conditions were favorable in the spring, and when that war party was seen in the Sweetwater section, it was immediately her-

alded as a hostile demonstration of the Indians, but no particular tribe was named. The situation was accepted as a justifiable excuse for discontinuing the mails and withdrawing all stock and employes of the Ben Holliday line for a distance of two hundred miles. Even though this seemed a plausible reason for the later arrangements, the people in this wild region well knew that Holliday had shouldered a load he could not carry, and was glad to abandon his undertaking on most any pretext. His live stock was run down and feed could not be obtained to keep it going for any length of time. He well knew that he could not carry mail which had to be brought through in that manner, so the newspapers were tied up in bundles at different points, unloaded and were never again loaded. Permission to cease running until protection was secured was sought and granted.

When the order to clear the line from the upper crossing of the Sweetwater River to Horse Shoe Creek (Slade's headquarters) came, Creighton ordered me to be ready to go when the cavalcade came to him, bringing all his portable property, company, real and personal and burning what he had to leave.

I knew from the mountain men that there was no danger, so I asked the trader what he was going to do. The answer came promptly, "If you stay I will stay with you, and so will all of our force, but if you go so we will have no connection with the outside world, we will go too." A moment's meditation and I replied, "I will stay." Thus decided a most important question in the history of the telegraph line which followed the Oregon Trail.

I reported to Creighton that I had decided to stay, and he told me to use my own judgment regarding the matter but not to run any risks. I was nominally in charge of two hundred and fifty miles of wire, but fortunately, no interruption occurred until all were back in their positions again.

A company of cavalry was started from Fort Kearney, commanded by Lieutenant Alexander and reached the scene of trouble about two weeks later. Soon it appeared that the hostile tribes had quieted down, and the stage company re-stocked the abandoned district, and the regular soldiers returned to Fort Laramie.

About the time of the supposed Indian hostilities on the Sweetwater, a battalion of the Sixth Ohio Cavalry was ordered from a Missouri training camp to Fort Laramie, and all of the regular army troops were sent east from there for service in the Civil War. General Craig was appointed commander of the department with headquarters at Fort

Laramie, and two companies of the Sixth Ohio Cavalry were assigned to the old Mormon Trail on the Sweetwater.

Under the command of Major O'Farrel, everything appeared to be moving in the regular monotonous groove until about the last of June when another alarm came from the upper Sweetwater. A war party made its appearance and on the morning of July 1, the telegraph line was found to be down west of Sweetwater bridge. The operator at the bridge notified Omaha of the break and started out with an escort to restore connections. This opening in the line cut off communication with headquarters, and General Craig would not stand for that condition. Deer Creek was the only telegraph station between the two points so the General ordered me to go immediately to Sweetwater Crossing prepared to adjust any breaks that possibly might be encountered on the way. He told me to get there just as soon as saddle animals could make it, and to take any animals available, wherever found that I might need, using the General's name as authority. The territory was under martial law. When I was ready to start on my journey, the mountaineers begged me not to think of making the trip alone. Eighty miles and a good part of it on a war trail, they considered too hazardous. On reporting this to the General the order was changed to include Wheelock, who volunteered to go with me. By 10 A. M. we were on our way.

The first twenty-eight miles to Platte River bridge, (now Casper) we made in two hours and a quarter. There we changed horses and ate a lunch while the change was being made. We were unable to get another change of horses until we were within about twelve miles of our destination, and before we reached that point our animals were about all in, and they were not alone. I too, was about ready to drop, but I kept my sufferings to myself until Wheelock threw his bridle rein over a log which projected from the end of the cabin, and started for an emigrant train which was camped on the creek. I dropped my rein over the horn of Wheelock's saddle, and staggered into the cabin, where I dropped onto a bench just about ready to give up. But realizing that this would mean for me to turn my papers over to Wheelock, letting him finish the trip alone, and I would have to wait at the cabin for an ambulance to come back after me, I knew that that would cause a delay of several hours before the General could get into communication with the Major, and this I did not want to happen. Half dead, I glanced around the cabin, and I noticed a coffee pot near me, which proved to be holding a very generous supply of coffee, and I im-

mediately drank my fill. I loosened my revolver belt and waited. Soon I heard the men coming to the cabin, and I drank another pint of the black coffee, the result being far above my expectations. I seemed to gain new vitality, and felt stronger physically and mentally. Wheelock, noting my fatigue, saddled my horse for me, and when I stepped up to mount the animal, I felt so much better that I no longer doubted my ability to finish the journey; however, I did not resent Wheelock's offer to give me a lift to get on the horse and he boosted me into the saddle.

The road for the entire distance was lined with the "Covered Wagon Emigration," who signalled us to stop, but we passed all signals, knowing the emigrants would be unnecessarily worried had they known why our trip was being made.

We arrived at the Sweetwater Crossing just as the sun sank behind the mountains, and were relieved from duty about midnight. With my boots and coat off, I dropped onto a bed in the telegraph operator's room, and for the first time in my life I knew what it meant to be too tired to sleep. However, about four o'clock in the morning I drifted into slumber, but was routed out again at seven. When I attempted to arise I found myself so stiff and sore it seemed agony for me to move, and when at last I got myself dressed I could barely get around. I recovered rapidly though, as I had nothing to do except operate the telegraph.

The next evening after I took charge of the office at Sweetwater, a special stage arrived with Captain Eno, "the General's Adjutant," and the State Superintendent Slade as passengers. Slade went on up to the next line, but Captain Eno remained with us to report conditions to the General.

The war party had cut the wire some distance from the second crossing, and carried away enough of it to necessitate more being obtained from the first crossing to replace it. The operator whose place I was filling, did not finish his job of repairing and get back for about five days. During that time no stages were forwarded or received.

Major O'Farrel notified me that he was going to move his headquarters up the river and take me with him. I had taken a dislike to the Major, and told him that when I was relieved I intended going home on the first stage that went out, but I was ordered to stay where I was until relieved. I told the Major I would do so, if provided with a written order. On the eighth no written order had been received, and to be certain, I asked the adjutant if I was

right in taking the stand I had, and he assured me that I was right. A stage was being sent out that day and on board of it I placed all my personal belongings, and in the presence of Captain Eno, I notified the Major that I was leaving. To my surprise I was not served with a restraining order, but the Captain brought out his baggage and announced that he was going with me.

A few days after I went home it was announced that the stage line was changed to leave the Mormon Trail at Julesburg and go to Denver, thence to Bridger's Pass and Bitter Creek, striking the old line at Green River. The troops remained on the old route to protect the telegraph lines and the emigrants going that way.

Now for the ridiculous significance of the incident created as a result of this wire being missing from the telegraph line. A small party of Sioux who were looking for the possible appearance of an enemy war party on the frequently occupied Shoshone Trail, was disappointed, and wishing to acquire something to display when they returned to their own camps, and not aware of the presence of the troops in their vicinity, also sure of their ability to cover their identity, cut out and carried away considerable wire, and got away with it before they were detected. Some little time after this an important member of the village that the wire-stealing party belonged to, came into Deer Creek with a report that a mysterious disease had appeared in the village and had caused several deaths. The symptoms were a high fever, a rash and soon death followed. The medicine man of the tribe had looked for the cause and found that it originated with a warrior who was wearing wire around his arm, and on further investigation it was found that every member of the party who stole the wire was wearing the same adornment, and that several of the party had taken the disease. The medicine man ordered all the wire in camp to be buried, and this was done. The disease soon subsided and the belief was universally pronounced among them that the "talking wire" was guarded by the Great Spirit, who avenged the theft and use of it. The telegraph operators were greatly benefited by this calamity, for the next two and a half years the Indians did not molest the wire.

As soon as the emigration for 1862 was over, the two companies of soldiers, B and D were divided up into squads. B's headquarters under Captain Hayes was at Deer Creek, one detachment was at the Three Crossings of Sweetwater and one at South Pass. Company D, under Captain Van Winkle had headquarters at Platte River bridge (Casper),

and a detachment and hospital were located at the first Crossing of Sweetwater.

When Captain Hayes established his headquarters at Deer Creek, he asked me to occupy his quarters with him at government expense, and the invitation was gladly accepted. I found life more agreeable and more interesting from then to the termination of my stay on the line. Deer Creek, with soldiers, became a more attractive point for small bands of Indians, it being the only trading point for that section, and including the Powder River section. It was also the trading point for a number of prominent characters who were implicated in the war which started in 1864 and lasted for four years. Among the chiefs who visited there during my time were Red Cloud and Lone Horn. During the visit of Double Head, I ran into what for a very few minutes looked like a tragedy. The party was camped on the creek above the old agency, and one of the traders had gone up to open a trade with them. The usual ceremony practiced for such events, consisted of the warriors assembling in the Chief's tent for a feast provided by the traders, and the fixing of prices for the commodities offered; not money, but buffalo robes being the accepted standard of valuation. I visited the camp and happened to be dressed as a soldier, to all outward appearances. This was not uncommon, as citizens had no chance of buy clothes, except from soldiers, and the custom was tolerated by the army people. This particular morning I wore a cavalry overcoat that came to the top of my riding boots, and a cavalry officer's cap. When I visited the chief's tent according to custom, I noticed a decidedly hostile atmosphere pervading the entire band of warriors sitting and surrounding the fire where the cauldron containing the food for the feast was boiling; and to enhance the seriousness of my position, the trader, who was an intimate friend of mine, refused to recognize me, but sat looking at the ground and was ashen pale. Of course I was frightened when it dawned upon me that I had made a very serious blunder, but there was nothing to do but face it out, as retreat was impossible.

I looked the frowning chief fairly in the eyes, and pretty soon, to my intense relief the look of hatred faded from his features, and when with a smile and the universal friendly greeting, "How Coola?" accompanied by a sign from him for me to come forward, I gladly obeyed. I passed up between the warriors and the fire and was received by the extended hands of the chief, which I received in both my own, and there with hands clasped, our arms were crossed, first, the chief's right arm on top, then reversed, my right on

top. That completed an unusual and most cordial demonstration of respect known to tribesmen. I immediately retired to the entrance, saluted the chief and stepped out. The trader soon followed me, still excited and overjoyed, and then explained the situation to me. After I had left my headquarters some trouble had sprung up between an Indian and a soldier, and several others had joined in on both sides. One or two Indians had been struck by soldiers, and the trader had appeared at the tent shortly after the affair had been reported. However, Double Head's recognition of me had saved the situation from becoming critical. The whole affair was settled amiably much to the relief of us all.

The visits of Red Cloud's bands furnished a very good demonstration of tribal discipline. The morning after they arrived and pitched their camp, a young Indian was out scouting (the Ute war trail entered our valley at the head of Deer Creek) and soon thought he had discovered an enemy. He came back to headquarters in a state of excitement, and shouting a warning that a band of Utes were in the valley and were driving off oxen. Immediately there was mounting in hot haste. The warriors in full force and equipped for battle, hastened to the designated spot by the score. Red Cloud stood in front of the traders quarters, showing no excitement whatever.

Captain Love went over to Bisonette and asked him to tell Red Cloud that his men would like to join them if they were going into battle, and thought the move would be perfectly legitimate, because the opposing tribe was trespassing on territory which they were protecting. Red Cloud replied that he would be pleased to have the cavalry join them, if there was any fight started, but advised that no move would be inaugurated until his experienced warriors confirmed the report.

We had but a short time to await their report. The scout had mistaken a couple of white men who lived up the creek, and were corraling their work oxen for the "Black Men" as they called the Utes. As soon as the warriors with the scout came in—the scout with his head bowed, and looking as though he expected to be executed—the Indians crowded to the center of the road in front of the building, the braves circulating around the scout, chanting the words he had used when he gave the alarm, and what else, we could not understand, but given in their own language but it evidently was not complimentary. To add to his humiliation, the squaws gathered from the camp and laughed the poor devil to scorn. Red Cloud explained that this ceremony was to impress upon the young warrior the

enormity of the offense of raising a false alarm; but as the young Indian was not aware that there were white men with cattle living up the creek, no further punishment would be dealt, for he believed the mortification of that day would last the young fellow a life time.

The Cheyennes did not camp at our place, and although a band of them occasionally passed by they very seldom stopped. Two different bands of Arapahoes stopped on the creek. The Black Bear's and the Little Owl's villages located with us for several days and they were very much interested in the telegraph. The Little Owl, through an interpreter, asked me if I knew Washakie, the Chief of the Shoshones who was located at Fort Bridger. I did not know him, but told Little Owl that he might talk to him thru me if he wished. Little Owl was pleased but mystified. The operator at Fort Bridger was called up and asked when he could have Washakie there to talk with Little Owl. It was arranged for the next afternoon, and carried out to the perfect satisfaction of both the chiefs, removing all doubts as to the truth of our claims, and Little Owl pronounced it "Great Medicine."

Medicine with the Indian is not dope, and the medicine man is not a doctor, but is presumed to be in some degree inspired by the "Waka." (The Great Spirit.) The idea that they are all Pagans is not well founded, for their belief in a Supreme Being is apparent in various ceremonies, which to one unfamiliar with their language, has the appearance of supplication to the over ruling Power adored by all enlightened races, but never the less would suggest a form of prayer, accompanied by a fair presentation of faith.

There is no existing history of their origin or former relation to other branches of humanity known to them, except tradition handed down by them from generation to generation. Still they have a firm belief in a future existence where they will be happy in a hunting ground with all facilities for the continuance of what to them, constitutes an ideal existence. They are almost as superstitious as the witch-burning founders of our great city of Boston. When there is a war party out looking for a battle with an enemy tribe, they hold nightly services consisting of a dance in which they form a circle around a little fire, and keep time with their feet to a chant participated in by the squaws and some of the men, for two or three hours. In supplication to the same God that is humbly sought by the enemy, their warriors are seeking to shower His favors upon their own braves as do the devout of enlightened nations when they are bent on the destruc-

tion of each other in wars incited by a conflict of interests, commercial or religious.

Their faith in their medicine man is frequently founded on what to the philosophical white man is coincidence, but to them is a striking evidence of prophetic gifts, as illustrated sometime previous to the advent of telegraphy into their vast domain. At that time an epidemic of small-pox broke out in a large village of one of the allied tribes and for a time threatened to annihilate them all. All white men and Indians of other villages avoided members of the stricken band, so that it did not spread, but some of the inhabitants of the disease ridden colony wandered to Deer Creek, and on their approach, a panic among the inhabitants there ensued, and the place vacated.

The blacksmith's shop, ten by twelve feet, was seized as a sepulchre, and was filled to the rafters with the victims. The medicine man prayed constantly. He finally, as reported by the survivors, succeeded in awakening the sympathy of the Waka, and received the long-sought inspiration. His followers were notified to break camp and move to an unoccupied valley not far distant, and the Evil Spirit could not enter there. His advice was unquestioningly obeyed, and there was not another fatality from the loathsome plague.

The blacksmith stole back to his shop during a heavy wind, and approaching on the windward side, set fire to the shop, cremating all together, and thus destroyed the menace.

(Continued in October Number)

ACCESSIONS

April 1, 1930, to July 1, 1930.

Leek, S. N.—The following photographs: The Upper Yellowstone River near the Park line; Outlet Lake in the old western outlet of Yellowstone Lake; the scene where the Snake River enters the gorge between Barlow Peak and Mount Hancock, the latter showing through the gap; Mariposa Lake near the source of Snake River; the true source of Snake River at an altitude of about two miles above sea level—several springs dash down the hillside and form the source of the great river bound for the western ocean; the upper Snake where a great land slide from Barlows Peak held back the water and formed a lake, the old shore line of which may be seen here—the river has cut through the slide and formed a new channel in the silt of the old lake bed; Heart Lake and Mt. Sheridan as seen from the

top of Overlook Mountain looking west; looking across Heart Lake from the outlet; scene taken from the side of Mt. Sheridan looking east across Heart Lake; picture of Mount Sheridan; a stream born among the snows on Mount Sheridan; the bowl shaped crater on Mt. Sheridan with side worn away; another view of this crater; picture of two old craters shown on Mt. Sheridan; scene taken from Overlook Mountain looking east and showing south fingers of Yellowstone lake. Original manuscript telling the story of a portion of the Yellowstone Park, seldom visited, and but little known. In Mythology, the Plains Indians held to be their Happy Hunting Grounds where miracles are wrought; where winter's snow, extreme cold, desolation and lack of animal life is exceeded in contrast with other places by its delightful summer climate, wonderful landscape beauty, and great abundance of wild animal life.

Trone, J. W.—One French street car transfer from Bordeaux, France, 1918. One Division United States Army shoulder ensignia. One Advanced Section Service of Supply embroidered with the Lorraine Cross.

Dodson, Eugene—A newspaper clipping, "Reno Battle Site Marker Promised, Leavitt assured of U. S. Funds to Erect Monument." A petrified fish, chip, bone, and plant, a rock and a bullet. These relics were found on the top of Reno Hill.

Dickinson, Charles F.—The following Evanston newspapers: 1 copy The Evanston Age, Vol. 1, No. 66, Published in Evanston, Wyoming Territory, Dec. 2, 1876; 1 copy, The Wyoming Press, Vol. III, No. 22, Mar. 11, 1899; 1 copy, The News-Register, Vol. XVIII, No. 26, Dec. 30, 1905; 1 copy, The Wyoming Press, Vol. XVII, No. 24, Feb. 12, 1921.

The Evanston Age carries a tabulated list of the votes polled in Evanston, and in Uinta County (kept separately) for the years of 1870 to 1876 inclusive: The assessment, the amount of tax levied and the number of mills on the dollar is given for the same years in tabulated form and kept separately but the special school tax levy is not given. Taxes ranged from 10 m. to 23 m. This is the official report of Alfred G. Lee, County Clerk. One card issued to Samuel Dickey of Evanston, for admission to United States Senate, date March 2, 1897, signed, C. D. Clark, United States Senator. Requisitions issued by Governor John W. Hoyt on the Governor of Colorado and on the Governor of Utah, for the return of criminals, dates July 18, 1881, August 5, 1881, January 27, 1882, January 30, 1882. Prisoners ordered to be turned over to Samuel Dickey as Agent for Wyoming Territory. One Bench Warrant—crimes, murder and embezzlement. Early group picture of F. M. Foote, Jesse Knight and Samuel Dickey. Picture of Attorney Tonn; of Mrs. Tonn; of Jesse Knight, Clerk of Court; of Dr. Reed of Rock Springs; of old City Hall in Evanston. The above are early day pictures.

Preston, Mrs. D. A.—The Douglas A. Preston collection. Consists of 12 maps and many historical notes and a photo of the

Shade Large double log cabin. Map No. 1 is dated 1803 and is done with colored pencil. Colors used are purple, orange, yellow and black. The key is purple for Louisiana Purchase, orange for Oregon Country, yellow indicates Texas Annexation, and black for Mexican Cession. Map No. 2 is dated 1854 and colors employed are blue, orange and yellow. In this map the territory indicated by yellow and purple on map No. 1 is now shown as all yellow and the black for the Mexican Cession has become blue to designate the Utah Territory. The orange Ty remains unchanged. Map No. 3 cuts the yellow Ty in two and shows the north part as green and means Dakota Territory, date 1861. Blue and orange unchanged. Map No. 4 is also 1861 but the blue and orange has shrunk and been absorbed by the yellow. Map No. 5 is dated 1863 and shows all of what is now Wyoming to be of one color except a small area in the extreme southwest corner which is under the jurisdiction of Utah. Map No. 6 is dated 1864 and shows Utah possessions unchanged but the strip of country extending on north to the present Montana line and to the eastern boundary of the Yellowstone Park belongs to Idaho. Map No. 7 is dated December, 1867 and makes no change in the boundary lines of Map No. 6 but shows Dakota was divided such of her territory as is now Wyoming into two counties, Laramie and Carter. Map No. 8 is dated January, 1869. No change in boundaries of territory but the counties of Laramie and Carter have been split and we have the four counties—Laramie, Albany, Carbon, and Sweetwater and they extend from north to south across the Territory. Map No. 9 is dated July 25, 1868. New Territory of Wyoming created. The strip on the west which belonged to Idaho and Utah are made a part of the new Territory of Wyoming and becomes Uinta County and extends the entire width of the state. There are now five counties. Map No. 10, same counties—treats of county seats. Map No. 11 is dated 1889 and Statehood. Eleven counties shown. Map No. 12, as now, shows twenty-three counties. Mr. Preston used for purposes of uniformity the black and white railroad maps which were published by authority of the Wyoming Public Service Commission. All maps are done in colors, and boundary lines are true to longitude and latitude. A color key is placed at the bottom of each map. Dates and explanatory notes are written on the margins. A set of cards numbered to correspond with the maps gives much history in brief. Shade Large's double log cabin on Green River—across the river is the grave of Mary Ann Large, who was the sister of Basil of the bird-woman, of the Lewis and Clark Expedition. She was a good soul. Every night when the herders came in tired and cold she took their boots or shoes and dried them soft for the next day. She died of dropsy. (This information is written on the back of the Shade Large picture by Mr. Preston.)

Hooker, W. F.—An article on the old Oregon Trail, written by Mr. Hooker and published in the Milwaukee Journal, April 27, 1930. "Settlement of the West started one hundred years ago when the first wagon train blazed the old Oregon Trail, over which 300,000 persons were to pass in the next thirty

years." A colored picture of a Covered Wagon Train printed in this same newspaper.

Lovejoy, Fred—Picture of Mr. John Huff, who resided at Atlantic City, Wyo., in 1867, and of Mr. Fred Lovejoy.

Waltman, Mrs. E. E.—Original manuscript written by Mrs. Waltman entitled "Wyoming Birds."

Kendall, R. J.—An old rifle found on the Pole Mountain Reserve. A military marker used on the harness of pack teams.

Griffith, J. B.—Blueprint of a small part of Captain Raynold's map of 1859. Copy of "Memoirs of a Pioneer—Geo. Lathrop."

Snow, Mrs. W. C.—A manuscript on the Life and Public Services of General C. F. Manderson.

Fryxell, Prof. F. M.—Two books: "History of the Mormons" by Lieut. J. W. Gunnison and "Exploration of the Red River of Louisiana in the year 1852" by Randolph B. Marcy.

Glafcke, E. W.—Report on the Results of Spirit Leveling in Wyoming, 1896 to 1912, inc., Dept. of the Interior, U. S. Geological Survey, Bulletin 558.

Auerbach, Herbert—Pamphlet "Exhibition of Relics of the Prophet Joseph Smith," during L. D. S. Centennial, April 5 to 12, 1930.

D. A. R.—Fort McKinney Chapter, Buffalo, Wyo.—Original manuscripts: "Obituary of T. J. Foster," "Mary M. Parmelee and Captain J. H. Manley," "Mr. C. H. Parmelee."

D. A. R.—Cheyenne, Wyo.—Programs for the following years: 1921, 1922, 1926, 1927, 1928-1929, 1929-1930.

Bowen, Mrs. Edwin LeRoy—Historical and genealogical chart of Robert Brooke (1602-1655) of Maryland and his wife, Mary Baker.

Durbin, Thomas F.—One ledger and one journal—books kept by the Durbin Bros. while they were in the meat business in Cheyenne. Date, 1881. One picture of the California Meat Market, owned and operated by Helphenstine and Durbin in Cheyenne in 1874 or 1875. One picture of the Helphenstine and Durbin Meat Market taken in 1874. One copy of the Merchants Memorandum Book and Buyers guide to Cheyenne, dated 1882. Seven early day pictures of Durbin cattle taken in the region of the Crow Indian Reservation in Montana, dated 1893. One picture of the Methodist Church in Cheyenne, dated 1899. List of officers and members of Cheyenne Lodge No. 1, A. F. & A. M., July 1, 1907. Two pictures of the Office of the Live Stock Board, dated 1906. Two pictures of the Live Stock Board, dated 1910. One Wyoming Commandery No. 1, Knights Templar By-Laws and Directory, 1914. One souvenir the Grand Lodge of Ancient, Free and Accepted Masons of Wyoming, Golden Jubilee, 1874-1924. One picture of George and Mother Durbin taken in front of their house at 2016 House, Cheyenne, Wyoming, no date.

Annals of Wyoming

Vol. 7

OCTOBER, 1930

No. 2

Wagon Box

CONTENTS

Life of Oscar Collister.....	By Himself
Journals of Travel of Will H. Young.	
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CHAPTER 96

STATE HISTORICAL BOARD

Session Laws 1921

DUTIES OF HISTORIAN

Section 6. It shall be the duty of the State Historian:

(a) To collect books, maps, charts, documents, manuscripts, other papers and any obtainable material illustrative of the history of the State.

(b) To procure from pioneers narratives of any exploits, perils and adventures.

(c) To collect and compile data of the events which mark the progress of Wyoming from its earliest day to the present time, including the records of all of the Wyoming men and women, who served in the World War and the history of all war activities in the State.

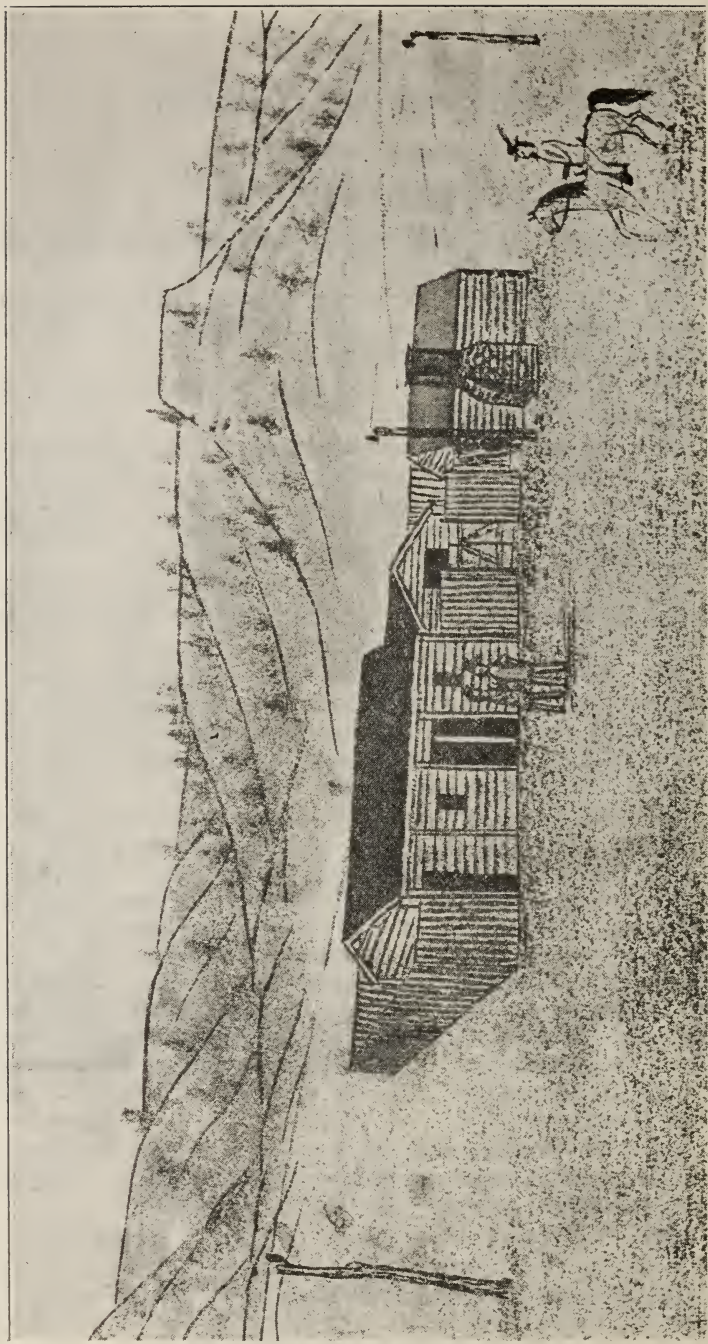
(d) To procure facts and statements relative to the history, progress and decay of the Indian tribes and other early inhabitants within the State.

(e) To collect by solicitation or purchase fossils, specimens, of ores and minerals, objects of curiosity connected with the history of the State and all such books, maps, writings, charts and other material as will tend to facilitate historical, scientific and antiquarian research.

(f) To file and carefully preserve in his office in the Capitol at Cheyenne, all of the historical data collected or obtained by him, so arranged and classified as to be not only available for the purpose of compiling and publishing a History of Wyoming, but also that it may be readily accessible for the purpose of disseminating such historical or biographical information as may be reasonably requested by the public. He shall also bind, catalogue and carefully preserve all unbound books, manuscripts, pamphlets, and especially newspaper files containing legal notices which may be donated to the State Historical Board.

(g) To prepare for publication a biennial report of the collections and other matters relating to the transaction of the Board as may be useful to the public.

(h) To travel from place to place, as the requirements of the work may dictate, and to take such steps, not inconsistent with the provisions of this Act, as may be required to obtain the data necessary to the carrying out of the purpose and objects herein set forth.



Horseshoe Station, Idaho Territory, 1865. South of Horseshoe Creek on the Telegraph and Emigrant Overland Route.

Annals of Wyoming

Vol. 7

OCTOBER, 1930

No. 2

LIFE OF OSCAR COLLISTER, WYOMING PIONEER, AS TOLD BY HIMSELF TO MRS. CHAS. ELLIS OF DIFFICULTY, WYO.

(Continued from July Number)

In a small cotton-wood and box-elder grove on Deer Creek was enacted an interesting ceremony. A young Sioux squaw passed away in a small temporary camp, and her remains were disposed of according to custom. The Indians would never bury a body if it could be disposed of by putting it on a scaffold in a tree. Accordingly this body was wrapped in blankets and robes, and placed on a scaffold which was made in a cotton-wood tree. All the ornaments she cherished were wrapped up with her. In a day or two a young warrior led a fine pony under the scaffold stepped back and fired an arrow into the pony's heart, killing it instantly. The spirit of the pony was the available conveyance for the spirit of the squaw to ride to her destination, the "Happy Hunting Ground," which was supposed to be "many sleeps away," according to their method of gauging distance.

Early in April in 1862, the operator at the Three Crossings of the Sweetwater called Deer Creek, and announced that their (the Three Crossing's) horses had been turned out to graze and had been stampeded by a band of Indians, and taken away.

Captain Love went immediately to Bisonette for information as to the probable route the Indians might take to get back to their own territory. He learned that the most probable route would be by way of Powder River. The Commissary Sergeant was instructed to prepare for a march. The bugle sounded boots and saddles, and all but three or four men were detailed for action. The excitement was too much for me. I asked the Captain if he was willing I should go with them. His answer was, "Yes, but put on this and take your place in the ranks." The thing offered me was a sabre which I gladly and proudly accepted. I was unable to communicate with the general office to obtain permission to leave, but arranged with the next

operators both east and west to look after my section in case of wire trouble and I took my place in the ranks.

We had two efficient guides and it took us two days to reach the place where the trail which the Indians were believed to have taken intersected the one the troops were following, but found no sign of them. We loitered along, taking our time and returning by another route. We were out eight days, but failed to find either Indians or horses, and I learned that I had not even been missed when I met the assistant superintendent about a month later.

In the summer of 1863 a man named Bozeman, accompanied by an old time mountaineer and guide, whose name I have forgotten, arrived at Deer Creek from Montana, having staked out a trail from the town of Bozeman to Deer Creek along the east slope of the Rocky Mountains; one that would shorten the distance of the then existing route to Montana from points east of the Missouri River.

They established a camp and started in to divert emigrants destined to Montana. They were not long in gathering a sufficient number of wagons to make a good sized party, and started out to establish the new trail, going directly down the old trader's trail to Powder River, thence to Lodgepole Creek. Here they awoke one morning to find themselves surrounded by Indians and their route blocked. No hostile demonstrations were made, or calls for a pow-pow to explain. This condition continued for several days. Finally two men volunteered to make a trip back to Deer Creek to report to the military officers and get an escort. They studied the situation for two or three nights, always watching for a chance to escape, before they found an opening that they considered safe. They succeeded in getting out unmolested and came through all right.

Lodgepole Creek was about a hundred and fifty miles from Deer Creek, so these men had no little journey to make in order to report this predicament. The situation was reported to Fort Laramie, and a company of sixty cavalymen were immediately started for the scene of the trouble, with orders to take them through to Montana, but the night they crossed the North Platte, a telegram came cancelling the order to escort them to Montana, and instead, instructing that they be escorted back to the old Mormon trail at any point they might choose east of the South Pass. The last order was obeyed and the party was next heard from at South Pass. One of the party of emigrants, having lost one of his horses, by death, was obliged to abandon the trip. As he had formed a favorable opinion

of me while camping at Deer Creek during the formation of the Bozeman party, returned to Deer Creek and took up his abode with me for the winter, devoting his time to trapping beaver and coyotes, which proved a financial success.

With the setting in of a very severe winter and a limited activity among the traders, and only about a dozen soldiers commanded by a sergeant, life in Deer Creek became very monotonous. Not being able to cook, I was compelled to board with parties who had squaw wives, and somehow I failed to appreciate their abilities in the culinary line. I did not complain but I quietly counted the days still to be endured, before I could hit the trail again for the still farther west.

Spring came at last and with it came a visit from the assistant superintendent. At my request he consented to wire the California State Telegraph Company, recommending me and stating that I was honorably released by the Western Union Telegraph Company.

I was approached one day by a friend with this statement, half question and half assertion. "They tell me there is no such thing as sentiment or romance existing among the Indians," whereupon the following story was reluctantly related by me.

The stolid, undemonstrative appearance of the Indian is not entirely due to their lack of humanity, but largely to habit and strict cultivation of indifference to emotions; the same with the squaws as with the men.

It was an almost daily occurrence for squaws with or without papooses on their backs to come to the barracks, particularly where the telegraph instrument was located, to stand around an hour or two chattering among themselves, and watching closely the movements of all about the place. The soldiers would sometimes attempt a flirtation but without any response. On perpetual observation I learned that there was a sentiment covered up by modesty, or habit, and that attachments were possible without exposing the fact.

This first appeared to me in a business transaction. A sergeant wrote me from Fort Laramie to procure for him a pair of white buckskin moccasins with three initials in various colored beads on the instep, and sent a full skein of each color of beads to be used. I took them to a Frenchman's squaw to do the work, and soon afterward received the finished article, artistically done, and most of the beads were returned with the moccasins. As the beads were, although expensive, no use to either the sergeant or myself, I gave them back to the squaw. Imagine my surprise,

when a few days later the Frenchman presented me with a duplicate of the first pair of moccasins. He refused to take any pay, and assured me that it would deeply wound his squaw if I offered to pay her, because she had adopted me as her brother. The gift of the beads on my part and of the moccasins on her part made the ceremony of adoption complete, according to the Indian custom, and as the ratification was complete, I accepted the situation.

A few months after this a small party of Indians pitched their tents at Deer Creek, and were not long delayed in making their tour of inspection of the barracks. One of the squaws, young, and not so bashful and indifferent as the others, and also much superior in looks in appearance, was immediately attracted by the telegraph instrument and manifested her awe and wonder when she found out what it was used for. She made a regular visit every day, always accompanied by her chaperone, and as she had a very limited knowledge of the English language, became quite an interesting and amusing variation from the usual show. She soon gave me to understand that she was a relative of my adopted sister which gave her unusual familiarity—a very plausible foundation.

We were never together except out in the open observation of all those about the barracks. She was soon known as my Juanita. She gave her name as "Bright Star" in "white man talk." It was a popular custom among the Indians when a child was born to open the wigwam and let the mother look out for inspiration in choosing a name for the child, and the first appropriate object seen was selected. Hence in the case of Bright Star, the morning or evening star on duty at the time of her birth was the probable source of her name.

When their time to move on came, I received a short but unexpected visit from Bright Star. Early in the morning while the roll call was occupying everyone but the captain and myself, both being still in our bunks, Bright Star and her chaperone came in at the door and came straight to my bunk. I was awake and they told me this was a "good-bye visit." I was quietly asked if I wanted Bright Star for my squaw, and when to shorten an embarrassing situation I used one of the common terms of the country, "When the grass is green," I was immediately caught around the neck and kissed, and my visitors escaped through the door just as the lieutenant, returning from roll call entered. Fortunately for my peace of mind, neither the captain or the lieutenant had witnessed the last act of the good-bye visit, or I never would have heard the last

of it. The next and last meeting of Bright Star and myself was a still greater surprise and revelation of an unsuspected characteristic of native lore.

I had received notice that I was soon to be relieved as telegraph operator at Deer Creek, and was sitting alone in my room meditating on my future, and thinking of the years that had passed since I had first come to the wilderness. It was evening and perhaps a little of that loneliness for which we cannot account and which so often creeps over us when the day is done was with me. The door opened and a squaw entered, and in the dim twilight I immediately recognized her as Bright Star. Walking straight to me she took hold of my coat and said, "Come." Blindly I followed her, not knowing what to expect. She went outside and behind the building, where she stepped out into the moonlight, then turning to me she told me in solemn and serious tones that she had come to warn me.

She had had a vision or a dream—it was hard to tell which, that my life was in danger, that I would be shot in the back by an arrow and she had seen me, Mela Hoska Chischela (my name among the Indians), and herself in the Happy Hunting Grounds. The medicine man had told her that I must go away over the high mountain when the sun and moon went to sleep; that war between the whites and Indians was on and that an Indian brave who did not like Mela Hoska Chischela would kill him.

She had ridden in from a camp some miles from Deer Creek to tell me to go quick, and I would meet her in the Happy Hunting Ground after many sleeps.

Bidding me an affectionate farewell she mounted her pony and rode away. Two days later I was on my way to Salt Lake to report, and before I reached there the Indian War of 1864 to 1868 had commenced.

But before I leave my story of my experience in and around Deer Creek, I wish to say that I think I was the first man to tell anyone that there were stores of kerosene in the soil there. I had occasion when I came to Deer Creek to clean up my cabin, and in doing so I found a lot of bottles, empty and partly filled, and among them I found a bottle of crude oil. Bisonette had seen accounts in the papers of coal oil being used in the states for lights, but he did not know what it was. I tried to explain to him the best I could. He used to come over nearly every evening and visit with me for a while before bed time, so this evening when he came I got the bottle of crude oil and asked him what it was and where it came from. He said it was tar and was used to cure sores on horses' backs, such as sad-

dle galls. I told him it was crude oil, and he was greatly surprised and told me that there was a spring on the Poison Spring road a little above the Guinard bridge where it collected in large pools. The following summer the company sent me a ten gallon can of kerosene and a lamp for office use. For months I had to exhibit that lamp to the Indians who visited Deer Creek.

After spending two and one-half years as telegraph operator at Deer Creek, I went to Salt Lake City, in the spring of 1864, but I did not go alone. The telegraph operator at the Guinard bridge went with me to Webers Canyon, where a position awaited him. His name was Solon Willey. He had gone ahead of me to Fort Laramie. From there we went to Fort Halleck, and then by stage to Salt Lake, he stopping at his destination on the way. I did not remain long in Salt Lake, but went to Nevada where I spent the next two years. I did not meet Solon Willey any more until I was called back to Ohio two years later on account of the sickness and death of my mother, then I met him in Salt Lake. He had then been promoted.

On my way from Deer Creek to Fort Laramie when I was leaving for the West, I had an interesting experience. The Indian war had broken out already at Fremont's Orchard, and I had told a band of Cheyennes who were camped five miles west of Deer Creek, and a number of them came to me on their way to Fort Laramie, to notify the command at the Fort that they were coming on a peace visit. They wished me to notify the officers at the Fort to this effect, and I did so.

On the day I left Deer Creek for Fort Laramie, I met a party of Sioux half-breeds with their squaws at Little Boxelder Creek. The body consisted of several members and among them were two of the half-breeds who had laid plans to kill me two years before. With me was a soldier (a private), whom the sergeant in command at Deer Creek had sent along with me, as conditions at that time did not warrant anyone traveling alone. After we had crossed the stream, I remembered that I had taken a key with me through mistake, which I should have left, and turned back to ask the half-breeds to take it back to Deer Creek with them. When I turned around on the bank of the creek, I saw they were signalling me to come back. When I got back to them, they asked me if I knew of the settlement at Fremont Orchard, and I told them I knew all about it. They then told me they were hurrying back home because they had been told that war parties were coming on that line, and in fact were expected that day. They warned me that

I was in imminent danger in case I met a war party, for the soldier would certainly be killed. I probably would be spared, but my horse would be taken from me. When I went back to the soldier boy I explained the situation to him, and advised him to go back, but this he absolutely refused to do. "I am ordered to see you safely through or die in the attempt, and I am not seeking a court martial trial," he said.

As we could settle the question no other way, we went on. On the LaBonte hills we passed the band of Cheyennes who had asked me to herald their coming. With only a few adventures of minor importance, we arrived safely at Fort Laramie, where I found my friend, Solon Willey awaiting me, and also my very intimate friend, Jim Bridger, the famous old guide of the whole north-west. I had no trouble getting out of the region of danger, and entered a zone where I enjoyed life very well for two years, when I was called east to my mothers bedside.

You asked me about Joseph Slade, but I do not care to discuss him at any length. I cannot say much good of him, and I know a great deal about him otherwise. He left his headquarters at Horse Shoe one year before I left Deer Creek. We clashed once, but when he found out that I was not French, he let me alone. I had a partner from Pennsylvania, who was a member of the vigilance committee that executed Slade in Montana, but my friend never disclosed the reason for the execution. Perhaps it was many reasons put together, and maybe he had committed a crowning sin at that particular time—I never knew. Slade was an officer in an organized band of thieves and robbers. The vigilance crowd had their muster roll and he was a lieutenant.

When I left Nevada to go to my mother in Ohio, whom the message I had received stated was dying with tuberculosis, I had to go fifteen hundred miles by stage to get to a railroad. The trip required many weeks of anxiety for me, only to meet with heart-ache at the finish.

I passed through the country which later became Wyoming, in the spring of 1866. I had just passed through here when an armistice was signed with the Indians, but war again broke out before I reached home.

In 1869 I returned to the west and found the Union Pacific Railroad was well toward completion, and what I had known as Nebraska was reduced by the creation of the Territories of Dakota and Wyoming.

At Sidney, Nebraska, I found a train dispatcher with whom I had worked in Painsville, Ohio. He put me to work

for the railroad, first at Potter, and other stations along the line, until my partners arrived from Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, and then we went to Rock Springs on the train and from there to South Pass in a wagon. We had the "gold fever" and prospected around South Pass, Miner's Delight and Willow Creek, but found it not to be a very prosperous layout. My partner, Caldwell, became disgusted and returned to Pennsylvania that fall.

In July, 1870, I went to Green River, and from there to Laramie where I was employed as night operator and sent to Medicine Bow. After my sojourn in the Bow I was transferred to Carbon, where I was day operator and assistant agent. I had not been in Carbon long when the agent there left the employ of the Union Pacific road, and I became his successor.

In 1871, a young lady, Lou Hawley, who was a sister to Wm. Hawley, the first sheriff of Carbon County to be elected by the people, arrived in Carbon, from Illinois, and intended making her home with her brother. She looked good to me, and I seemed to be equally attractive to her. On one occasion Wm. Hawley said in my hearing that his gun was loaded for any man who tried to capture her. Miss Hawley and I took the dare, and told him to get ready for the tragedy, for we were engaged and were ready to take the consequences. However, the bloodshed was not great, and as "love laughs at locksmiths" we were married on November 26, 1871, at Rawlins, and went immediately back to Carbon where we made our home. My wife is twelve years my junior, but nevertheless we have been happy together all these 58 years. Similar to other lives, ours has been filled with clouds and sunshine, joys and sorrows, but the consolation we have always found in each other, has tided us over the rapids, and now that we are on the sunset side, our presence to each other means all.

I acted as agent at Carbon until 1874, when I was made superintendent of the mines there, which position I held until I quit the Union Pacific altogether.

I served one term as Supervisor of Carbon County, and was County Commissioner until 1876.

As the election approached in 1876 I was urged to run for the Territorial Council. I did not want it, but I saw that the office was going to be forced upon me if I did not beat off the nomination, so when the delegates to the convention were chosen I let them name me as one of the delegates, and the night before the convention I took one of my stationary engineers aside and told him my proxy was ready for him, for I wanted him to go to

the convention and vote in my place. I told him I depended upon him to see that I was not nominated for the Council, for I would not accept the nomination if given me, and for him to tell the convention that I had reasons they could not overcome for doing this.

I thought I was doing the proper thing, for the Union Pacific paid 90% of the taxes in the state and they ought not allow their employes to hold such an office as legislative positions. I won out, and I never regretted an act as greatly as I did that one before I was through with it.

The day after the convention the man who represented me there, came into my office to ask for something needed in his work. D. O. Clark, head of the coal department was in the office with me at the time. I asked my representative about the convention and was informed that he was compelled to give my ultimatum before they would give up, and then they had nominated a merchant from Rawlins. When the man went out, Clark simply fumed. He told me that the General Superintendent Clark had asked him about that election, and inquired if I would not run for the council, and D. O. had said that I would run and that I would be elected. The superintendent had answered that that would be fine and added, "If he needs help, give it to him, and if he is elected have a man picked to take his place the day after election and send him out to work. Collister must go east to study legislation in all states that are in the coal mining business, and procure copies of their mining laws, and the results of the same. Remember that Wyoming has no mining laws and we need some. Let him go through until the session is over. His pay goes on here, and his wages and expenses go on with him also."

I knew I had made a mistake, but there was nothing to do but await results. I was advised that trouble was coming, and I felt within myself that my informant was not in error. I was told confidentially that the Chinese were to be put in the mines in Rock Springs as soon as the blow was struck, but I was asked not to make any demonstration until the union men struck, but to have all the stations I filled, well supplied with coal. My part was carried out to the best of my ability.

After the strike was over, and without any warning, D. O. Clark came to me with the statement that I was to turn my position over to a man who had been sent out to take the place of warden of the Penitentiary, but for some reason was not wanted there. Mr. Clark could tell me nothing except that I was to report to Mr. Shanklin, superintendent of that division, as soon as I turned it over. I

did so and was told to take a fourth class station on the road. It took me about half a minute to convince Mr. Shanklin that I would do nothing like that.

I soon fixed up my affairs and stayed around Carbon about a month before I left for the west. In Ogden I met the traveling auditor of the road, and was advised to go back, as I was mistaken for I was registered as a first class agent, and the place offered me by Shanklin was merely to hold me until some other first class office was ready for me, as there are only five first class stations on the road. To my later regrets, I did not take his advice, for when I went to see Mr. Musgrove whom I had known on the Union Pacific, he too told me I was wrong, and that the auditor who advised me in Ogden was right. I have seen the Union Pacific but once since that, and that was when I visited Mrs. J. S. Jones in Denver, twenty years ago, and at that time Carbon was wiped off the map.

Now to return to my family history. The results of my marriage to Lou Hawley was three sons, Tom and Stanley being born in Carbon, and Howard, the youngest, in Portland, Oregon. The eldest son, Tom, was killed in a train wreck, and the youngest, Howard, died of typhoid fever. Stanley is at home in Santa Rosa, California. He is the father of two girls. One of his daughters is in turn the mother of four daughters, and all live in Chico, California, where her husband is professor of the State Teachers College of California. Stanley's youngest daughter is attending the University of California and preparing herself for a teacher.

My wife and I have a very comfortable little home in Santa Rosa, California, and although her eyesight is gone, we feel that we have other blessings bestowed upon us, as hand in hand we go on down to the end of the trail.

JOURNALS OF TRAVEL OF WILL H. YOUNG, 1865

(Contributed by Mrs. Dwight E. Aultman, wife of the late commanding officer at Ft. Russell, now Ft. Francis E. Warren.)

(At that time Mr. Young was a lad of 19 or 20. He came out from his home in Missouri and spent a year as clerk in the store of the Post Trader, Mr. Ward, at Fort Laramie. The journal from which these extracts are taken covers half of that year.)

April 22. Arrived at Nebraska City.

April 27. The Calypso landed this morning with the Ward goods.

May 1. Began loading the train today and filled four wagons, putting about 5,150 pounds in each. Weather pleasant.

May 2. Occupation same as yesterday. Loaded eight wagons. Weather cool.

May 3. Loaded eight more wagons. Weather good.

May 4. Very warm today. Still loading and finished by noon, making 24 wagons in the train. Now for a little work copying the freight in the "train book" and getting everything ready generally. Will start in a day or two.

May 5. Today has been rainy and I have been copying and comparing. From the amount of nuts, peaches, wines and all other good things sent out, I think the inner man will enjoy himself very well out at Laramie.

May 8. Busy all this morning "hitching up." The Mexican is pretty sure with the lasso. Started the train at noon. Quite a long string of wagons.

May 9. This morning Mr. Ward and I rode out to the train and overtook it at the Nine Mile House, with one tongue broken. Soon fixed a new one, and the train moved on, all of the mules pulling finely. We left them about twelve o'clock and drove home between two fine horses in a good buggy. Weather cool and cloudy.

May 10. Today has been cold enough to freeze—almost.

May 11. A telegram today says the ambulance leaves Julesburg for Laramie every Sunday morning. So I think I shall start Monday.

May 14. Today is Sunday. I had one of the best kind of dinners at Mr. Ward's: oyster soup, beef and ham, two or three kinds of bread, eggs, pickles, tomatoes, coffee, good genuine milk, butter, well made, oyster pie, unfermented pie, pineapple and juice, peaches with abundance of splendid cream and other good things.

Fort Kearney, N. T.

May 17. Started from Nebraska City Monday morning, May 15th. Good road, all prairie country. Traveled at tolerable speed. On Monday night we had a very hard storm. The rain poured in torrents, drenching almost everything. In consequence of the storm one of the stages laid over, putting us behind six hours. Yesterday, the 16th, was a pleasant day, the roads dried up and we traveled finely. Saw a few antelope on the roadside, too far off to shoot with pistols. Passed through a town of prairie dogs, but being asleep at the time and having the curtains of the stage drawn, I did not see them. Last night arrived here about ten o'clock without accident. Slept on the floor with my

blanket for a covering, and satchel for a pillow. Now waiting for the stage.

May 17. Left Fort Kearney in the coach about 4 P. M.

May 18. Still lumbering along in the coach. Dined at Cottonwood Station.

May 19. Julesburg. Arrived here about noon and will have to stay till Sunday. I think if I had to remain longer I should starve. Nobody to cook anything but soldiers. The provisions in the sutler's store are barely palatable. This magnificent city has one log house and two "dobies." Soldiers' tents scattered all around.

May 20. Saturday. Very pleasant out of doors. Last night slept out in wagon. Rested very well, though got cool about day.

May 21. Sunday. Slept in the wagon again last night. Indians made lots of noise. Started for Laramie five o'clock. Got across the Platte in an hour and a half. Now 7 o'clock and getting supper in camp. I'm the only passenger. All the rest soldiers.

May 22. Have traveled about 35 miles today and am now camping on Pole Creek.

May 23. At noon today arrived here "Mud Springs," 28 miles from Pole Creek. Some anxiety felt among the soldiers caused by the fright of the mules and horses in the night, but all arose this morning still in possession of our scalps. Living on hard tack and hard coffee.

May 24. Made 40 miles today. Passed Court House and Chimney Rocks. Now camping on the banks of the North Platte in an old log house with dirt roof.

May 25. Fort Laramie. Arrived here about 2 o'clock A. M. As we came in sight two Indian chiefs were seen dangling in the air. Two Face and Black Foot, expiating their crimes, which have been too numerous and filled with treachery. All the Indians near the garrison are now in bad humor and persons are rather careful about going too far from the protection of the fort.

June 1. Busy today taking inventory of the stock in the store.

June 4. Sunday. At 2 o'clock I, with the other officers, went to a dog feast and ate some dog, oysters, fresh peaches and drank some coffee. I could not tell the taste of dog from any other kind of meat; it was quite a delicacy, though I should not care to make a regular thing of such feasts.

June 11. Had some splendid ice cream for dinner today. All the Indians were started for Julesburg today.

June 14. News this evening of the Indians revolting at Horse Creek, killing Capt. Fouts and making their escape across the Platte, created a little excitement in the garrison. Col. Moonlight with a force of about 80 men started in pursuit.

June 16. Much speculation about the revolt—no news.

June 18. Sunday. Our train is in and camping tonight at the Bridge. Will be busy now for a few days.

June 19. The train drove in this morning and business has been the word all day.

June 20. Exceedingly busy all day and until 11 o'clock tonight, opening and marking goods. Had for dinner today, oysters, cream and peaches, champagne wine, besides substantial.

June 23. We opened the store this afternoon and had an exceeding rush of business.

June 28. Unusual weather for this time of year. Fire feels quite comfortable.

July 1. Gen. Connor arrived today and all his staff, a good deal of style displayed. The brass band is now serenading the General and the newly married couple. A marriage in the garrison is of infrequent occurrence.

July 2. Had a "big" dinner today; oysters, wine, strawberries, ice cream and sponge cake were the most important things. Very warm.

July 3. Business has been pressing. Cash sales \$1,000.

July 4. Store closed at noon. A salute was fired at 12 by Capt. O'Brien.

July 6. Gen. Henry arrived today and a salute was fired in his honor.

July 8. A man named Simpson was drummed out of service today to the time of Rogue's March.

July 16. The paymaster arrived today, so now, I suppose, the soldiers will have plenty of money.

July 18. Gen. Henry started for his battery in Richmond today. Went to the Laramie Minstrels last night.

July 30. Last night the Kansas troops mutinied, being camped about a mile from the garrison.

Aug. 6. Now nearly all of the soldiers are gone.

Aug. 17. Business dull. The weather has been exceedingly warm, reaching 100° today.

Aug. 30. Today Maj. Gen. Dodge arrived here, the first major general who ever honored Laramie with a visit. Salutes were fired and an extra dinner at the House on the occasion.

Sept. 2. Gen. Dodge left for Powder River today. Business yesterday and today exceedingly brisk.

Sept. 5. The train arrived today and tonight we are very busy opening goods.

Sept. 9. Maj. I. L. Mackay started home this morning after having been absent from his family four years. He had long been anxious to leave this part of the country.

Sept. 20. On Sunday, the 17th, I had the pleasure of attending another dog feast where I met Maj. Gen. Dodge, Brev. Maj. Gen. Wheaton, Gen. Williams, two or three majors, and a host of captains and lesser lights. The dog was good, besides many other delicacies.

Sept. 24. Sunday. Warm. Went fishing. No luck.

Sept. 29. Gen. Connor returned today from his Powder River expedition. Reports about 1,000 horses frozen to death during a severe storm.

Oct. 7. All week soldiers have been returning from the Powder River expedition and business has been quite brisk. General Connor, his wife and staff, started for Salt Lake City today.

Oct. 11. Today has been cold and tonight we sit by a snug fire, listening to old Maj. Bridger's gold stories and we all conclude to go with him to the gold regions next spring.

Oct. 15. The Indian Ribbs arrived about 10 o'clock and now arrangements will be made for sending out for the Sioux and making a treaty.

Oct. 19. Big Ribbs started on his Indian mission today gorgeously arrayed in fine clothes and brass buttons. We had cabbages and potatoes for dinner today. Potatoes at \$15 a bushel and cabbage at 50c per pound, i. e. four and five dollars per head.

Nov. 9. Gen. Wheaton left today for his headquarters in Omaha.

Nov. 14. Today Col. Magruder arrested about 30 bullwhackers for mutiny, refusing to go any further with the Huron Mining Co. of Montana.

Nov. 29. For 20 hours the wind has blown a hurricane. Everything is covered with dust.

Dec. 7. Thanksgiving Day. Went skating.

Dec. 9. Wind and sand almost intolerable.

Dec. 12. 22 below zero at 8 a. m.

Dec. 13. 29 below zero at 8 a. m.

Dec. 15. A difference of 40° between yesterday and today. We had a good time in our room tonight. Maj. Bridger and Gunn created lots of fun with Indian dances.

THE FORGOTTEN BATTALION

(Being a short chronicle of some of the hardships and conditions endured by Indian war veterans in the Phil Kearney massacre of December 21st, 1866, and the Wagon Box Fight of August 2, 1867, as chronicled by William Murphy.)

I will give my experiences from the time I left Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, April 7, 1866. We marched to Fort Kearney, Nebraska, arriving there May 15, having marched every day, Sunday included. We passed or were passed by all kinds of rigs going in both directions, but mostly immigrants and bull trains. The immigrants were passing the finest kind of land for farming purposes, but one could travel without seeing a settler's house anywhere after the second day out. Buffalo and antelope were plentiful.

On arriving at Fort Kearney, we were issued two days' rations consisting chiefly of seven hardtack. Each hardtack was about four inches square and three-eighths of an inch thick. The balance of the rations were in the same proportion. The explanation given us was that the quartermaster in charge of the stores of rations had run short. A hungry man could have eaten the entire two rations at one meal and asked for more.

On May 18th I was assigned to Company A, Second Battalion, 18th U. S. Infantry. We left Kearney the 19th and marched to Julesburg, where we built a scow to ferry across the South Platte River, which was running bank full. On trying out the scow, we found it would not work owing to the quick-sands and shallows. In places the water would be only two or three inches deep while a few feet away, there would be seven or eight feet of water. Two of our men got caught in the quick-sands and were drowned. We finally crossed by having a long rope stretched from man to man, strapping our guns and equipment to our backs and holding to the rope. Some of the men were up to their arm pits in water and some traveled nearly dry shod. We were ordered not to stop for anything, for if we did we would get stuck in the quick-sand.

Nothing more of an exciting nature happened until we passed through Scott's Bluffs. There an eight-yoke bull-team stampeded with two wagons loaded with parts and equipment for a saw-mill, and ran down a steep hill to the North Platte. I do not believe any of the steers were alive when they got to the bottom of the hill. This saw-mill was intended for Fort Phil Kearney and arrived a month or six weeks later. This of course delayed us some in building the fort.

At this time, at Fort Laramie, army officers and Red Cloud and his warriors held a council but came to no agreement. The report that we men got was that Red Cloud had issued an ultimatum to the officers that he would kill every white man that crossed the North Platte. At that time there were Indians—Sioux, Cheyennes and Arapahoes—camping for a mile or two along the North Platte and Laramie Rivers and the Government was feeding them—at least to the point of giving them beef steers to kill. They ate them all but the hides, hoofs and horns without washing. At that time we were shown samples of their marksmanship with the bow and arrow. The young boys could hit a button, pencil or any small article at about thirty yards.

After the council, we left Fort Laramie, crossed the North Platte at Bridger's Ferry, and after that we had a picket line outside of the guards. We kept this up till we built the stockade at Phil Kearney. The order of the day was in putting a guard to work building the stockade and our barracks then went on picket at night. Every other trick had one night in.

We arrived at Fort Reno about the first of July and that afternoon while the stock were grazing near camp, with some of the mules, being picketed, some hobbled and some being herded by a number of the men, a heavy hail storm came up with hail stones as large as pullets' eggs. Evidently the mules and horses thought it was no fit country for them. We had had some trouble about an hour previously in getting them to ford the Powder River, but they went back over it as though it were dry land. The animals that were picketed pulled their pins; the hobbled ones and even the stock the herders were riding all stampeded. The herders finally stopped their horses two or three miles from where they started. A company of cavalry from Fort Reno, with the herders, trailed the herd all night and it was overtaken at Pumpkin Buttes, some forty-five miles from the Fort. We got the stock back the next evening. If there had been a few Indians with their spears and buffalo robes, they could easily have had a herd of six or seven hundred head of horses and mules, and it is extremely doubtful if Fort Phil Kearney and Fort C. F. Smith would have been built had this happened.

I was detailed the next day to help load some wagons with provisions from the store-rooms at Reno. The ware-rooms were built of cottonwood logs, chinked and daubed with mud and having dirt roofs. Some of the daubing had dropped out and snow had drifted in. The dirt roofs also leaked and added to the dirty mess. (The soldiers made

great improvement in that Fort in the summers of 1866 and 1867.) We loaded up some sacks of bacon. I do not know how old it was, but the fat had commenced to sluff off from the lean and it was from three to five inches thick. There was a lot of flour in the store rooms and the mice had tunneled through it and the bacon, evidently for some time. Third of July was pay day and we received four months pay. There was some bootlegging, but very little drunkenness in those days. One method I saw here for punishing drunkenness was on this day, and one of the worst cases of cruelty I saw in the army. At the guard tent four stakes were driven into the ground and the drunken soldier was stretched at full length and tied to them. This was called the "Spread Eagle." The sun was beating down on him when I saw him, and I thought he was dead. Flies were eating him up and were running in and out of his mouth, ears and nose. It was reported that he died, but in the army one can hear all kinds of reports. I only saw that one case, but heard they started the same thing at Fort Reno a month or two later and caused a riot or mutiny. The commander gave the soldier his discharge as a compromise.

Our next camp was "Crazy Woman" (1) and was reached after marching for twenty-eight miles on a very hot day with no water except what we carried. The water was found to be very bad after we reached the North Platte, with the exception of one camp—I believe they called it Brown's Springs. (2) Most of the water was impregnated with alkali, which had a bad effect on lots of the men. Many of the soldiers had bad feet, owing to being forced to wear woolen socks in the hot weather, but no other kind was issued. Add to this the fact that there was only one ambulance available for sick soldiers, as the women and children had all the others in use, and you have a picture of what it meant for a soldier to be sick.

After crossing Crazy Woman, we found a wide bottom-land on the north side and the road entered a long ravine, coming out on top of the divide going towards Buffalo Wallow. (3) This was a bad place and the Indians killed several people there during our stay in the country, stripping, mutilating and scalping the bodies. They may still be buried there, as we dug holes along the side of the road and then dropped the bodies in, covering them with rocks when possible to keep the wolves and wolverines from digging them

(1) Crazy Woman—a tributary of Powder River.

(2) Brown's Springs—Some 40 or 50 miles northwest of old Fort Fetterman.

(3) Buffalo Wallow—About 12 miles north of where the Bozeman Trail crossed Crazy Woman and a short distance off the road on the right hand side going north.

up. Sometimes an Indian would dig up the body and drag it down the road.

The next bad place was Buffalo Wallow. Several were killed there—immigrants, citizens and soldiers. We buried them as described above, and at every camp ground from C. F. Smith on, there are one or more bodies. Buffalo Wallow and Crazy Woman, however, were the two worst places between Fort Reno and Fort C. F. Smith.

We arrived at the forks of the Big and Little Pineys the 13th or 14th of July. For some reason they picked out a location about seven miles from the timber and from five to eight miles from any hay bottom. A Federal Judge who had been a judge of one of the territories was with us. I believe he had something to do with the selection of the location of the Fort, as he and his partner had a bull train. There was a man who was surely "on to his job." He was a good diplomat. He made love to men, women and children and lived at the fort most of the time. His partner ran the teams.

About the middle of July Phil Kearney was staked out. Up to the 17th of July we hadn't seen an Indian and had commenced to think the threat of Red Cloud at Fort Laramie was just a bluff, but the rest of that summer from July 17th, 1866, and continuously thereafter until July 14th, 1868, he was on the job. There was hardly a day passed at Phil Kearney, up to December 21st, 1866—the date of the massacre—that we did not see Indians and the others at Fort Reno and C. F. Smith had about the same experience. The usual order of the day was to make a forced march to the relief of some immigrant or freight train. In most cases the Indians had taken their toll and gone before we arrived. On July 17th the Indians killed an Indian trader at Peno Valley, about four miles north of Phil Kearney. The Indians killed French Pete Gayzous and his five men, ransacked his wagons and stripped, scalped and mutilated the men. He was married to a Sioux squaw. She hid in the bushes until the soldiers rescued her. She was at the fort for about two months and left one night.

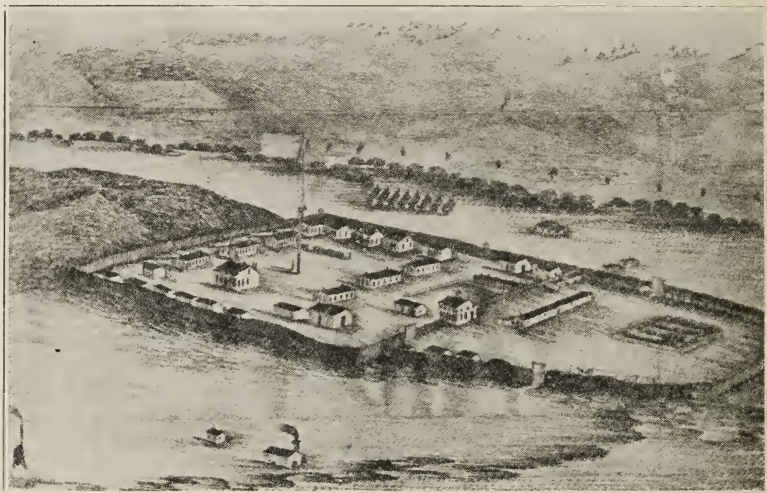
The same day the Indians ran off what we called our "dead herd." They were mules and horses that had sore necks, sore backs or were crippled. Some were crippled at the stampede a few days before. It took several men all day to drive them from one camping ground to another fifteen to twenty miles away. That day also three men were wounded and two killed. One man—John Donovan, of my company—was wounded twice, once with a poisoned arrow. One of the men received an arrow wound and an-

other a bullet wound. When the herd stampeded they ran across the Pineys and we could scarcely see them for the cloud of dust they raised. The mounted men followed until nearly dark but only found four dead animals.

About July 20th, Orderly-Sergeant Lang of my company and I bought two fresh cows from an immigrant train. No one wanted to work in the kitchen, so I volunteered in order to be able to take care of the cows morning and evening. It was not known that I had any interest in the cows or it might have caused some trouble. We had a first class baker in the company who volunteered to do the baking and cooking. At that time the Government did not furnish cooks or bakers. They simply furnished the rations and the soldier could cook them himself or eat them raw if he saw fit. They furnished no vegetables. We cooked soup, bacon and coffee and dished it out to the men in their cups and plates—we had no dining room. We boiled everything. I believed the bacon would have killed the men if it had not been thoroughly boiled. As it was it surely came near to it that winter. During the winter of 1866 and 1867 the bacon and flour I had seen at Reno was given to us. The flour had been hauled sixty-five miles and handled several times. The result was that the refuse left by the mice was well mixed with the flour and we found a number of dead mice in it also. As we could not get a sieve, we manufactured one out of a burlap sack by pulling out some of the strings and nailing it on a wooden frame. We got most of the larger refuse out. The bacon, where the fat had commenced to sluff off from the lean, was yellow with age and bitter as quinine. Some of the worst we shaved off, but we could not spare too much. One reason why our rations were so scanty was that flour was worth \$100.00 per sack and bacon, coffee and beans proportionately. The companies of those times had no quartermaster or commissary sergeants and two or three men would be detailed to go and get the rations. They were piled out in a heap and you could take them or leave them.

At this time the Second Battalion of the 18th Infantry was divided up by leaving two companies at Fort Reno to relieve two volunteer companies. Four companies went sixty-five miles north of Reno and built Fort Phil Kearney. Two companies went ninety miles farther north and built Fort C. F. Smith on the bank of the Big Horn which left four companies at Phil Kearney. I was among those left at this place. We started in building the Fort Phil Kearney stockade, which was six hundred feet by eight hundred feet. The logs were set three feet in the ground, projected

eight feet and were hewed on two sides to a touching surface. We built quarters for the officers, ware-rooms, sutler's store, guard house, stockade for the mules and quarters for the men. There were approximately two hundred and fifty men at the Fort, but I could not vouch for the exact number. I was a member of Company "A" of forty-eight men. Company K was the largest and had about sixty-five men, if I remember correctly. Some time after we established the Fort, Company "C" of the Second U. S. Cavalry arrived with some sixty men which made about



Fort Phil Kearney in 1857, from a sketch made by Bugler and Nicoli of the U. S. Cal. Courtesy of Major A. B. Ostrander.

three hundred all told. Some reports stated that we had a mounted infantry, but that was a mistake. They were about thirty men who were detailed out of the Infantry company at the Fort.

On December 6, 1866, the wood train was attacked. In itself this was nothing unusual, as it was an every day occurrence. Colonel Carrington, with Company "C" of the Second Cavalry and some mounted men, went to its relief. The Indians retreated and crossed the Pineys and Carrington followed them and was nearly trapped. This was two or three miles north of where the massacre occurred December 21st, following. It was at this time that Lieutenant Bingham and Sergeant Bowers were killed. Carrington himself had charge of the command. Bingham was on the skirmish line and was on the right flank with Sergeant Bowers and John Donovan. Carrington saw his danger

and had the recall sounded. That left Lieutenant Bingham, Sergeant Bowers and John Donovan cut off by the Indians. They dismounted for a short time, but decided that their only chance was to run the gauntlet, as their commander had retreated to a higher point. Lieutenant Bingham and Sergeant Bowers were pulled off their horses by the Indians. John Donovan was armed with a Colt army revolver and a single shot Star carbine using a copper cartridge, the same as a Spencer carbine. The revolver, he told me, was all that saved him when the Indians were on each side of him trying to pull him off his horse, for just in the nick of time he shot one on each side. He was a bunkie of mine and a good man and was a Civil War veteran. We both belonged to the same company—Second Battalion, 18th U. S. Infantry. He told me that Bingham was unarmed except for a cavalry sabre.

The Phil Kearney Massacre, December 21, 1866.

We had a fine fall, with cool nights, and on this day the wood train left as usual, about seven o'clock, to go to the timber. As I remember, we mounted guard as usual at eight o'clock. I was in the Orderly-Sergeant's office giving him the money for the milk when the Orderly gave him the order to have Company "A" go to the relief of the wood train. They "fell in" in front of our quarters, which was the men's northwest quarters of the garrison. The main gate was at the north end of the stockade. The road ran by the west end of the quarters and passed by the adjutant's office and all officers' quarters, to the government store-rooms and into the stock corral. The bastion of the stockade was at least two hundred feet from where the men fell in in front of the quarters. I was standing right there and saw the men start on a double quick and go up over Sullivan's hill. From the position of the troops, the guard could not have heard any command given, for he would have had to hear the command through the buildings. Captain Fetterman was the captain of Company "A." Fetterman was at the fort for only a short time, not over fifteen days, from my recollection.

I did not see the mounted men go out. They never passed through the main fort, but went out either the east or the west side of the stockade where the stock was kept. At the noon hour we could hear volleys plainly, and they continued for a long period of time. About two or two-thirty, Colonel Carrington ordered reinforcements of about forty-five men under Captain Tenyck to go out. They went at a double-quick, or as fast as they could, until they came to the crossing of the Big Piney. Cool nights had caused ice

to form on the edges of the stream, but this stream was hard to cross at any time of the year. The men had to remove their shoes and stockings to get across. At that time Colonel Carrington's orderly, a man by the name of Sample, met the reinforcements and told Captain Tenyck that the men were all dead and that the Indians were all over the ground where the men had been. Some of the men said that this was Sample's second trip out with information. I could not say, as I saw him but once for certain. In reply to this, Captain Tenyck said that there were not enough Indians in the country to kill the men. He advanced along the road with a few men on each side on the ridges as skirmishers. When they got to the top of the divide which separates the Piney Creeks from the Peno Valley, where the men had been stationed, they found that the Indians had withdrawn from where they had massacred the soldiers and seemed to be rehearsing the battle. They were shooting, shouting and charging up and down the hill over and over again. I suppose the hill must have been as much as a mile away from where the men were massacred. Our first thought was that the battle was still going on, but a man from my company by the name of McLain who had been with the haying party and was familiar with the road, said, "There are the men down there, all dead." Sure enough There was at that time a large stone that had the appearance of having dropped from a great height and thereby split open, leaving a space between the pieces men could pass through, which made a good protection for a small body of men, I should say for about twenty-five or thirty. Around this rock was where the main body of the men lay. There were just a few down on the side of the ridge north of the rock, not more than fifty feet from the main body. Along down the ridge, farther north and east, we found the bodies of Captain Brown, the two citizens, Wheatly and Fisher, and also a man of my company by the name of Baeber. They were scalped, stripped and mutilated. They must have put up a hard fight, as they were all armed with breechloading rifles and a lot of empty shells lay all around. The Indians had given Baeber an extra dose. It looked as though they had first stripped him and then filled his body with arrows, as they were sticking out of him all over like porcupine quills. He had straight black hair and looked something like an Indian himself. He had passed through the Civil War, as had three-fourths of the men that were killed. In some reports of the massacre it was stated that the men were ambushed, but looking over the ground anyone could see, and can now see, that they had

a very good position for the arms that were used in those days. There was no stampede or ambush. Col. Carrington sent two empty wagons and an ambulance, and possibly one box of ammunition of one thousand rounds (certainly not more than that.) These conveyances were used in bringing in the dead. There was not even one load, 20,000 rounds, in the three forts. They started out with twenty rounds each and undoubtedly used some of this on their detail work before the massacre. We had known for a long time that we were short of ammunition.

On the ground around the rocks there were thousands of arrows, a lot of which were picked up by our men.

It was customary, I understood, to have the guards have target practice when they came off guard, but our guns were loaded when we got into the Indian country and were kept so. We had no target practice of any kind. At the time of the massacre they tried to show that Captain Tenyck showed cowardice and took a roundabout way, but this was not true. One thing was sure about Tenyck—there was no cowardice in his make-up. He could not have taken a roundabout way if he wanted to do so, as his command was in plain sight of the fort. There was an Indian riding around near where the bodies of the dead were lying. He hollered for the men to come down. Captain Tenyck told some of the men to go down and load the wagons and ambulances with the bodies. All of the bodies were stripped, scalped and mutilated with the exception of two who were not scalped but the Indians had drawn a buffalo bag over their heads. We returned to camp without firing a shot. It was dark when the 45 men under Captain Tenyck returned to the fort.

At the fort all was excitement. The magazine at the fort was a half dug-out located on the parade grounds. The men worked all night there building a stockade all around it with green planks and putting water and provisions inside in case of a siege. The next afternoon Colonel Carrington with about fifty men went after the balance of the bodies. They dug a long trench and put two or three bodies into each box.

A day or two after the massacre the weather turned bitterly cold and the men were badly frozen trying to bury the dead. There was a heavy fall of snow which drifted the roads and ravines badly. The Master of Transportation had left some time in November and with him in his pockets went the money for our supply of wood and hay. It was reported that he went to Canada. We had to go seven miles for pine wood for the officers. The men got green cottonwood from the Piney bottoms and fed the tops

to the mules. The poor mules ate holes through the logs in their stables. We had to go to Reno, sixty-five miles away, for corn. The snow was very deep and it took several days to make the trip. The men suffered terribly as there was no shelter for men or mules and they were three or four nights out on the road. The mercury dropped to twenty-five and forty below zero and kept that way for about six weeks. Our shoes were made of cheap split leather and the shoddy clothes that were furnished at that time were not any protection. One thing in our favor was that after the first few days storm we had very little wind. Burlap sacks were at a premium and saved our lives. We wrapped them about our shoes to keep from freezing, for there were no overshoes or rubbers to be had at the fort. A few years later soldiers were furnished fur overcoats and overshoes. Some time the 1st of January reinforcements arrived, marching on foot from Fort Laramie. They had had to shovel snow all the way. Their arrival made our conditions, if anything, worse, for they had no provisions and no feed for the stock. Two companies of Cavalry that came to the relief of the fort returned at once to Fort Laramie. They had brought some extra ammunition with them which we needed badly. Most of the men were badly frozen.

In the early spring we were issued some cornmeal, ground at the fort. We were not as badly off as the men at Fort C. F. Smith. They were abandoned from the middle of November, 1866, until March, 1867, and corn was about all they had to eat. I am of the opinion that the officers thought that the men were all killed at the time of the massacre and no one was left. We didn't have a stick of wood three days after the massacre. The slabs from the mills were used in roofing the barracks and these were all covered with dirt except the officers' quarters and all of the buildings in the stock stockade. The cull slabs were used by the mills to keep up steam. The wood and hay all went to Canada with the Master of Transportation. About the first of March two sergeants—two men that should have monuments, but forgotten—volunteered to go to Fort C. F. Smith and see what had become of the men there. The snow was very deep and they went on snow shoes. They finally returned, bringing some Crow Indians with them and a lot of mail packed on dogs. The men at all three forts were out of tobacco and some of them seemed to miss that as much as their rations.

In the spring of 1867 General John E. Smith arrived with recruits. They had been snowed in all winter on the Platte River where Fort Fetterman was built later. After

his arrival, there was a great change at the fort. Men up to this time had worked at all kinds of work. There were all kinds of mechanics in the army, and they had built the fort, driven teams, etc., but had had no drill or target practice. General Smith put all extra men working at extra pay at 35c per day. We had target practice for the first time. This was expensive, as the government charged twenty-five cents per cartridge to the men if they were short. We received a couple of orders from Omaha, Nebraska, Department of the Platte, never to shoot at an Indian until he shot at you. It was undersigned by General Crooke. He wanted us to save the ammunition, I suppose.

The spring of 1867 also was the time the effects of the spoiled flour and bacon showed up. All of the men that were at the fort at the time it was established got the scurvy. Some lost their teeth and some the use of their legs. In the spring when the grass came up there were lots of wild onions, and the scurvy gang was ordered out to eat them. The writer had to get out on his hands and knees for some time and then the general order came not to let the men dig onions, as some of them at Julesburg had been poisoned, but we went out just the same. We thought we might just as well die at once as to die by inches. The Government carried these men on the roll until their time was up. There were several of my company discharged at Omaha on the first of March, 1869. In this way they avoided the necessity of giving a pension, as would have been compulsory if let out as they they should have been. I remember one man they gave a "Bob-Tail" discharge to because he got drunk a few days before his time to be discharged. I do not know what became of him, as both of his legs were as stiff as posts from the hips down. A lot of men who should have been discharged for disability were thus carried or gotten rid of by some other means and did not get the pension they were justly entitled to.

At Omaha Barracks I saw another cruelty similar to the one I saw at Phil Kearney in 1866. A member of Company "C" had broken some of the rules, just what I do not know now if I ever did. His head was shaved and he was branded with a hot iron and drummed out of the army. At that time it was suicide to go a mile from the fort, for the Indians watched the road constantly, but this did not seem to matter. The day for carrying out the penalty had arrived, so he was drummed out. About that time there was a bull train coming in and I suppose they picked him up. I had thought that this custom was just a way the officers of Fort Phil Kearney had of punishment, but by February

or March, 1869, there had been four or five men drummed out of the Omaha Barracks. In each instance the men were branded with a hot iron, their heads were shaved, they were marched around the fort with a fife and drum playing "Poor Old Soldier," and then drummed out. (The cruelty was not all practiced by the Indians.)

General Smith was a strict officer, but he was just. Our rations were better and things went along smoother. After the massacre, the Indians did not show up again until some time in May, owing to the condition of their ponies, I suppose. They then commenced to attack the trains again but we had more men to guard them by that time. In the summer of 1866 a detail of about seven men was the limit. In the summer of 1867 it was about twenty men.

The Wagon Box Fight

About July 1st, twenty men were detailed from Company "A" to guard the Gilmore and Porter bull train. They had the wood contract and had established their camp about six miles from the fort. They used only the running gear to haul the logs on, so used the wagon boxes to form a corral about two or three hundred yards from the timber. The logs were hauled out to the corral and the teams circled around the corral, and some loaded and some hauled logs and top-loaded at the corral. They could haul a full load from the corral to the fort, but only a small load out of the timber. These logs were some sixteen to eighteen feet long. August second, the day of the fight, the Indians charged up to these wood piles which were fifteen or twenty feet from the corral. The wagon boxes were of the "Prairie Schooner" type, about five feet high, with an extra board about fourteen inches high to go on top of the boxes. These wagon boxes had no lining whatever.

On July 31st, the Indians had tried to drive off the cattle that were grazing between the Pineys about a mile from the foot of the mountain. They tried to stampede the cattle, but the men at the corral ran out on each side and stopped the cattle. The Indians tried hard to get a civilian by the name of Brown. Some of the soldiers at the corral managed to give the Indians a hot time and several were hurt before they abandoned the idea and picked up their men. A boy about fifteen years of age was with the civilian and hid in the brush and was not injured. Both this man Brown, and the boy, were in the Wagon Box Fight, the only civilians in the fight.

I was with a detail of six men and a Corporal guarding a train a mile or so from the Gilmore and Porter train. We saw the skirmish, but took no part in it. The corral was

burned the day of the Wagon Box Fight, and the Indians followed the men to the timber and tried to burn up some of the oxen. They fastened them to trees, but only killed five or six head. During the years we were there, the Sioux Indians never followed the men into the timber, but seven men were killed by the Blackfeet Indians in the timber.

It was on August 1st that Company "C" relieved twenty men of Company "A." Company "C" was a strong company and General Smith knew the Indians would be after revenge. About eight o'clock, August 2nd, the men on the picket hill saw a large body of men (Indians) on the east side of the Big Piney and signaled the fort. The picket hill was south of the fort, and one could see all over the valley and watch the wagon corral and the men from the time they entered the timber or came out and all the way down to the fort. The men at the corral saw the Indians about the time the picket did. They cut port-holes through the unlined wagon boxes, scattered the ammunition along the boxes, removed the end-gates so they could move freely around the circle and piled ox-yokes and logs at the two ends of the corral which was circular in form. Smith immediately called out most of the available men to go to their relief and though he had been sick for some days he went with his men as far as the foot of Sullivan's Hill. The relief got there in time and the men at the corral were surely glad to see them. They were a hard lot to look at. The day was hot and the sun was beating down upon them in the wagon beds. The smoke from their guns had colored their faces and they looked as though they had used burnt cork on their faces. Red Cloud was fooled this time. Red Cloud with 3,000 warriors could not defeat thirty-eight men.

Up until about the first of June we had been armed with the old Springfield muzzle loading rifles. The men at the Wagon Bed were armed with needle guns, single shot, using a copper cartridge. They were good for eight to ten shots and after that it was necessary to eject the shell with a ramrod, as the ejector cut a groove in the rim of the cartridge. There were thirty-eight men in the corral and the Gilmore and Porter men that the soldiers were guarding were in the timber,—some fifty or sixty men, soldiers and civilians. The Indians did not molest them.

In the summer of 1867 the Government built a log cabin some three hundred yards from the fort and on the banks of the Big Piney, also a foot-bridge for the Indians to cross. There were about two thousand Crow Indians on the east side of the Big Piney. About the same time that the Indians came, there were six 6-mule Government teams

that arrived with goods for the Indians. There was an Indian agent at the fort whom we called Doctor. I will not give his name, for he is now gone where all good preachers go. The soldiers guarded the cabin, the agent and his goods. We also had a guard on the end of the foot-bridge to keep the soldiers from visiting the Indians. The Indians had also put a guard on their end of the bridge to keep the Indians from crossing the Piney.

We thought the goods were to be given to the Indians, but judging from what I saw, the Indians paid several times the value of what they got. For a folding pocket glass about three inches across, a beaver skin or two buckskins was the price. The goods consisted of beads, calico, blankets and all kinds of trinkets that an Indian would like. Our interpreter, John Sted, was busy for about ten days. The six 6-mule teams went back loaded with furs. When the Doctor got back to Omaha he published a long article in an Omaha paper, stating that a foreigner could travel anywhere on the plains and not be molested by the Indians. I noticed, however, that he had a guard of twenty men all the way to Fort D. A. Russell. (4)

The Crow Indians were not very well pleased with the treatment they had received and the young ones got quite ugly. When they went away they passed by Gilmore and Porter's wood train and helped themselves to what they wanted. They got a pile of ox-bows and two of the Indians would pull to see if they could pull it straight without breaking it. The bows were of good hickory, but owing to the dry climate some of them broke, which made Mr Porter angry, and he knocked one of the Indians down with one of the broken bows. The Indians then went away. It seemed that they wanted the bows to make a bow.

There were Indian camps scattered about along the Piney all the time after the first winter. The old squaws were inveterate beggars and a hard looking lot. They were dirty, their hair was matted and most of them had nearly all of their fingers cut off. I thought at first that they were frozen off, but later learned that this was the way they mourned for their dead. I still believe that they were frozen off, as they were beasts of burden, packing wood through the snow, sometimes for long distances, and with poor tools with which to cut the wood. The men folks and younger squaws burned the wood as fast as they could get it in the winter time.

(4) Fort Russell—Name changed to Fort Francis E. Warren by Act of Congress effective January 1, 1930.

Iron Bull was the war-chief of the Crows at that time and ruled with an iron hand. General Smith asked him to keep the Indians at their camp. He put a guard at the east end of the bridge, but some of them would ford the Piney and get into the fort. The Indian police, armed with rods six or seven feet long, would get after them and if they caught any of the squaws or bucks would give them a good flaying. I saw one Indian at our quarters, whom the Indians had whipped with their switches. He got angry, and as he had smuggled a bow and arrow, he stood them off. One of the police hunted up a chief. When the chief got there he hit the troublesome Indian on the head with his tomahawk and he was a good Indian, maybe ever after. The Indians dragged him off to their camp.

One day when the Indians were trading at the cabin they tied an Indian to a tree and the squaws and children with switches, sticks and stones, punished him severely. I only saw the last part of the show. The Indian broke loose and the squaws and children scattered. After knocking over some squaws, he lit out over the bluff with very little, if any, clothing. At first we thought he was a Sioux or a Cheyenne prisoner until we saw his head. He had the hair trim of a Crow Indian. We inquired of several Indians as to what he had been doing and finally one said, "He heap bad Indian. He never come back." The Indian men were looking on but took no part in the performance unless perhaps they had tied him to the tree.

When the Crows were at the fort they would hold war dances lasting most of the night. When a war party got to camp we could tell by the action of the squaws what success they had had. Sometimes the squaws would go up over the bluffs crying.

Some may not understand how they scalped the dead. They ran a knife around the edge of the hair and took off all the scalp. Some tribes cut the scalp up in small pieces and braided in it with their own hair, making a "scalp lock." They then are, in their own estimation, heap brave and look pretty and they smell, oh, so sweet!

The summer of 1867, the Second Battalion 18th U. S. Infantry became the 27th U. S. Infantry, and that year a treaty was made with the Indians for the abandonment of Forts Reno, Phil Kearney, C. F. Smith and the Bozeman Road. The Indians were not to molest us and were to be peaceable, but that made no difference to Red Cloud or Spotted Tail. They were never known to keep a treaty.

The great game country along the Bozeman Trail was a myth. All the time we were in that country I do not

believe I saw more than a hundred buffalo. It was a fine grass country, however, I only speak of the country along the Bozeman Trail. There may have been buffalo east of that where Campbell and Crook counties are now.

About the first of June General John E. Smith was called east and Captain Hart had command. He was a good man.

We asked Jim Bridger how the Indians lived in the winter, and he replied that only for their ponies and dogs many of them would starve. Some of them also went to the Government Posts. It has been said that Red Cloud was a great warrior. Here is a typical example of his actions: The picket hill at Fort Phil Kearney overlooked the fort and one could see a man with the naked eye and could count all the men in the post. The Indians, however, had field glasses and spy glasses so they could easily count the men. After the pickets retired for the night the Indians would get on the picket hill and copy all of our signals for the enjoyment of those in the fort. After the massacre, we had not more than a hundred men, sick and wounded included, while Red Cloud had six or eight thousand men. The Crow Indians told us the next summer that at the time of the massacre, Red Cloud got his warriors together to take the three forts, changed his mind and decided to take Phil Kearney first, then divide his warriors and massacre the troops at Fort C. F. Smith and Fort Reno, but the eighty-one men put up such a stiff fight he gave it up as a bad job. Think of it,—eighty-one men were too tough to be palatable for Red Cloud and six thousand warriors! We abandoned the three forts about the middle of July, 1868, and marched to Fort D. A. Russell. After living so long away from where there were any vegetables and having a lot of cripples with the scurvy, we thought the Government would furnish vegetables, but not one vegetable did we get. The men chipped in mostly and traded bacon, coffee and flour for vegetables. During the three years I was in the army the Government never furnished us with any vegetables. Ours was indeed a **"Forgotten Battalion."**

After a rest of about four days, my company (Company "A") was detailed to guard the U. P. Railroad from Sidney, Nebraska, to Cheyenne. Six men and a "non-com" were at each station with headquarters at Pine Bluffs, a distance of about fifty miles. I had charge of six men at Buford Station, about thirty-five miles from Cheyenne, Wyoming, and west of there. The rest of the regiment was sent down in Nebraska to hunt Indians on the Republican and Blue who had been killing settlers and freighters. The

soldiers captured a few prisoners and brought them back to North Platte, Nebraska. They were turned loose a short time later, given some rations and told to be good. I suppose they were until the next spring. Two Indians, chiefs, I think, were sent to Omaha Barracks, held for some time and then shipped home. In the spring of 1869 I went to work for J. W. Ilif, a cattleman. His stock ranged along north of the South Platte where the towns of Eaton and Greely are now located, thence east to Fremont's Orchards, Fremont, Nebraska, and north to the U. P. Railroad. He was the only cattleman in the country at that time. I rode all over the country from Fort Collins to Sidney and north to Pumpkin Creek and Laurence Forks, Horse Creek. One man, a Mr. Sims, had a few cattle on the head of Horse Creek and Dick and Dan Latham on the Fort Laramie Crossing. In nearly two years riding I never saw a buffalo. The report was that the Government had beat the Indian out of such a wonderful hunting ground. They said the whole country was full of game and made believe the Indians were robbed. As I remember the Indians were paid for every foot of land they took from the Indians. When I was working for Ilif the Indians would pass back and forth going south into Kansas and Nebraska and north up into the Dakotas and Wyoming. They burned one of our ranches in the winter of 1869. It was close to where Grover, Colorado, now stands, but we were all well armed and they kept clear of us. They left the trail occasionally and killed cows so they could get the unborn calves to eat. They left their mark sometimes along the U. P. They killed several people at different times. Once I remember was at Pine Bluffs, where they killed a nephew of "Pine Bluffs" Tracy. They took toll at the Bluffs several times, also at Sidney, Nebraska, and at Point of Rocks, west of Sidney. Some time about the middle of May, 1870, they ran off a band of Ilif horses from Simpson Canyon, Chalk Bluffs. The horses were at North Platte in possession of the Sioux Indians the next year. Once later in the spring of 1870 two of us were driving a herd of beef cattle to Cheyenne from Simpson Canyon. At Chalk Bluffs we ran into a band of Indians—seventeen in number. The Indians didn't start anything, and we did not, either. That was about seven miles east of Cheyenne. Many of the Indians we fought were peaceable at later fights. We had to fight them all at one time or another. At the time of the Custer Massacre, June 25th, for example, the Arapahoe Indians were on the Wind River Agency in Cheyenne, in the Indian Territory, being fed by the Government. The site of the Fetterman

Massacre, December 21, 1866, was about sixty miles south of the Custer field and ten years earlier in time.

For a year or two before the Custer Massacre, my partner, Peter Hamma, and I had a contract to haul Indian goods to the warerooms at Camp Carlin and some to the I. W. French warerooms on the corner of 15th Avenue and Eddy Street, Cheyenne, Wyo. The goods consisted of flour, bacon, coffee, sugar, hardtack and some boxes of merchandise. There was a large quantity of it. From Cheyenne the goods were freighted by bull trains and mules to a Red Cloud and Spotted Bull agency, Dakota. Some years afterward they moved the depot to Sidney, Nebraska, and freighted the goods from there, as it was a shorter haul. At the time of the Custer Masacre, Sitting Bull's children, squaws and old men were well taken care of at the agency while he was out killing settlers and stealing stock. Some writers said the old men and the squaws were the ones that mutilated the Custer dead, but this was not so, for they were not there.

In the latter part of the year 1927, Governor Johnson of Oklahoma made a statement printed in the Kansas City Star stating that the Indians always kept their agreements and all treaties, especially the treaty of 1867, laying all the blame on the Government for all of the Indian wars. I can only be charitable and credit him with ignorance and good intentions—certainly his statement lacked truth. This was directly opposite from most experiences of those having to deal with the Indians. I do not claim that all the wrong was one sided, but I do claim that the Indians could never be trusted and never paid any attention to the treaty in question. Red Cloud in particular, to the best of my knowledge, never kept a treaty he made.

I was at a reunion at Sheridan, Wyoming, in 1908 and was told that the Crow Indians were nearly **self-supporting** at that time, after thirty-five years. The Government had built quarters on the land, given them stock and teachers to show them how to farm and raise good stock and yet after **THIRTY-FIVE YEARS**, with all this assistance, they were **NEARLY SELF-SUPPORTING**.

Little publicity or public recognition has ever been given the Indian War Veteran and his accomplishments. They are indeed a **FORGOTTEN PEOPLE** and the only ones in American history so treated. They seem to have been put in the same class with the police in a city. They were so placed for the purpose of being shot at and abused. Their deeds were in a country little known and against an enemy that was not a national menace as in other wars.

The natural result was that they were shelved when other veterans were getting pensions and monuments. They traveled through snow and cold without shelter, and were expected to do the impossible, such as traveling fifty to a hundred miles in a day on foot to get to the scene of some depredation by Indians. The popular idea was that they were no good anyway. If the settlers that now enjoy their ranches in Nebraska, Wyoming, the Dakotas, New Mexico, Colorado, Arizona, Minnesota and all of the western states, would stop and think, they would find that at least one Indian War Veteran lost his life for every township in the entire territory described.

All of the old timers in Cheyenne will remember my bunkie, John Donovan. He had three arrow wounds, one from a poisoned arrow that left a running sore. He was also a Civil War Veteran. He tried to get a pension for many years. I suppose when they saw he was a regular soldier they pigeonholed his application, for he was rejected several times. He finally got \$16.00 per month. He died many years ago, but lived in the nine hundred block, East 22nd Street, in Cheyenne, Wyoming.

In 1908, when I went to the reunion in Sheridan, Wyoming, Colonel Carrington with his wife, five soldiers and two citizens were all we could rally. All but three are now dead. Mrs. Wheatly, the wife of the Wheatly that was killed at the massacre, married a man by the name of Breckenridge and lived on a ranch about five miles up the river from Fort Laramie. As I remember, she had two boys when she lived at Fort Phil Kearney. Lieutenant Colonel Grummond's widow married Colonel Carrington.

James Bridger was with us all the summer of 1866 up until late in the fall. If Col. Carrington and the officers had followed the advice of Bridger I do not think there would have been nearly as many of our men killed. He told the officers not to follow the Indians and to send more men on escort duty, but they thought he was old and did not know anything about Indian warfare. As I knew him, he was nothing like the Jim Bridger as pictured in the film, "The Covered Wagon," which I saw in 1926. I never saw him under the influence of liquor, and I know he did not have any squaws along with him. He must have been between sixty and seventy years of age at that time, but he was quite spry, was a good story teller and could speak the Indian language.

(Continued in January Number.)

JULY-OCTOBER ACCESSIONS

- Carroll, Major C. G.—Fortune, magazine published monthly.
- Clark, A. M.—Wyoming Masonic Bulletin and Utah Odd Fellow, magazines, published monthly.
- Omwake, John—Book entitled "Conestoga-Six-Horse Bell Teams," 1750-1850.
- Hilton, Huber C.—Map of the Medicine Bow National Forest, Wyoming.
- Beckwith, Frank—Picture of the Beckwith & Co. business card used at the time Mr. A. C. Beckwith was in partnership in the grocery business with Ben Gallagher and S. A. Megeath in Bryan City, Wyoming.
- Secretary of State's Office—Pictures of the following men who held the office of Secretary of State: Edward M. Lee, 1869-1870; John W. Meldrum, 1889-1890; Herman Glafcke, 1870-1873; A. Worth Spates, 1879-1880; George W. French, 1875-1879; Jason B. Brown, 1873-1875; Elliott S. N. Morgan, 1880-1887; Samuel D. Shannon, 1887-1889; Amos W. Barber, 1891-1894; Charles W. Burdick, 1895-1898; Fenimore Chatterton, 1899-1906; William R. Schnitger, 1907-1910; Frank Houx, 1911-1918; W. E. Chaplin, 1919-1923; Frank E. Lucas, 1923-1926.
- Holmberg, Mrs. Addie E.—Three poems written by Mrs. Holmberg: "Old Independence Rock," "Pioneers of the West," "An Apostrophe to Wyoming."
- Trail, Edgar B.—Original manuscript, "Life and Adventures of John Colter."
- Altman, Henry—Two pictures of Hereford ranch, Cheyenne, Wyoming. Mr. Altman's plans for the Cheyenne City Park in 1888. Map of Salt Creek Field. Lake Superior Iron Ores; Mine Production in Western States and Alaska; Copper; Mineral Paints; Iron and Manganese; Lead and Zinc; Miscellaneous Non-metallic products; Metals and Non-metals except fuels; Grazing on the Public Lands, with maps; Agricultural Development in Argentina; Indian Corn in Argentina; Alfalfa and beef production in Argentina; Progress of Beet Sugar Industry in United States; Coal and Lignite; Coal Fields in Montana; the Bull Mountain Coal Field in Montana, with maps; Coal Fields in Wyoming; Coal samples from various fields in United States; Oil Shale of the Rocky Mountain Region, with maps; Geology and Oil Resources in parts of California, with maps; Petroleum in 1915, 1916, and 1918; Mineral Fuels, 1912, 1915, 1918, and 1925, all with maps; Artesian Basins; Forests and Water in the light of Scientific Investigation; Preparing Land for Irrigation; Deep Borings of the United States; Underground Waters of Gila Valley, Arizona; Underground Waters of Southern Louisiana; Water Problems of Santa Barbara, California; Official publication of the States of Wyoming 1899. All of the above are government documents. Seven business documents. "Story of the Herefords," by Alvin H. Sanders. This is the story of Hereford Cattle and contains much history of Wyoming cattle and cattle owners. "Turner's Guide to the Rocky Mountains," published in 1868. This book contains much Wyoming history and gives a description of the old town of Benton. Benton was at that time the end of the Union Pacific Road. "The Treasury of Ge-

- ography," by Maunders, published in 1867, with maps. "Chronology of History, Art and Literature from the earliest period to 1856." Volumes 1, 2, and 3 of the General Gazetteer. This contains descriptions of various countries, states, cities, etc., and was published in 1823. Book of Lectures delivered by Dionyseus Lordner, LL. D., on the sun, comets, electricity, etc., and published in 1842.
- Pennsylvania Railroad—Nos. 1 and 2 of a series of twelve Pennsylvania Railroad Patriotic posters the originals of which were painted by the well known American artist, Mr. N. C. Wyeth.
- Deming, William C.—Files, correspondence, reports and other records of the Wyoming commission to the World's exposition at St. Louis in 1904, and Portland, Oregon, in 1905. Clarence B. Richardson was president of the commission and Mr. Deming was secretary. The St. Louis board was named by Gov. DeForest Richards and the Portland commission by Gov. B. B. Brooks.
- Meyers, E. D.—"Reports of the Governors of Wyoming, 1880-1890;" "Compiled Laws of Wyoming, 1876." From Hon. Henry Altman, given by E. D. Meyers.
- Myers, E. D.—Original poem, "The New Baby," written with pen and ink and signed "Malinda Nimetz, Cheyenne, Wyoming Territory, March 11, 1878." Blank sheet of blue-gray, lined letter paper at top of which is beautifully printed "Council Chamber of the Legislative Assembly, Territory of Wyoming, Cheyenne, 187—." The quality of the paper is very good and the lettering clear cut and very ornate.
- Marzel, John G.—"The Dinosaurs of Wyoming," by Roy L. Moodie, Ph. D.
- Shepherd, Rev. H. E.—Fourteenth Annual Session of the Wyoming State Conference, Methodist Episcopal Church, 1928. Saddle bags used by Rev. J. H. Gillespie, a preacher in Wyoming, 1889.
- Brown, Brig. Gen'l W. C.—Map of Raynold's Explorations. Picture of Robert Lindneux's painting, "The Slaying of Yellow Hair by Buffalo Bill, July 17, 1876." Small blue print containing two prints—one of the routes traversed by the Powder River Indian expedition and the other map of the region traversed by the three columns of the Powder River Expedition. Large blue print showing forty-one Indian battles with their dates, locations, names under which they are now known, etc.
- Jackson, W. H.—Four original pictures of early pioneer days in Wyoming: (1) Emigrant train in the vicinity of Chimney Rock. (2) Independence Rock with a covered wagon train camping for the night in the foreground. (3) Emigrant train crossing South Pass in Wyoming. (4) The different modes of travel in the early pioneer days.
- Madden, James L.—Copper token known as a "Jackson political token." This token is not quite as large as a fifty-cent piece, and is not a coin. Found ten years ago on the Cheyenne-Deadwood stage road in the vicinity of Hot Springs, South Dakota. Upon one side of the token is a picture of a turtle, bearing on his back a box with the words "Sub-Treasury" upon it, and on the other side is a picture of a running jackass with the words, "I follow in the steps of my illustrious predecessor." The date upon the

- token is 1837. A copy of the last order, General Orders No. 10, issued at Headquarters 36th Inf., U. S. Vols., San Francisco, Calif., Mar. 15, 1901. Letter from Associated News while Mr. Madden was writing for the "Big Horn River Pilot" relative to mineral resources of the Philippines, dated March 31, 1899, New York. Note from Captain H. A. Clarke, Bat. "A," Lt. Art., Wyo. U. S. Vols., to Major Stranb, Manila, P. I., who was Regimental Surgeon of 36th Inf. U. S. Vols.
- Madden, James L.—Roster of Battery "A," Light Artillery, Wyoming U. S. Vols., as printed on or about June 12, 1898. Metal (Concho) (Funk & Wagnalls Standard Dictionary) being the external ear (Spanish) of the blind of a horse's bridle, found within several miles of the State, Telegraph & Pony Express Station on Horseshoe Creek on or about 1912, 1913, or 1914.
- Lambertson, Eva G.—Booklet containing fourteen original poems.
- Fox, Mrs. George W.—Copy of diary kept by George W. Fox in 1866, telling of his journey overland through Wyoming.
- Staack, Henry B.—Original manuscript entitled "The First Christmas Tree in Wyoming," which tells the story of the Missionaries from the Iowa Synod who decorated the first Christmas tree for the Indians.
- Kline, M.—Original manuscripts entitled "The Hated Fort on the Little Piney," "The Bozeman Trail," "John Phillips, a Hero of Fort Phil Kearney," "The Pony Express," "Lewis & Clark Expedition," "Frontier Days," "Ashley-Smith Expedition," "The Ashley Fur Men," "The Astorians," "The Discovery of Gold in the West," "The Oregon Trail," "Religion in the Early West," "Thanksgiving Day."
- Gray, Mrs. F. A.—Copy of the Daily Advertiser—Supplement, April 17, 1865, published in Boston, Mass., carrying the account of the assassination of President Lincoln.
- Hooker, W. F.—"Glimpses of an Earlier Milwaukee." Four pictures of site of his cabin on the LaBonte creek, of the dedication of marker, and of the men who dedicated it. On one of the pictures Mr. Hooker has sketched in his cabin with ink. Speech made before the Boy Scouts at Independence Rock on July 4, 1930. Reminiscences prepared for use at the Rock but not presented. Reminiscences presented at the dedication ceremony of the marker on the site of Bill Hooker's cabin.
- Henderson, Kenneth A.—Pamphlets containing articles on the Wind River and Teton Ranges written by Mr. Henderson.
- Ellison, R. S.—"Independence Rock The Great Record of the Desert," by Mr. Ellison.
- Goldstein, Abe—5691 Rosh Hashanah Edition—1930, "The Wyoming Jewish Press, Volume 1, Number 1, eighteen pages, Cheyenne, Wyoming, Monday, September 22, 1930. The copy of this new paper which Mr. Goldstein has given to the State is the first paper taken from the press. "The Wyoming Jewish Press" represents the first effort on the part of the Jewish people in Wyoming to publish their own paper. The format of the issue is attractive to the eye; the contents entertaining and informative. The paper is well edited.

Annals of Wyoming

Vol. 7

JANUARY, 1931

No. 3

Louis Le Claire 439

CONTENTS

Hooker's Cabin and Markers on LaBonte Creek-----	
-----	Albert W. Johnson
First Christmas Tree in Wyoming-----	Henry F. Staack
Story of the First Shot-----	Capt. I. R. McLendon
Dr. Edward Day Woodruff-----	By His Daughter
The Forgotten Battalion (Concluded from October Annals)	
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CHAPTER 96

STATE HISTORICAL BOARD

Session Laws 1921

DUTIES OF HISTORIAN

Section 6. It shall be the duty of the State Historian:

(a) To collect books, maps, charts, documents, manuscripts, other papers and any obtainable material illustrative of the history of the State.

(b) To procure from pioneers narratives of any exploits, perils and adventures.

(c) To collect and compile data of the events which mark the progress of Wyoming from its earliest day to the present time, including the records of all of the Wyoming men and women, who served in the World War and the history of all war activities in the State.

(d) To procure facts and statements relative to the history, progress and decay of the Indian tribes and other early inhabitants within the State.

(e) To collect by solicitation or purchase fossils, specimens, of ores and minerals, objects of curiosity connected with the history of the State and all such books, maps, writings, charts and other material as will tend to facilitate historical, scientific and antiquarian research.

(f) To file and carefully preserve in his office in the Capitol at Cheyenne, all of the historical data collected or obtained by him, so arranged and classified as to be not only available for the purpose of compiling and publishing a History of Wyoming, but also that it may be readily accessible for the purpose of disseminating such historical or biographical information as may be reasonably requested by the public. He shall also bind, catalogue and carefully preserve all unbound books, manuscripts, pamphlets, and especially newspaper files containing legal notices which may be donated to the State Historical Board.

(g) To prepare for publication a biennial report of the collections and other matters relating to the transaction of the Board as may be useful to the public.

(h) To travel from place to place, as the requirements of the work may dictate, and to take such steps, not inconsistent with the provisions of this Act, as may be required to obtain the data necessary to the carrying out of the purpose and objects herein set forth.



THE LABONTE STAGE STATION IN 1863

Annals of Wyoming

Vol. 7

JANUARY, 1931

No. 3

HOOKER'S CABIN AND MARKERS ON LA BONTE CREEK; HOME OF WILLIAM FRANCIS "BILL" HOOKER, WINTER OF 1874-5—A GLIMPSE OF HIS EARLY LIFE IN WYOMING.

By ALBERT W. JOHNSON

If you will shut your eyes to the present, and try to take the scene back to October, 1874, you can visualize Bill Hooker busily engaged in building a dugout-cabin on the west bank of La Bonte Creek, twelve miles due south of the present city of Douglas. The year before, Mr. Hooker, smitten with the western fever, had come west as a railroad man, and as such was employed by the Union Pacific Railroad, at the "Railroad," which in those days meant Cheyenne, (east and west). He was not long a railroad man, because the gang he was in was soon fired to the last man, owing to the improper handling of a sidetracked car of liquid freight, to the detriment of the railroad company. The spirit of adventure heaving within, caught him in its folds, and we find him seeking employment as a "Bull-whacker" with a bull train loading at Camp Carlin, for their long trek to the army posts north and northwest of Cheyenne. Nath Williams was the wagon boss for John Hunton, who had the contract of hauling government freight, and who put Bill on the job. The hard life to which he was being initiated developed a robust constitution, and with all the hardships and exposure encountered on the trail, it is to his credit that nothing daunted or discouraged him. At first he drove the mess wagon, which followed the rear of the train, until advanced to whacking the lead team in the second section of the outfit—in a few weeks we find him a night herder for Charley Clay, another freighter, and then later again back with John Hunton's bulls, driving seven yoke on the Medicine Bow-Fort Fetterman trail. Like all westerners Bill, no longer a tenderfoot, passed from one employer to the other—John Hunton, Charley Clay, and vice versa, whacking bulls over the old trails until in the

fall of 1874, his heart answering the call of the wild, he decided to stake on La Bonte Creek and live Nature's life, like a true plainsman.

It was in August, 1929, that the writer, accompanied by the late James M. Abney, made an exploration trip to La Bonte valley to begin the work of locating Bill Hooker's dugout-cabin site on La Bonte Creek, and which was completed on July 1, 1930, by the exact and certain location of the camp occupied by Bill Hooker and his old soldier partner, Nick Huber, during the winter of 1874-5. To leave some mark to identify the spot in the future, a limestone slab, from the historic La Bonte Stage Station, less than a mile above, was selected from a pile corded on Mr. Fred Dilts' place about one-fourth of a mile from the Bill Hooker cabin location; before returning to Douglas that evening (July 1, 1930) a crudely chiseled inscription was engraved thereon by the writer, and a promise obtained from Mr. Dilts to place it in position on the old site of Bill Hooker's dugout-cabin, the location being on land owned at present by him. The marker has the following imprint:

SITE OF
BILL HOOKER'S CABIN
1874-5

The interest aroused in the find communicated to Mr. Hooker, who was in Casper participating in the festivities arranged for the Fourth of July celebration at Independence Rock in connection with the Covered Wagon Centennial, and my personal contact with him there, together with his friends, Mr. R. S. Ellison, Chairman of the Landmarks Commission, and Malcolm Campbell, his old wagon boss in the '70's; an arrangement was perfected by Mr. Ellison to provide an opportunity for Mr. Hooker and Mr. Campbell to re-visit the old wilderness home of Mr. Hooker, and with Mr. Ellison in his automobile the trip was quickly made, meeting an appointment with Mr. L. P. Bishop, Secretary of the Pioneer Association in Douglas, who accompanied the party to Bill Hooker's cabin site on La Bonte Creek. → C

Moved by the same spirit to perpetuate the spot by the placement of a second marker, a granite boulder lying about half way between the cabin site and the stream, was chosen, and Mr. Bishop chiseled thereon (July 6, 1930) the following inscription:

BILL HOOKER
1874

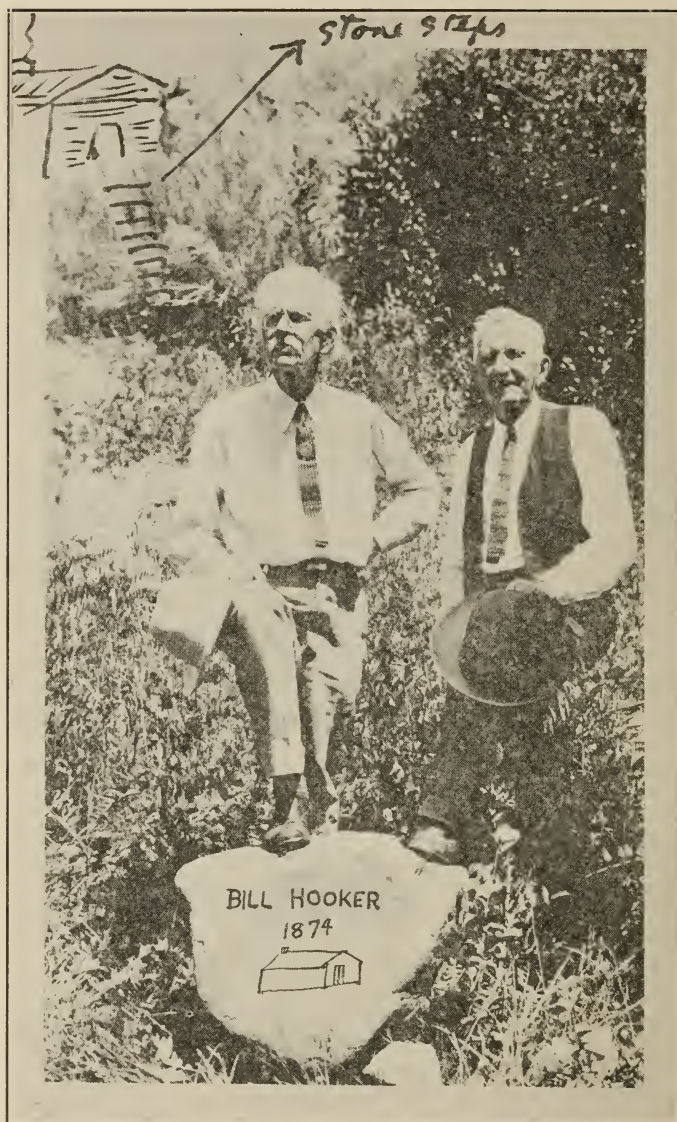
Underneath he engraved a picture of the cabin in outline.

At the completion of the marking the boulder with the above Rune—Bill Hooker (74) and Malcolm Campbell (91), standing back, each with one foot resting on the stone, had their picture taken, which has been preserved in this connection in the present issue of the Annals.

That future generations may know, a request was made on Mr. Hooker for a description of his cabin on La Bonte Creek (1874), incidents and life as he experienced it within the boundary of his immediate surroundings. Under date of November 19, 1930, he writes from his winter home in Florida:

"Your request for a rough draft of my cabin as it appeared in 1874 is a big order, but I am going to give you something that can be used as a guide for one who can draw.

My memory is not clear about the size of the cabin, but it was large enough for two of us to move about without running into one another. I should say it was fully fourteen feet in length and twelve feet in width, and high enough for us to walk about without striking our heads on the aspen rafters, which we split and covered with sod, a layer of sand, etc. The floor was a sort of clay, as I remember it, and quite solid after short use. Our bunks were made of crotched bits of trees with stringers laid lengthwise. On these we used staves of several barrels which had contained provisions brought from Fort Fetterman. On top of this was marsh hay, some old blankets and buffalo robes, and we slept very comfortably with only a gunnysack dropped down over the doorway. The fireplace, which I built myself, was of stones, some of which I identified last July, because they are still blackened after fifty-six years, and scattered about the neighborhood. The roof came even with the ground, we having dug into the solid earth, making an excavation that covered everything up to within a few feet of the front part of the cabin. The side walls were of small cottonwood logs, and the chinking was done with clay, and I think some grass mixed with it, so it was really adobe. I mentioned in a former letter to you that I made a bridge of a huge cottonwood log which I fell across the north branch of La Bonte Creek. I did not have an adz, but a two-bitted axe for this purpose. My chimney from the fireplace extended on a couple of feet, as I remember, above the surrounding mesa, which was covered with sage, prickly pear and cactus, reaching gradually the high knoll to the northwest, which you noted while there. This



(LEFT) PICTURE OF BILL HOOKER, 74 YEARS PLUS, AND (RIGHT) MALCOLM CAMPBELL, 91 YEARS OF AGE, TAKEN JULY 6, 1930, AT SITE OF BILL HOOKER CABIN ON LABONTE CREEK. MR. CAMPBELL CAME TO WYOMING IN MAY, 1867, AND HAS BEEN A RESIDENT OF WYOMING SINCE THAT TIME. MR. CAMPBELL HAS HAD A VERY INTERESTING CAREER. HIS PRESENT ADDRESS IS CASPER, WYOMING.

knoll was my lookout to which I repaired usually every morning at daylight to take a survey of the surrounding country, to see if there was any smoke. Frequently I made a circle of the cabin in the snow to discover any possible tracks, either of Indians or game, and on one occasion found that a moccasin track led directly to the chimney. This I followed, as I remember now, to a point across the Oregon Trail toward the North Platte River. Evidently this Indian was a scout from some camping party across the North Platte who had seen our smoke; but in the winter time, as you probably know, Indians were not as usual scalp hunting, but looking for deer, antelope or something of that kind. It was after the grass began to grow that they thought of lifting scalps. Mr. Hooker continues: Oh, yes, there was a splendid spring at the foot of the stairway made of flat stones that I built from the cabin door. This ran down to the big log which was beside the spring. It was also one of my first morning jobs to get a pailful of spring water for the cabin.

Our kitchen utensils consisted of several iron pots, a government camp kettle bought at the Commissary Department in Fort Fetterman, regulation government tin cups holding about a pint each, and tin plates, old fashioned wood handled case knives and forks, and a few things like that. We had no table, using our knees.

We had one full grain sack of navy beans, and they lasted us from October until June, and I think some were left when the Indians appeared south of the Platte, and we lit out for a safer place. There was always a pot of beans suspended over the fire on a rigging that I made from an old wagon tire and other pieces of iron that I found among discarded things near Bedtick Creek on the Oregon Trail. I doubt if there was ever a day for more than seven months that we did not have bean soup. We had plenty of bacon, and always the carcass of a deer or antelope hung head down on the front of the cabin."—Hooker.

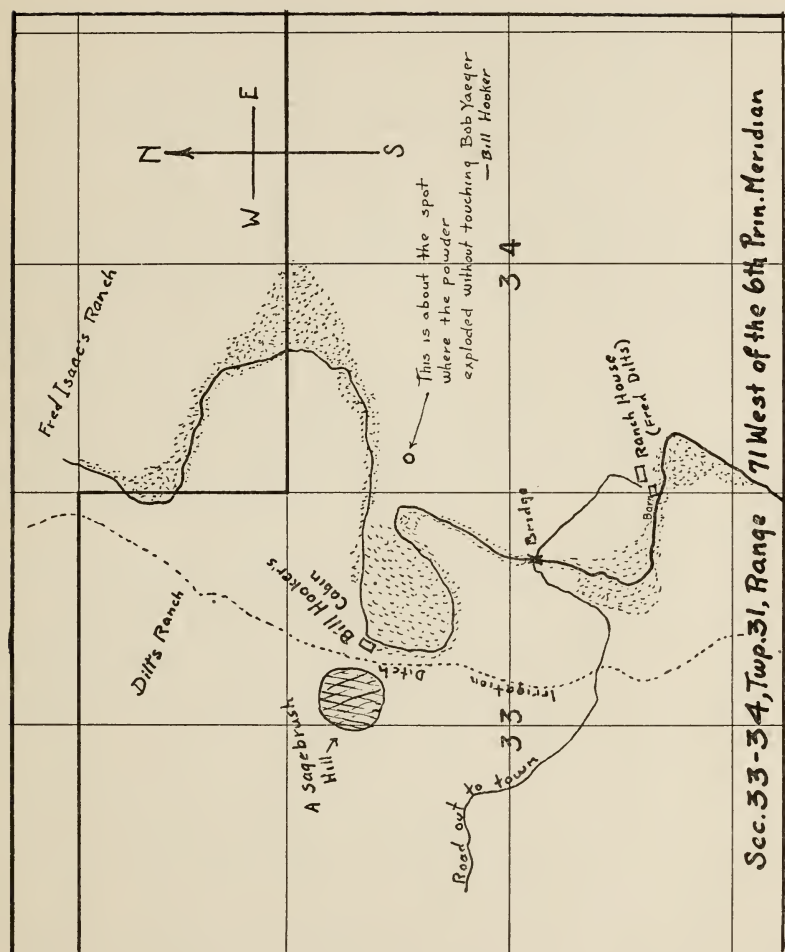
Bill Hooker, then only a youth of eighteen, living a primitive life on the plains on the far western frontier in Wyoming. Brave and capable as a man. For seven long months his sole companion was a half crazed old soldier (Nick Huber) against whom he had to be on guard constantly, for fear of bodily harm. Something unusual occurred—it was getting around to the season of Christmas, at least it appeared that way to Nick. A Christmas tree was discussed, and that likely one could be secured in the foothills of Laramie Peak to the south, which held the charm over La Bonte region, and on which we feasted our

eyes on clear days. Nick was the instigator of the idea, and it was agreed that he secure the Christmas tree, even if he had to go twenty miles for it, and that Bill would on the following day strike out for Fort Fetterman to obtain Christmas joy and a few dainties for the proper celebration of Christmas. Late that evening Bill Hooker arrived at the Suttler's store at the Fort, and was informed, to his surprise, that the day was Christmas. Having made his purchases and early on the morrow he started back over the frozen snow that covered the plain to Wagon Hound Creek and over the mesa to La Bonte Creek, reaching his abode there late at night, finding Nick decorating the Christmas tree—the first Christmas tree on La Bonte, a day late in the reckoning, but it was Christmas and Nick Huber celebrated his birthday that year a day late, and never knew the difference, for Bill kept his secret to himself.

I quote from Mr. Hooker: "We had no watch. No clock. No almanac. No thermometer, or anything to read. No book or paper."

The pioneer home in that Indian infested and wholly uninhabited country, a spot no one but a reckless youth and a homeless old soldier would try to live. Although it was winter, they chopped wood, with their rifles standing against the trees close at hand. No Indian, however, disturbed them while the snow was on the ground. They chopped, cross-cut logs for firewood, hunted a great deal, blasted all-dead frost filled cottonwoods, and put up during the winter one hundred cords of wood for government use at Fort Fetterman. The winter of 1874-5 was snowy and cold. It was nothing unusual to get game, for they could go out any time and get anything they wanted—elk, bear, deer, antelope and sage grouse.

Surely the Hooker cabin site should be recognized as an historic spot, surrounded as it is with so many interesting memories of the old days, marked for future generations, and a good record made of it in the archives of the Historical Society of Wyoming. Looking backward fifty-six years to the old days, Mr. Hooker says: He had no notion at all that it was a foolish and hazardous undertaking, although both felt that they might be attacked by the Indians; but that for some reason never felt at all unequal to a battle between a thousand of them single handed or with old Nick at his side. Isn't it funny? But youth and foolish old men are liable to do most anything.



William F. (Bill) Hooker holds membership card No. 1, (Honorary) in the Pioneer Association of Wyoming, and feels proud of the honor conferred upon him by the association, often recalling the fact with appreciation.

Wyoming's pioneering days are over, and those few pioneers who still remain this side of the Divide, carry the story of the old days of privation and a life full of hazard. Among that little company we still count Bill Hooker, active and with an ambition to spread the gospel of good cheer and historic things, throughout the length and breadth of

our land,—ever exalting and pointing to Wyoming as the fountain head of his fondest memories.

The victory of spirit and the fortitude of man was instrumental in the winning of the west from savagery of a thousand years. The graves and stone heaps that dot the trails, testify to the sacrifice and suffering endured in the quest of Eldorado.

William Francis Hooker, now actively engaged in editorial and other literary pursuits in New York, has contributed to the State Historical Department a series of very valuable reminiscences of the early days in Wyoming, when her history was in the making.

No other man is more qualified to give an accurate account of the events that transpired in those days than he. Mr. Hooker came to Wyoming as a sixteen-year-old boy, in 1873, and worked for several years as a "bull-whacker" for John Hunton, Charles Clay, Pratt & Ferris and others. His work took him over all the broken trails and he assisted in making new ones when the old ones failed to serve.

His picturesque portrayal of old Fort Fetterman in its rough and ready and withal, dangerous days, follows:

"Fort Fetterman, located at the junction of LaPrelle Creek and the North Platte River, was built largely of adobe and hewn logs, though some of the company quarters and the houses of the officers were made of sawed lumber that came from the range of hills to the south.

"Fort Fetterman, in the early years, was the 'jumping-off place' in the northwestern direction. All trails from the east and south ended there, though previously when Fort Caspar was occupied and Fort Reno and Fort Kearney were on the map, there was some traffic beyond this point for bull outfits.

"In 1874 there wasn't a ranch between Forts Laramie and Fetterman on the trail which ran east and west, south of the Platte, or from Hunton's on the Chug, to Fetterman. All that vast territory was in a virgin state. Neither was there a ranch between Fort Fetterman and Medicine Bow on the Medicine Bow Trail. As the Hon. John Hunton,* in a letter to the writer some months ago said, 'There wasn't a fence or fence-post for hundreds of miles in any direction when you were here.'

"It was all a wild, unranged, untilled expanse of sage or grassy plains and plateaus, crossed and fed by fast-flow-

*The Hon. John Hunton, beloved pioneer of Wyoming, died at his home in Torrington, Wyoming, September 4, 1928.

ing streams from well wooded mountains and hills, and still inhabited by deer, antelope, beaver, bear, wildcats, wolves, coyotes and other game, though the buffalo had already abandoned this part of the country, with the exception of a few straggling small herds. However, it never was such a buffalo range as those in western Nebraska and Kansas, along the Republican and South Platte rivers.

"It was through this wild section of Wyoming, now teeming with inhabitants, dotted with fine towns and producing millions of gallons of oil yearly, that Jack Hunton, still hale and hearty, and his hardy band of bullwhackers hauled the provisions for the soldiers, either from Cheyenne or Medicine Bow.

"These are some of the men who were on Mr. Hunton's payroll: Malcolm Campbell, wagon boss; Nate Williams, wagon boss; Ed Smith, blacksmith; Clem Ward, Enoch Berry, Frank Lacey, Dave Lord, William McDonald, Monroe Keeler, Sim Waln and the writer.

"During one winter, 1874-5, Mr. Hunton built a couple of hewn log houses on LaPrelle Creek about six miles south of Fort Fetterman and ranged his bulls in the vicinity. He also built a blacksmith shop and made a charcoal pit. This 'settlement' was the first and the only one at that time nearer than Medicine Bow, across the ranges and the rivers and plains of the same name. For a time he supplied the firewood for Fort Fetterman. Some of it—pine—was cut in the range of hills south of the fort, probably twenty-five miles, and hauled to the post by the men mentioned above. A considerable quantity of standing dead cottonwood and box elder was also cut along La Bonte and other creeks by men who received four dollars a cord. These woodchoppers were also bullwhackers and two or three discharged soldiers who were waiting for spring to come so they could travel across the ranges to the railroad.

"One woodchopper who stayed alone in the hills one spring after the contract had been completed, was killed by the Indians and his body literally filled with arrows. It was terribly disfigured and he was scalped, of course. His name was Jesse Hammond, an elderly man. The body was found in the early part of the summer following and given a decent burial, I believe, in the military cemetery or near by at Fort Fetterman.

"Roving bands of Sioux frequently came across the North Platte to the forbidden territory, to steal horses belonging to Mr. Hunton and commit other depredations, but it was generally understood that they had no particular

desire to fool with the bullwhackers at a range short of ten or twenty thousand yards, for the bullwhacker had no compunction about passing out the lead. Therefore, they did not commit a great many depredations along LaPrelle Creek.

"An Indian calling himself Jules Seminoe, who had, it was said, some French-Canadian blood in his veins, came to Hunton's log house one day, aboard the usual scrubby pony. He was alone and looking for whiskey. One of Hunton's men had a bottle and Seminoe was allowed—in fact, urged—to drink all he wanted, and he was soon lying on his back on the earthen floor, moaning in fairly good English:

"'I'm a dying calf! I'm a dying calf!' repeating it over and over while his eyeballs rolled and he retched with nausea.

"It is doubtful if Mr. Hunton was ever made aware of this occurrence and the impression is strong with me that he was not in the neighborhood at the time. It was not a common thing for Hunton's men to possess whiskey or to drink it, except at the southern ends of the trails and there were no duties to perform. Then it was different, and McDaniels or Jack Allen played the part that the bullwhackers played on the poor half-breed and it was the bullwhackers who were the 'lost sheep.'

"However, instead of groaning that they were 'dying calves,' they whooped it up on the streets to the delight of everyone, including the newly-arrived tenderfoot, who was waiting for the show. The authorities were always very lenient, and unless there was destruction of property or assault the boys were allowed to work off their pent up bile. Sooner or later they were back in camp with empty pocket-books and sore heads.

"There were two bars in Tillotson's sutler store—one for officers, the other for white citizens and buck soldiers. The officers didn't care to rub elbows with the bullwhackers and at this distant period it doesn't seem so serious a slight as it did then, for there was a great contrast in appearance between the men who faced the blizzards, forded the streams and ducked the obsidian and flint arrows of the Sioux, to haul flour, bacon, coffee, etc., across the uninhabited plains and mountains to the 'jumping-off place,' and the well dressed, clean-shaven officers—between Major Kane, for instance, and Sim Waln or some other bullwhacker, who wore a pair of elkskin breeches, a greasy sombrero, a buckskin shirt and a belt with two revolvers, forty rounds of ammunition and a butcher knife with a ten-inch blade!

"While the bullwhacker was surely a picturesque looking character, he was of necessity untidy, whether it suited his fancy or not. On the other hand, the army officer at old Fort Fetterman was as slick and neat as he was the day he left West Point.

"The officers were not very friendly with the bullwhackers and while most all of the former drank hard liquor—some of them excessively—they watched the bullwhackers who came out of the post sutler's with jealous eyes, so a crooked step—hardly a stagger—meant a trip to the guard house.

"There was no semblance of civil law north of Medicine Bow and not much of it there or anywhere else except at Cheyenne and Laramie City. The military was all-powerful. There were none other than the belligerent-looking bullwhacker for an army officer to experiment upon, consequently at least one of the men who whacked bulls for John Hunton, and who innocently crossed a forbidden spot on the parade ground, takes this opportunity to forgive Major Kane for the indignity heaped upon him by ordering him thrown into the guardhouse and kept there until several days later on a diet of sour bread and plain water from LaPrelle creek and which came from a mysterious hand that pushed it in a tin receptacle through a small aperture at the bottom of a heavily barred door.

"It may be worth recording here that this indignity was suffered by Waln and others, so many others in fact, that finally they got together up creek and determined upon reprisals of various sorts. Think of it! The plans were made as Indians made theirs. The first uniformed man caught alone away from the fort was to be tied to a tree and flogged; one of the plotters was to creep up the hill to the stacks of hay on the south side of the fort and strike a match; Indians, if they came across the ford, were to be encouraged to stampede the mule herd!

"But beyond glaring at one another for a year or two, there were no clashes between the bullwhackers and the officers or private soldiers. It was too one-sided. The military had the upper hand. Nevertheless, a lot of hatred was engendered by the rough treatment accorded the few citizens who ventured on to the reservation.

"There should have been the harmony and co-operation always encouraged by that great soldier, General Custer, who above all other military men of his day, was on friendly terms with the bullwhackers. They were the only citizens in the country at the time he visited Fort Fetterman to look

over the ground for the Sioux campaign that resulted in his death in June, 1876.

"Fort Fetterman was built on a hill. Beyond, to the west and north, and southward to Medicine Bow, the country was in its virgin state. The hands that held the quirt, the plow, the drill, in the order given, were yet to advance to this land of promise. There wasn't even a dream of a railroad.

"If men now living in Wyoming who came to it at a later day, after the fence came and the church and the school supplanted the tepee and the railroad and the automobile replaced the ox and his yoke, and the bullwhacker became as rare a bird as the imaginary dodo, could have known it as some of us did, they would better understand and appreciate it.

"They would insist upon a record of its rough and ready beginning that would be complete and authentic and pride themselves upon its achievement. They would insist upon the possession by the state, of a historical record second to none in the matter of completeness and authenticity, for no state in the Union is more worthy of it, none has a history of greater interest to posterity.

"All that is left of the cabin is the east wall of clay that supported the logs where they were under the earth. The front part of the cabin—about half of it—protruded, and the fireplace was in the rear, the chimney coming up to the level of the sod of the upland through which an irrigation ditch has been built. A telephone line and a fairly well used trail are a few feet in the rear of the site. The stones used in the fireplace and chimney, and as steps going up from near LaBonte Creek, are scattered all about.

This site still is in a wild place, and if it were not possible to see Mr. Diltz' ranch house and other buildings across the creek a half mile away, one would imagine himself in the wilderness when standing in front of the site, for beaver are building a dam within a few rods of the marker, having freshly gnawed two good sized trees preparatory to felling them across the creek. These trees grew many years after I left the neighborhood. When I lived there beaver did not build dams, but lived in the creek embankments. But now that the water is used for irrigation purposes, I suppose the beaver need more room and so are building dams. I once told the late Enos Mills about this and he was very much interested in it; that is, I told him that when I lived there there were lots of beaver but no

dams, and he said that he knew of only one other place of the kind."

Very truly,

(Signed) BILL HOOKER.

BILL HOOKER

Route No. 1

Lake Beulah, Wis.

July 26, 1930.

Mrs. Cyrus Beard,
State Historian,
Cheyenne, Wyoming.

Dear Mrs. Beard:

Perhaps you would like a word or two from me in shape of a letter to accompany the report you make of the placing of the two markers on the site of my cabin built in the early fall of 1874 on La Bonte Creek.

I was one of the party that went to the cabin site with Mr. R. S. Ellison, chairman of the memorial monument commission, Mr. L. P. Bishop, secretary of the Wyoming Pioneer Association, Malcolm Campbell, old time bullwhacker with whom I was associated in freighting in Wyoming, W. H. Jackson, distinguished artist and explorer, Mr. Barber, New York director of the Oregon Trail Association, and others, to put up a marker containing my name and date and the carving of a little cabin. This 200-pound granite block was rolled into place and Mr. Bishop, who is a surveyor and possessed of considerable artistic talent, soon completed the job of cutting name, letters and a picture into the face of the rock that will stay there, he says, for 500 years or more.

The site of this old cabin is included in a 28,000-acre ranch owned by Fred W. Dilts, but was originally known as the Pollard ranch. It is about three miles from the old Oregon Trail.

It was easy for me to pilot the party to the site, for there were many topographical features of the surrounding country that have not materially changed in 56 years, especially mentioning a sagebrush hill near at hand that I regularly mounted every morning to scan the horizon in all directions to discover the smoke of Indian camps, should there be any, and to look for tracks (moccasin or otherwise) within a circle of several hundred yards.

To date there is much of the old flavor of the wilderness near the site, for beaver have gnawed nearly through two large trees that grew since I lived there, preparatory

to felling them across the stream. And while we were there one of the party killed a big, fat rattler, and I was sorry because he, too, was an old timer and, I believe, entitled to participate in the ceremonies in a far more happy manner.

But what I desire most to say, and have included in your precious records, is this:

For a long time I have been in rather feeble health; but the moment I reached Wyoming I found what doctors have been unable to supply, viz: the purest, sweetest ozone in the world, in a state where the skies are clear, the water first class—out where the handclasp is firm, out where the smile is genuine, out where the hearts beat true, out where **real men** and **real women** live, not only for themselves but for others.

All of this invigorated me, giving me the spirit and vigor of my youth, and the result was I dissipated for three weeks by sitting up until midnight, talking over those glorious pioneer days with other trail blazers, ate like a farm hand, slept well, perspired freely—something I hadn't done in five years, tramped through fields of sagebrush, climbed hills, rode several hundred miles in an automobile over trails that we once toiled over with our slow moving bulls.

I want all the old timers to know that I consider my return visit to Wyoming, where I lived in territorial days, meeting some of my old pals, and visiting the scenes of many of our early adventures, made up the great event of my life.

Sincerely yours,

(Signed) BILL HOOKER.

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS TREE IN WYOMING

On July 5, 1859, the **Ev. Lutheran Synod of Iowa and Other States** sent out Missionaries Schmidt, Braeuninger and Doederlein with Messrs. Seyler, Beck and Bunge as helpers; as missionaries to the Crow Indians. The party left St. Sebald, Clayton County, Iowa, and late in the fall arrived at Deer Creek. On arriving at Deer Creek they were greatly disappointed to learn that no Crow Indians had been seen in that region since the previous summer. Two of the men, Missionaries Schmidt and Doederlein returned to Iowa in December to gather additional funds and supplies. Of the other four men, Captain Raynolds wrote as follows: "When we arrived at Deer Creek we found at the Indian Agency, the Rev. Mr. Bryinger (sic) and three companions, on their way to establish a mission among the

Crows. They were German Lutherans, and had been sent out by the German Evangelical Synod of Iowa. God fearing and devoted men, but ignorant of the world as well as of our language, and in consequence poorly fitted for the labors they had undertaken. They had started so late in the season that winter had overtaken them at this point. Their means were exhausted and they were awaiting funds from their friends in Iowa to enable them to prosecute their labors.

"I have the satisfaction of believing that I was instrumental in enabling them to pass a more comfortable winter than would otherwise have been their lot, and also of enabling them to continue the prosecution of their undertaking in the spring, though they never were permitted to reach their destination.

"Mr. Bryninger(sic) and his companions left Deer Creek a few days before we left our winter quarters, proposing to establish their headquarters near the lower canon of the Big Horn River . . . After my return to civilization, the authorities of the Synod under which they were acting refunded to me in full the small advance I had made to the party." (1)

It was while wintering here at Deer Creek that a Christmas celebration took place that is without doubt the first celebration of such a character in what is now the State of Wyoming. All the necessary decorations had been brought along from Iowa. On the Wednesday before Christmas, a tree was brought in from one of the bluffs, four or five miles distant, and the decorations were put in place. But the story is best told by one of the missionaries who, in February of 1860, wrote to his Iowa friends as follows: ". . . At seven o'clock in the evening everything was ready. But we thought we were to be disappointed, as our invited guests, Major Twiss* and family and Dejer(sic) and his people had already gone to bed. However, Reverend Braeuninger went again to one of the members of the expedition and as a result brought with him several Indians and children as well as members of the expedition. They were all exceedingly glad when they saw the tree with its decorations. One man, a lieutenant, stated again and again as his confession of faith, 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth, peace, good will toward men.' Really it was a great joy to me to see the man thus. Then we sang 'Von Himmel Hoch da Komm ich Her.' Missionary Braeuninger read the Christmas gospel in German and Captain Raynolds read it in English. These two men also played

(1) Bvt. Brig. Gen. W. F. Raynolds, *Exploration of the Yellowstone River.*

several selections. Reverend Braeuninger played the violin and Captain Raynolds the flute. Next we distributed to the assembled Indians gifts from the first Christmas tree in the territory of Nebraska. The lieutenant, already referred to, who spoke the language of the Indians very well, told the Indians that these gifts were from the Great Spirit and that these missionaries had been sent by Him. One of the Indian squaws, in a most naive manner, asked why the Great Spirit, while he was at it, did not send full sacks of sugar and flour. Why such small amounts? Finally we gave the Indians some bread and coffee and then dismissed the assembly . . . On the evening of Christmas day, various members of the expedition came in. They sang in the English language while we sang in German . . . Everyone had a good time and enjoyed himself . . .” (2)

In the spring of 1860, one of the men, Mr. Bunge, returned to civilization while the other three, under the leadership of Reverend Braeuninger, established their mission station on the Powder River. But on July 21, 1860, Reverend Braeuninger was murdered by Indians and as a result the other two men returned to Deer Creek. The Iowa Synod, however, continued in its efforts to carry on missionary work among the Crows as well as among other tribes until the summer of 1864, (3) when the Indian wars of that year forced the abandonment of the enterprise. While this missionary attempt ended in a failure, it is, nevertheless, this group of men who held the first Christian Christmas celebration in what is now the State of Wyoming.

Henry F. Staack,
Augustana College,
Rock Island, Ill.

(2) Translated from the German in the *Kirchenblatt*, Vol. 3, No. 2, p. 1.

(3) Deindoerfer, J. *Geschichte der Evangel Luth Synode von Iowa und Anderen Staaten*, p. 64.

NOTE

Thomas S. Twiss was born in South Carolina and admitted to the United States Military Academy at West Point, New York, as a Cadet from South Carolina and was graduated from that institution; was commissioned a second lieutenant in the United States Army, served, and was advanced to the rank of Major. He resigned from the United States Army and was appointed United States Indian Agent at the Upper Platte Agency (Deer Creek, Wyoming). His commission as Agent expired with Buchanan's administration. At the outbreak of the Civil War in 1861, Major Twiss offered his

services to President Lincoln but they were declined because of his age.

It is said that Major Twiss had several Indian wives and that he passed his life in the hills north of Fort Laramie—no one knew just where. Captain Eugene E. Ware who was Post Adjutant at Fort Laramie in 1864 describes Major Twiss as “an old gentleman whose hair, long, white and curly, hung down over his shoulders, and down his back. He had a very venerable white beard and moustache. His beard had been trimmed with scissors so that it was rather long, but pointed, Van Dyke fashion, below the chin. He was dressed thoroughly as an Indian. He wore nothing on his head and had on a pair of beaded moccasins. He sat on one of the benches in front of the Sutler store, having in his hand a cane, staff fashion, about six feet long. On this occasion he was accompanied by “several squaws very finely dressed in macinaw blankets.”

(From records in Wyoming State Historical Department. See also Annals of Wyoming, Volume 7, Number 1, Page 349.)

Green River, Wyo.,
Sept. 14, 1929.

My Dear Mrs. Beard:

I am enclosing a copy of the “Story of the First Shot” fired under the American flag in the World War, written by Capt. I. R. McLendon who gave the command to fire this first shot.

Capt. McLendon was very severely wounded in October, 1918 and was a patient in my ward, as he had a broken jaw and his face and mouth were so badly injured he was unable to talk, he wrote the enclosed story for me.

With best personal regards, I am

Sincerely yours,

(Signed) Mary S. Logan.

STORY OF THE FIRST SHOT

By Capt. I. R. McLendon, Field Artillery, U. S. Army

The Sixth Field Artillery left its border station, Douglas, Ariz., on July 22, 1917, bound for Hoboken, N. J., reaching the latter place just one week later, we went aboard the ship “Henry R. Mallery,” an American coastwise steamer. We left New York harbor at 2:30 A. M., on the morning of July 29th, 1917.

The voyage across was very slow and uneventful. There were three troop-ships in our convoy, carrying the 5th, 6th and 7th regiments of Field Artillery, and we were accompanied by the Cruiser “North Carolina” and several destroyers. These three regiments later formed the “First Field Artillery Brigade” and was the artillery of the First Division, A. E. F. We landed at St. Nazaire, on the 13th of August.

Four or five days were spent in camp just outside St. Nazaire, permitting the men to get over the ill effects of the ocean trip. We then entrained and started for our training camp, which was at Valdahon, very near the Swiss border. Our trip took us through the very heart of France, passing through the cities of Nontes, Saumar, Tours, Nevers, Dijon and Besancon, and we saw on the route some of the finest scenery of France.

About two months were spent by the First Artillery Brigade in training at Valdahon. This was necessary due to our adopting French guns and ammunition, and all officers and men had to be made thoroughly familiar with the operation and care of the French guns. The week days were taken up with actual firing on the Artillery Target Range, and with classes for instruction in every department of artillery work. These classes were all conducted by trained and experienced French Officers who had spent a considerable time with troops at the Front, and they were attended by all the officers and enlisted men of the Brigade. Certain officers and enlisted men were selected for special training in some lines of work, but attendance at some class was compulsory upon everyone.

Beyond a doubt, the days spent at Valdahon will be looked back upon by the men of the First Brigade as the most pleasant spent during their whole stay in France. The men were housed in new up-to-date stone barracks. Everyone had a spring bunk with a mattress and pillow and plenty of blankets, clothing and good food. We were in a section where there were plenty of vegetables, fruits and fresh meats, also wines and beer. We were the first Americans ever seen in that country and the French received us literally with open arms.

Fruits and drinkables were to be had by the men everywhere, almost for the asking. The weather was still fine and agreeable. Besides being a picturesque locality itself, our camp was about midway between the valleys of the Loire and Doubs rivers, both famous for their scenery. These two rivers joined at the City of Besancon, about 20 miles from Valdahon. Besancon was one of the old garrison towns of Julius Caesar during his conquest of Gaul, and is today one of the prettiest and most interesting towns I have seen in France. Our men had their Saturday afternoons and Sundays to themselves and the great majority of them took full advantage of their opportunities for seeing places of interest and beauty.

It was natural that the time at Valdahon should seem short to us, and although we were eager to get to the Front, there was many a sigh of regret when we got orders

to leave, about the 18th of October. Just a couple of days previous to this I had been given command of Battery "C" of the 6th Regiment, its former Commander Capt. B. R. Peyton having been detailed as an instructor at one of the artillery schools which the American Army was establishing at various camps. I had orders to leave Valdahon at 6:00 P. M., Friday, the 18th and march to Besancon where I was to begin entraining at midnight. Our march and the work of loading on the train was without special incident except that shortly after the train pulled out we discovered that our mascot "Mutts" had been lost. Mutts was a bulldog who had been in Battery "C" of the 6th Field Artillery longer than any soldier in the Battery. This was not the first or the last time she had been lost, but as usual she showed up several days after we reached the Front, having gotten aboard a train with a battery of the 7th Field Artillery, who followed us.

We detrained at Jarr, a little village 2 or 3 miles east of Nancy and marched several miles to the town of St. Nicholas. This latter place was to be our echelon, or supply depot, while we were at the Front. Here all of our horses, wagons, and supplies of all kinds were kept, while the four guns and about 50 men for battery were in the firing line about 10 miles away. Supplies and new men were sent up to the Front from the rear as called for.

The position occupied by Battery "C" in the firing line was just outside the village of Bathelement. Of course, the whole front was held by the French, the American batteries being put in the line and placed under command of the French, solely for instruction and a taste of real experience with the Hun. One of our batteries was attached to each French Battalion, and we were completely under the orders of the French Major in command, our own majors and colonels being attached to the higher French staffs for observation and study. Nothing could have pleased the American officers more than this. In the first place we had the utmost confidence in the French, and firmly believed that what they didn't know about the war game wasn't much. Secondly the French manner of commanding and exercising authority was radically different from the American. I have always noticed that the French officer secured implicit obedience and full co-operation from those beneath him without at the same time antagonizing and disgusting them. My commanding officer at Bathelement was Major Roger Villers, commanding the 2nd Battalion of the 33rd Regiment of French Light Artillery. He was a Parisian, a small, dark man, running over with "pep and vim," as we say, and personally as courteous, genial

and hospitable a man as I have ever known. The two weeks I spent at Bathelement under Major Villers will always live in my memory as the happiest of my whole stay in France.

I went up to Bathelement on Monday morning the second day after our arrival at St. Nicholas, taking about 40 men all armed to the teeth with digging tools. Major Villers went out with me and showed me the place he had selected for my battery emplacement. It was an old French position which the Huns had shelled so heavily that it had to be abandoned about six months before. Since that time it had been deserted, full of small craters, with dugouts caved in and littered with broken logs. It was the Major's scheme to put only one gun in this position and the other there in new emplacements to be dug about 200 yards further to the rear among some trees. The three guns in the rear were to be kept concealed as well as possible and would fire only in case of enemy attack. The one gun in the old position would do the daily firing for harrassing and annoying the Hun—and of course would receive a good pounding in return as soon as the Hun learned that the place was occupied again. I set my men to work on the pit for the first gun, filling the craters, reconstructing the dugouts and buildings a platform and shelter for the gun. There was no need to hustle the men, every man knew that the crews of other batteries were rushing the work on their positions, and every one of my men was intensely eager to get our gun in position and be the first to fire a shot at the Hun.

During the day one of our guns had been brought up from the rear and left in the village. By night, work had progressed so far on the gun emplacement that I believed we might be ready to fire sometime next day. Although all horses had been sent back after the gun had arrived, the men were all enthusiastic and eager to pull the gun into place that night. It was a back-breaking job, but we did it. Through mud and slush knee deep, across a field thickly peppered with big shell holes, then up a steep clay hill, we tugged and strained at the ropes and wheels, every officer and man eager to help wherever he could get ahold. It was two hours of the kind of work of which we were to get more than our fill in the months of hiking and fighting which we were to get later. ·

I reported to Major Villers that the gun was in position and that with a little more work on the gun platform I'd be ready to fire. Ammunition had been ordered up from the rear, and I expected to begin war on the Hun next day. I had underestimated, however, the difficulties of building

battery emplacements. It took my mechanics all of the next day, working their hardest, to complete the protecting walls and shelter over the gun. To add to my misery, the ammunition had not showed up.

So on the night of this day (22nd) I took my troubles to Major Villers. I told him of the race that was being run between the different batteries for the honor of opening the big fight for Uncle Sam. And like the gallant little Frenchman that he was, he came to my rescue by having 24 shells taken from one of the French batteries over to mine. Moreover, he told me to open fire on the Hun next morning when ready. I told him I was ready then, and that all I wanted was just a few minutes of daylight. I had it announced to my men that we would fire at daylight next morning.

There was no bugle-call, no waiting on breakfast, no late sleepers next day. They were all at the battery waiting for the first peep of day, every officer, every man, and Lieutenant Domine of Major Viller's staff, were present. The gun was loaded and directed upon its target—a German battery—and as the last shades of night disappeared before the coming day, I gave the command "Fire" and Sergeant Alex Arch, of South Bend, Ind., pulled the lungard of the piece and sent the first shot flying into Germany. I looked at my wrist watch, it was 6:05 A. M., the 23rd day of October, 1917.

The remainder of the 24 shells loaned to us by the French were all fired, the various members of the gun crew acting as gunners, and taking a crack at the wicked Hun. Several of the shots were fired into a party of German soldiers at work in some trenches. One of my lieutenants who had been on the lookout at an observation post (connected with the battery by telephone) had spotted them and they were quickly scattered and flying.

I immediately made report to Divisional Artillery Headquarters at Einville that Battery "C" of the 6th had opened fire at 6:05 A. M. Some one told me afterwards that the news was received by the French and American officers stationed there, with loud cheers, followed almost immediately by the loud popping of corks!! I can't vouch for this, though I wouldn't be surprised if it were so.

The infantry of our own Division had not yet gone into the trenches. The much vaunted Marines who had come over early in the year had not yet seen the Front. Up to this time not even a pistol or rifle shot had been fired at the Hun by Americans fighting under their own flag. So the honor of firing the first actual shot at the Hun falls to the Field Artillery. Battery "C's" nearest rival in the

race for this honor apparently belongs to a battery of the six-inch guns, which opened fire about nine o'clock the same morning. Several other batteries of the First Brigade fired in this day. Late that afternoon a messenger came with an order from Major Gen. Sibert, our Division Commander, directing that the shell cases of the first eight shots fired be sent to his headquarters, where they were to be forwarded to America for presentation. I heard later that the first one was presented to the President.

Our stay at the Front lasted two weeks which were quiet and without special incident, except for the last night of our stay. At 2:30 A. M., on the night of November 2nd-3rd, the Huns raided the trenches of our infantry. Several of our men were captured, several wounded and three lost their lives (Gresham, Enright and Hay —?) the first Americans to die in France fighting under their own flag. The gun which fired the first shot also took part in the bombardment which the French and American batteries turned upon the Hun raiding party this night. At dusk on the afternoon of November 3rd, we pulled our guns from their emplacements, told our French comrades goodbye, and began the hike for Ribeaucourt, a little village in the Gondrecourt billeting area where we were to undergo a long spell of intensive training.

I won't attempt to give even a faint idea of our experience during this spell of training. I should say, however, that the first gun stayed with us until after our next tour of duty at the front was completed in the Seicheprey sector, north of Toul. Then about the middle of April, as we were encamped near Toul, and overhauling all our equipment preparatory to entraining for Picardy where the Germans had been making a drive, orders were received to take the first gun to an arsenal near Toul and exchange it for another. There it was dismounted, boxed, and shipped to the States. I am told that it assisted in raising one of the Liberty Loans after which it was placed on exhibition in the Ordnance Museum of the West Point Military Academy, where it stands at the present writing.

Written for my nurse, Miss Mary L. Swan, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Base Hospital 67

Mesves, France,

Thanksgiving Day, 1918.

An Index for Volumes 3, 4, 5, and 6 of Annals of Wyoming is now in the office of the State Historian and will be published as early as there are funds to do so.

DR. EDWARD DAY WOODRUFF

By His Daughter (1928)

In the days when our sturdy and staunch forefathers left the shores of England to sail in tiny ships across the Atlantic and make for themselves new homes in the wilderness of America, they commenced a journey which would be continued westward by their descendants for over two hundred years. Their first new world settlements founded on the coast of New England and hemmed in by unknown miles, were the beginnings of a great nation. Following generations, facing the setting sun, made their way beyond the mountain barriers, pausing only long enough to start the building of communities soon to become united as sovereign states, then advancing into the Great Lake region and crowding the shores of the Father of Waters. Soon after this, their feet were marking out the weary miles which lead to the Rockies and to the Pacific—the Pacific which spelled the end of their journey and a continent won.

The direct ancestral line of Dr. Edward Day Woodruff, the subject of this sketch, begins with Matthew (1) Woodruff who came from England before 1640 to settle in Farmington, Connecticut, as an Original Proprietor. This Matthew (1) Woodruff and his wife, Hannah had a son Matthew (2) Jr. who married Mary, daughter of John Plum, listed in Colonial records as one of the first men to locate at Weathersfield—then Watertown—Connecticut in 1635. In turn, Matthew (2) and Mary Plum Woodruff were the parents of John (3). He resided in Milford, Connecticut, and his wife was Mary Platt, a granddaughter of Richard, who came to America from the Old Country in 1639 and located in Milford in 1639. To John (3) and Mary Platt Woodruff was born John (4) Woodruff Jr., who likewise made his home in Milford and whose wife, Sarah Baldwin was a descendant of Sylvester Baldwin—the Sylvester who died at sea in 1638 while en route to this country from England. The youngest son of John (4) and Sarah Baldwin Woodruff was Jonah (5). Jonah (5) chose Mabel, daughter of Abraham Adams, for his helpmate and Waterbury, Connecticut, for his place of residence. His oldest son was named Philo (6). It was soon after 1825—probably in 1826 or 27—that Philo (6) and his wife, Lucy Tuttle Woodruff found the beckoning lure of newly opened pathways too strong to be resisted. They moved from their home near Waterbury, Connecticut, to Windsor, Broome County,

New York, where they purchased a large farm bordering on the lovely Susquehanna River. Now of the eleven children of Philo (6) and Lucy Tuttle Woodruff, one had passed away, nine made the journey to New York state with their parents, but a son named John (7) who had been apprenticed to a tailor for seven years, was left behind in Waterbury to finish his education along that line. This was a situation which naturally did not appeal to John (7). The loneliness of the separation from his immediate family could not be assuaged by the presence of other relatives or friends. The necessity of acquiring a trade—especially under a master workman who took advantage of the absence of John's parents to be most unkind to his young apprentice—seemed as nothing compared to the need for sharing the family fortunes in a newer country. Accordingly, one night John (7) tied his most prized possessions into a bundle, dropped them from his window, followed after them with all caution, and started on his journey westward to rejoin his loved ones. He traveled the entire distance from Waterbury, Connecticut, to Windsor, New York, on foot. At this time John (7) was thirteen, or possibly fourteen years of age. As a consequence of this early pioneering John (7) grew up in Windsor and eventually was married there to Lucinda Mariah Dimick, a descendant of sturdy New England ancestors bearing such well known names as Russell and Hotchkiss. In the spring of 1849, John (7) and Lucinda Mariah Dimick Woodruff decided to join the throng of emigration that was pressing ever onward. They left their home in Windsor, New York, and with their five children, the eldest being twelve years of age and the youngest but a year and a half old, went northward to the Erie Canal where they boarded a tow boat whose destination was Buffalo. At Buffalo they embarked on a steamer—a side wheeler—to make the trip across the Great Lakes with Kanosha—then South Port—Wisconsin, as their goal. From Kanosha the remainder of the journey was overland in wagons to Bonus, on Bonus Prairie, in Boone County, Illinois, the location that had been chosen for the building of their new mid-continent, or as it was to them, western home. The first member of the family to claim Illinois as their birthplace was the son born to John (7) and Lucinda Mariah Dimick Woodruff at Bonus (in Boone County) on September 24th; 1850. This son was named Edward Day Woodruff (8).

The struggles of a pioneering community encompassed the boyhood days of Edward Day Woodruff (8). His father John (7) acquired a farm, and later purchased a

store which was moved to a corner of this property facing the main street. The store building also sheltered the post office. (Mr. Woodruff was postmaster there for over twenty-five years and the mail was at first distributed from his home.) There was very little money in circulation and small opportunity to earn any. Crops could not always be depended upon. Everything necessary for home consumption from candles to soap and sox had to be made by each individual household and even the work of very young hands aided in making easier the task of living. Among the vivid memories of Edward Day Woodruff (8) is the picture of his father and mother sewing by candle light, after their day's work was done, on the clothing necessary to cover their large family. No wonder the advent of the first oil lamp ("fluid lamp" as it was called) and the first crude sewing machine was a cause of rejoicing in the household. But if there was more than enough work to go around, there was also compensating pleasure. Luscious wild strawberries hid in the grass, fish lured one to the streams, while nuts grew in abundance in the woods. The little red school house where lessons were learned, was also where spelling bees and singing schools held forth. However, the best of all the compensations came in after years with the realization that these early efforts had been part and parcel in the building of a great epoch.

The fine Americanism which had always been inherent in the family thought and instinct, was fanned into active patriotism during Civil War times. There was the excitement when neighbors gathered to discuss what father, John (7), had to report concerning the Lincoln-Douglas debates which he had gone to Freeport to hear. There was the interest in the editorials which Mr. Brockway (a brother-in-law of Edward Day Woodruff) published in his Belvidere paper, the "Boone County Independent." Meetings—campaign songs—a southern sympathizer in the vicinity who proclaimed his sentiments until indignation was intense—and in May of 1861 an older brother who marched away to war, the first man from Boone County to enlist at Lincoln's earliest call for troops. Of course, brother Dwight also tried to enlist but was too young to be successful. In 1863 the government, preparatory to a draft, appointed father John (7) Woodruff, enrolling officer for his home county and part of an adjoining county, his duties being to see personally, question and enroll every man over eighteen in his district. Edward Day Woodruff (8) doing his young best to help keep the home fires burning during all this period, had his Republicanism so firmly

stamped into his heart and mind that it ever afterwards was part of his faith and creed.

Immediately following the lifting of the war clouds, Edward Day (8) lost his chum and playmate. His brother John Dwight, some two years and nine months older than himself, in an effort to check threatening tuberculosis, left for Colorado in the train of a neighbor who was driving west. This was a trial, for while to John Dwight, the sadness of leaving home was mingled with the joy of anticipated adventure, to Edward Day was both the loneliness of interrupted companionship and the gloom of remaining behind.

In 1869 Edward Day Woodruff (8) finished his district schooling, was examined for his fitness to teach and the following winter, had charge of a school in a Norwegian settlement north of Bonus. The spring of 1870 he obtained a job as an axeman, at \$35 a month and board, in a surveying party going out for the St. Louis Iron Mountain and Southern Railroad, to make the preliminary surveys for its contemplated line through Missouri and Arkansas. By his study and diligence, young Woodruff soon advanced from his first position and eventually became one of the engineers for the road. He covered the entire length of this road from its beginning in Missouri through to Texas, on the original survey, in establishing the permanent grades, and again covered the same ground while in charge of actual construction work on several divisions. This was during the Reconstruction Days which immediately followed the Civil War period in the south and the many experiences encountered in those years, though too long and varied to repeat here, were intensely interesting. The panic of 1873 put an end to all railroad building. About the same time, Edward Day Woodruff (8) was crippled by a severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism, due doubtless to malaria contracted in the southern swamps, and was ordered home by his doctor.

The next decision to influence his life is best told in his own words: "At last my rheumatism was better. I was able to hobble out in the yard and sit in a swing we had there, but my knees were badly crippled and I had to use a cane for a long time. Dr. Stowe used to come in and see me every two or three days, so one time I said to him, just joshingly, not giving a thought to my words,

" 'Well, here I still sit in this swing. I'm not good for a civil engineer any more. I can't walk, so I guess I'll have to study medicine.'

" 'Well sir,' he said, 'I've known you ever since you were a little youngster and those are the best words I ever heard you say.'

"And that was the last I thought of it, but the very next time Dr. Stowe came to the house to see me, he threw Gray's Anatomy and Dalton's Physiology on the table in front of me, and said,

" 'There you are. Now get busy.'

" 'And I did.' "

He prepared himself for medical school and entered the Chicago Homeopathic Medical College in 1876. In 1879 he was graduated with high honors and opened his office for the practice of medicine, on the corner of Van Buren and State Streets in Chicago. He, himself financed his entire college course from his earnings laid aside while in the employ of the railroad.

I, who write this sketch am the daughter of Dr. Edward Day Woodruff (8). So many times I have asked my father to relate the stories of his early Wyoming experiences and at these times I have so faithfully written down his own words, that it seems but right he, himself, should again tell the story, from this point on.

"The first vacation I had, after leaving medical college and establishing my practise in Chicago, was early in 1880. Never having been east, I went up to Boston, from there to New York and on to Washington. But my brother Dwight came home very unexpectedly on a visit—his first visit since we had parted as boys. He telegraphed me that if I didn't wish to break into my vacation, he would follow me east, so we could see each other before he returned to his home in Wyoming again. I replied that I would join him in Bonus at once—which I did.

"As soon as he saw me, Dwight began to coax me to come west with him. He said my ears were as thin as a sheet of paper—that he could see right through them and I needed a rest. This was true enough, though I objected to the idea of a prolonged absence, saying, " 'I've just established a nice little practise and I'm congratulated by all my class on my start here. I can't go away and leave it and it isn't good business to allow someone else to run the shop for me indefinitely,' " Dwight's reply was that there was a train headed east every twenty-four hours and all I had to do was to climb on board one of them whenever the spirit moved me to do so, but he did want me to come out and have a long visit with him that summer and he knew it would benefit me greatly. He finally persuaded me, and so we started west together in March of that year—

1880. Our destination was Lander, in Wyoming Territory, where Dwight was living at that time.

"Arriving in Wyoming, we laid over in Cheyenne long enough to each buy ourselves a fine saddle and some heavy woolen blankets. Then we went on to Green River where we left the train and took the stage. Well sir, our second day out, we ran into a blizzard and finally had to abandon our buckboard for a sleigh. It was all the horses could do to wade and slide and wallow along. At last Dwight put me down in the straw in the bottom of the sleigh and piled all the blankets on top of me to keep me from freezing to death. It certainly was cold. That evening we reached South Pass and went to Sherman's place. Dwight said, "'You know, Sherman, my brother is a tenderfoot out in this country and if you've got any place near a stove where we can fix him up tonight, I'd be much obliged to you.'

"'Why, sure thing. I have a boxwood stove right in the next room there. We'll fix you up.'

"Sherman's place was a low rambling, disjointed sort of building. The top story was partly open and the snow could drift into it or blow through it. They built us a roaring fire in the great long stove—a stove almost big enough to hold a piece of cord wood—and we went to bed. As soon as things got warmed up, the snow began to melt and drip—drip—drip—drip through the boards overhead. We couldn't find any space between the down pour and we spent a mighty wet night of it.

"As stated before, Lander, on the site of old Ft. Brown, was our destination. The six months I made my headquarters there, I boarded with Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Lowe. Mrs. Lowe was very kind and considerate to my comings and goings while Frank Lowe became my firm and respected friend. He was a splendid fellow—a good deal of a character, too, with a way all his own. For instance, Dwight came in one day after quite an absence and told me he and Lowe had been caught out in the hills in an unexpected fall of heavy, wet, blinding snow. They couldn't make it back to camp. They had just two matches between them and the wood was wet, but the only thing possible was to try for a fire. The first match went out. Lowe straightened up from where he was crouching over their fire-to-be and said,

"'God, do you want me? If you do—you just blow out this last match and you've got me.'

"At that time Mr. and Mrs. Lowe had an adopted daughter living with them—an Indian girl named Maggie Cosgrove.

"Fortunately I had carried a small roll of instruments and homeopathic remedies with me, for I had three surgical cases the day we got into Lander. Then E. F. Cheney came down with pneumonia and I took care of him. Mr. and Mrs. Cheney, with their family, were then living in the rooms back of the J. K. Moore store—Mr. Moore having gone over to Ft. Washakie a few years before to open a trading post there. Later in that summer of 1880, however, Mr. and Mrs. Cheney moved into their new house which had just been completed and which stood near the Popo Agie River. I had no idea, nor had anyone else, that a younger sister of Mrs. Cheney, then living in the east, was to become my dearly beloved wife.

"Jack Parker owned the saloon next to the J. K. Moore store. It had a porch with a low railing all along the front. Parker was a nice fellow and splendid about keeping his word. He came to me to have me look at his lip. He had a cancer started where he always held his pipe in his mouth. The constant irritation will often do this to an inveterate smoker. The only thing I could do to help him was to operate but I didn't have any anesthetic with me. Jack said we would send over to the Fort and get some. They sent us all they had but I told Parker I didn't think there was enough to put him under, or to keep him under if he did get to sleep. He said to go ahead and try anyway—so we got busy. I could see there wasn't going to be enough—he was a strong, husky fellow—and pretty soon realized it too. He raised up and looked at the chloroform there was left, then he picked up the bottle, threw it clear across the room and said,

"'To hell with that stuff. Go ahead and cut it out, Doctor.'

So I operated on his lip and he didn't twitch an eye or turn a hair while I was doing it. He was comfortable for about seven years after that. Then in spite of my warning, he began smoking his pipe again—and eventually had to have the whole side of his face cut away.

Then there was Mr. Cleveland. He used to go fishing with me. He was mighty good company on a fishing trip but he never seemed to have anything else to do. There were so many fine men—all pioneers and builders in their various ways—Major Baldwin, Eugene Amoretti, Edward St. John, P. P. Dickinson, Ed Young, J. K. Moore, Ben Anderson, Curry whose favorite cuss word was 'By Cripes,

it's terr-rrific,' Barney Quinn, and many more—all, of course, being but names to you though to me they mean friendships with the finest men who ever lived.

"One of the first things I did on reaching Wyoming was to buy myself a good pony. Then sometime, along the latter part of June, Dwight and I took a trip out into the hills. First in company with Ben Anderson, we visited Dwight's ranch on Owl Creek up in the Basin Country. Dwight was the first settler in this part of the state, taking up land and erecting the first cabin there,* even before the Indian depredations had ceased. The cabin itself was a low one-room affair, the dirt floor having buffalo bull hides about two inches thick stretched over it, making a dandy carpet, tough and warm. From there we ranged the country far and wide, hunting, fishing, glorying in the vivid blue skies and the brilliant days. We climbed high among the peaks and bagged a couple of splendid specimens of Mountain Sheep. And finally I shot my first buffalo. We passed over a vast expanse of country where the buffaloes had been, but the Indians had also been through there on a hunting trip. There was nothing left of Mr. Buffalo but the skulls—each skull having been crushed in order to obtain the brains—and a few bones. The Indians had taken every other part of the animals away, to use or to eat. I saw my first live buffalo, as we were jogging along up a little gulch, one day—just caught a glimpse of him over in the next draw. We dismounted, left our horses, crawled to the top of the divide that separated us, and when we got to a place where we could see him—I want to tell you that buffalo was a magnificent looking animal. I urged my brother to take a shot at him but Dwight said,

" 'Why shaw—I don't want to shoot him. I'd just as soon go out and shoot a cow. It doesn't mean anything to me, but this is the first one you've seen and it's a curiosity to you—so you go ahead and shoot him.' "

"So I aimed for the heart and let her go, but Mr. Buffalo didn't seem bothered a bit. He just loped off very quietly and gently—up over a knoll and out of sight. I said,

" 'There, you see. I missed him.' "

"Dwight laughed and replied, 'No you didn't. You shot him through the heart. I saw the hair part where the ball went through'—his vision was that wonderfully keen and sharp.

" 'Oh, all right then—come on. We'll go see.' "

*See Annals of Wyoming, Vol. No. Page.

"'No we don't. We'll just go back and get our ponies first.'

"But when we followed the buffalo over the knoll, on our ponies, sure enough, there he was stretched out dead, with my bullet through his heart. We only took about five pounds of the best meat out of the hump. That was all we wanted. And there we had to leave that wonderfully fine animal for the coyotes—or the Injuns if they came along. I've always been sorry about that and ashamed of myself, to think that I killed him just because he was a buffalo and I was a man and could kill him. It is beyond my comprehension how men could run amuck with the desire to kill, for the sheer, wanton pleasure of doing so, yet I have often seen men ride through a herd of deer (there used to be great herds of them in Wyoming at one time) at a gallop, seeing how fast they could pick them off. There was nothing to do with all the meat but leave it for the coyotes. It was a terror and no wonder the deer were nearly exterminated finally.

"The fall of that same year—1880—they called me to Green River as witness before the grand jury in a murder case. The Republican county convention was held in Rock Springs about the same time, so the folks in Lander decided to send me as their delegate. My plans were to stay over at Rock Springs three or four days, on the way to Green River. The case before the grand jury didn't amount to much. There was a fellow named Leclaire who lived in Lander. He had married a squaw and they had several children.. Leclaire always wore a big, white-handled revolver. His bosom pal was a fellow by name of Butler. One day, when they'd both been drinking a good deal and were pretty full, they got into some sort of a wrestling row. Butler wasn't armed but in some manner, he managed to get hold of Leclaire's revolver and he shot Leclaire in the abdomen. Leclaire died—Butler got away and no one ever heard anything of him after that. Folks thought he struck off south, through the mountains. The grand jury was investigating this killing.

"It's a curious thing, but during all the time I was in Wyoming, I didn't miss one term of court, either as witness, or giving expert testimony before the grand jury in murder cases. And just to show you how things were in those days, in all that time, I only remember one man being hung. That was a fellow in Rock Springs who hid under the bed of a barber who had befriended him, until the barber was asleep, and then killed him with a hammer to secure his hoardings. Just before they executed this

fellow, they asked him if he had anything to say. He replied that he would have been given his freedom if he had had a fair trial. Just think of it. The priest who was with him cried like a baby because the fellow's last words were a lie. —And the worst punishment they ever gave anyone for murder, was given to a German butcher who owned a little meat market in Rock Springs. The butcher and an Austrian helper he hired, had an altercation. When it had cooled down, the Austrian went into a beer cellar that was right next door to the meat market. The butcher took a big high-powered rifle, stepped to the door of the beer cellar, threw it open and deliberately shot down the Austrian. The bullet went clear through the fellow and through a water tank standing in the back of the room. I picked up the flattened bullet from the floor under the tank. They gave the German five years in the pen.

"Court was very often held in a big tent, with nearly everyone chewing tobacco. It wasn't at all unusual for court to be adjourned for a few minutes for everyone to step outside while some man with a shovel went in and turned the earth over or dug it up sufficiently so the floor was again in a sanitary condition. It was during my years of court work that I became well acquainted with W. W. Corlett, Parley L. Williams and many other legal lights.

"But to get back to my story—there were five of us started from Lander for Rock Springs and Green River. We had a good mountain wagon with our provisions in it, and a team of one old horse and one young horse, that belonged to Frank Lowe. One morning at a camp some forty miles from Rock Springs, Lowe led the horses to water, just as everything was ready for breakfast. He figured if we needed more water, the mud stirred up by the horses would be settled by time breakfast was over. When he brought the horses back, he just gave their ropes a couple of turns around a sage brush—and left them. While we were eating, something frightened the horses—'z-z-z-z-t' went the rope around the bush, and they were off, the old horse following the young one. They headed northeast toward what was called the 'sand dunes' and disappeared over the first of these ridges. By time we had reached it and climbed to the top of it—we could see the horses a mile off and still going. The fellows said,

"'Well, the only thing to do is to walk to Old Billy's ranch and get some horses.'

"Old Billy's—the nearest place—was twenty-five miles away. The boys thought I had better stay with the wagon and as soon as they reached the ranch, they would send a

team for me. I wasn't very strong in those days. In fact it was my health that brought me west in the first place, but I said,

"No sir, I'm not going to stay here. I'm going to walk to Old Billy's place. I don't expect to be able to keep up with you, but I'll get there just the same."

"We left everything right there—each took a bottle of water and started out. We pegged along all day and when we got to Old Billy's—we found the place deserted. We didn't have anything to eat and I tell you we were a pretty tired bunch. Someone had left a little flour in an old tin pan but the mice had been in it—and we found an old rat-eaten piece of bacon—that was all. We cleaned out the flour as best we could, stirred it into a batter with some water and baked it. The bacon was boiled in an old can, and that was our dinner.

(Continued in April Annals)

THE FORGOTTEN BATTALION

(Continued from October Annals)

(Being a short chronicle of some of the hardships and conditions endured by Indian war veterans in the Phil Kearney massacre of December 21st, 1866, and the Wagon Box Fight of August 2, 1867, as chronicled by William Murphy.)

To correct a wrong impression about Colonel Fetterman, I wish to make one statement for those that may be interested. He was charged with disobeying orders. I am sure he did not disobey orders the morning of the massacre. Major Powell told some of the truth about the massacre, but in the phraseology of the day he was "squelched." When I was in Sheridan in 1908 there was a distinct feeling in the air that I should not say anything about it. The party went out to where the Wagon Box Fight was held, but did not take John Stwan or me along. I was on the massacre ground in July of 1908, and noted that the ledge of stone where the men were massacred was gone completely. It had been removed for some reason, but it would have been better to have left it. It was about where the monument now stands.

Just a little side light and a few comments on how the regular soldier was treated by Uncle Sam in those days. In the first place he was not taught anything about "first aid," and was not furnished anything for first aid use unless at a fort. Men were sent out on escort of wagon trains and if wounded, had nothing to bandage the wound or stop

the bleeding. Usually the wounded man was put on top of the freight wagon on the goods in it, and in the summer this was next to the wagon sheet where he would burn up from the rays of the sun, while in winter it was freezing cold. Often it would be several days before the wounded man could see a doctor. You will have noticed from this article that there was no doctor at the Fetterman Massacre, none at the Wagon Box Fight, and there was never one sent out with the escorts in those days. I trust that I have portrayed some of the events and conditions of the times in such a manner, however rambling, that a little more light will have been shed on some of the history of the times and more interest aroused for the survivors of those wars. They are the unsung heroes of a Forgotten Battalion—too long forgotten.

CORRECTION: Mr. William Murphy, author of "The Forgotten Battalion," sends in the following correction: Annals of Wyoming, Volume 7, Number 2, Page 398, fourth line from the bottom, first word Buford should read Egbert.

ACCESSIONS

October, 1930, to January, 1931

Museum

Hill, Mrs. Charles—Picture of President Roosevelt's ride from Laramie to Cheyenne, May 30, 1903. Distance 54 miles. Large photograph of an Editorial Convention which met in Laramie in the early days. Picture with the individual photographs of the members of the Cheyenne Bicycle Club, 1893.

Boruff, Mrs. Mabel C.—Indian battle ax found on the Custer Battlefield right after the Custer Battle. Ax was then broken and had blood and hair on it—the blood stain could never be removed.

Hebard, Dr. Grace R.—One bullet holder which is a semi-circular small leather case. Two small oblong leather cases which contained cartridges and bullets with places for powder. "Pair of stirrups which open when a heavy weight is placed on one side, if a man were shot by lead and fell from his horse the weight of his body would open the stirrups and that would allow the body to fall to the ground." This collection was brought by Dr. Hebard's uncle, John Charles Marven, when he came home wounded in the Civil War. John Charles Marven served through the entire period of the Civil War, being mustered out with his regiment, the first Iowa volunteers, March, 1865, as Brevet Lieutenant Colonel. One soldier's strap with a leaf design which Colonel Marven wore when he was wounded and was brought home to his sister, Dr. Hebard's mother, in Iowa City, in 1865.

- Burnett, Edward—Two pictures of monument bearing the following inscription: "Here Nov. 25, 1876, Gen. R. S. Mackenzie with U. S. forces composed of detachments of the 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th Cavalry; 4th, 9th Artillery; 9th, 23rd Infantry, defeated the CHEYENNES under DULL KNIFE. Lieut. McKinney and six soldiers were killed in battle."
- Newton, L. L.—Hand made nails found at old Fort Sanders, Wyoming.
- Watson, John M.—Twenty-three postcard pictures dealing with Mexico.
- Clark, A. M.—Framed Photograph of Frank W. Mondell.
- Thulemeyer, Theo.—The first of a series of pictures showing the evolution of vehicles.
- Meyers, E. D.—Two early day pictures of the Convent of the Holy Child Jesus, Cheyenne; 1 early day picture of Ivinson Hall, Laramie; photograph of Mr. and Mrs. Clark, early day settlers at Horse Creek, Wyoming, and parents of Mrs. W. S. Carpenter of Cheyenne; picture of the Wind River Canyon before the railroad was constructed through the canyon. Collection of various medals and programs, letter from the advertising agent for the Burlington Route, July 15, 1929; letter from Orville Wright, April 16, 1930, and newspaper clippings regarding letter. 92 large photographs of Cheyenne people taken on special occasions and of Cheyenne business buildings. Large picture of "Gold Dust" a Hereford bull. View of the Capitol Building taken from the air.

Original Manuscripts

- Bond, Mrs. Wallace—Poem entitled "Fremont Lake."
- Goodnough, Mrs. J. H.—Poem entitled "Hawaii."
- Lambertson, Mrs. Eva G.—Manuscript entitled "A Long Trail—Pennsylvania to Wyoming."
- Griffith, J. B.—Copy of the manuscript entitled "The History of Albany County, Wyo.," written by Judge M. C. Brown of Laramie, Wyoming.
- Fryxell, Dr. F. M.—Manuscript entitled "An Episode from the Hayden Survey of 1877 in Wyoming."
- Johnston, Clarence T.—Manuscript on "Mr. John H. Gordon."
- Johnson, Albert W.—Manuscript dealing with William Francis Hooker's cabin and markers on LaBonte Creek, home of Mr. Hooker during the winter of 1874-75.
- Ellis, Mrs. C. E.—"History of Carbon, Wyoming's First Mining Town."
- Leek, S. N.—Expression of views regarding the extension of Yellowstone Park.

Documents

- Ledyard, Edgar M.—Historical guide map of the State of Utah compiled by Mr. Ledyard, President of the Utah Historical Landmarks Association.

Sheldon, A. B.—Bible published in 1755 which contains the genealogy of the Angell family—Mr. Sheldon's mother's family. John Burr Angell who was President of the University of Michigan until his death and his son who is at this time President of Yale University are descendants from this family. The Sheldons came to Wyoming in February, 1888, and located in Laramie. Later they moved to Wheatland where the mother still resides. Mr. Sheldon was in the employ of the Swan Land and Cattle Company from 1895 to 1917, and was presented with a gold watch by the company in appreciation for his long and faithful service to them.

State Board of Land Commissioners—Original letter written by Colonel W. F. Cody to Mr. Elwood Mead, dated May 13, 1899, Newark, Ohio. Original letter written by Fred Bond to Hon. E. Mead, State Engineer, dated Dec. 21, 1895, Buffalo, Wyo.

Watson, John M.—Five documents verifying the service to our Government of Mr. Watson in Mexico during the year 1915.

Meyers, E. D.—Compiled Laws of Wyoming, 1876; General Land Office map of Wyoming, 1865.

Books

Mumey, Dr. Nolie—"Rubaiyat of Omar Kjayyam;" "A Study of Rare Books" by Dr. Mumey.

Lucas, Frank E.—"Life and Adventures of Frank Grouard" by Joe DeBarthe.

Carroll, Major C. G.—Volumes 1 and 2, "Roll of Honor, Deceased Ex-Service Men and Women in Illinois."

Meyers, E. D.—"The Old Timer's Tale" by El Comancho.

Pamphlets

Cheyenne Chamber of Commerce—"Fort Francis E. Warren, Wyoming, 1930."

Woman's Club of Basin—Constitution and By-Laws.

Avery, M. H.—"Trail and Timberline"—October 1930, published by The Colorado Mountain Club. Contains Wyoming scenic history.

Garraghan, Reverend Gilbert J. (S. J.)—"The Emergence of the Missouri Valley into History;" "Earliest Settlements of the Illinois Country;" "Trans-Mississippi West—Nicolas Point, Jesuit Missionary in Montana of the Forties."

Williams, Edward W.—Newspapers containing history about the Civil War dating from June, 1864 to June, 1865. One paper contains an article on Deer Creek Station in Wyoming.

Auerbach, Herbert S.—Sheet of printed matter dealing with pieces from Joseph Smith's home: "The Herbert S. Auerbach Furniture Collection from the 'Mansion House' in Nauvoo, Ill., shows feeling of the intimate domestic life so welded with the prosaic views of the day."



Annals of Wyoming

Vol. 7

APRIL, 1931

No. 4

CONTENTS

West Side Mining Company.....	By Clarence T. Johnson
Reminiscences of A. A. Spagh.....	By Himself
Dr. Edward Day Woodruff.....	By His Daughter
Diary Kept by W. A. Richards in Summer of 1873	
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CHAPTER 96

STATE HISTORICAL BOARD

Session Laws 1921

DUTIES OF HISTORIAN

Section 6. It shall be the duty of the State Historian:

(a) To collect books, maps, charts, documents, manuscripts, other papers and any obtainable material illustrative of the history of the State.

(b) To procure from pioneers narratives of any exploits, perils and adventures.

(c) To collect and compile data of the events which mark the progress of Wyoming from its earliest day to the present time, including the records of all of the Wyoming men and women, who served in the World War and the history of all war activities in the State.

(d) To procure facts and statements relative to the history, progress and decay of the Indian tribes and other early inhabitants within the State.

(e) To collect by solicitation or purchase fossils, specimens, of ores and minerals, objects of curiosity connected with the history of the State and all such books, maps, writings, charts and other material as will tend to facilitate historical, scientific and antiquarian research.

(f) To file and carefully preserve in his office in the Capitol at Cheyenne, all of the historical data collected or obtained by him, so arranged and classified as to be not only available for the purpose of compiling and publishing a History of Wyoming, but also that it may be readily accessible for the purpose of disseminating such historical or biographical information as may be reasonably requested by the public. He shall also bind, catalogue and carefully preserve all unbound books, manuscripts, pamphlets, and especially newspaper files containing legal notices which may be donated to the State Historical Board.

(g) To prepare for publication a biennial report of the collections and other matters relating to the transaction of the Board as may be useful to the public.

(h) To travel from place to place, as the requirements of the work may dictate, and to take such steps, not inconsistent with the provisions of this Act, as may be required to obtain the data necessary to the carrying out of the purpose and objects herein set forth.



GOVERNOR OF WYOMING
January 3, 1927—February 18, 1931

Annals of Wyoming

Vol. 7

APRIL, 1931

No. 4

THE WEST SIDE MINING COMPANY

By Clarence T. Johnston

There is a district of limited area along the Colorado-Wyoming boundary, where the highwayman, the rustler, the horse-thief, and their relatives in other fields of criminal industry, found sanctuary from the pursuit of officers representing law and order, long after their activities were frowned upon by an unquestioned majority of western people. The country to which I refer lies along the Little Snake River, a tributary of Green River. The river has its source in the Sierra Madre Mountains, some of its tributaries coming from Wyoming and the others from Colorado. After the river receives enough water from these tributaries to dignify the title, it wanders along in an uncertain way as though undecided whether it would cast its lot with one state or the other. It finally leaves Wyoming for the last time near the mouth of Dry Gulch—a channel of more importance than the name might signify—some thirty-five miles west of the mountains.

The boundary between Colorado and Wyoming is an astronomical line—the forty-first parallel of north latitude. Charles Lamb always expressed great respect for the equator. I sympathized with his feeling as I became acquainted with this boundary line. It was surveyed in 1872 by W. A. Richards, who later became commissioner of the General Land Office under President Roosevelt. An astronomer from Harvard accompanied the expedition. Monuments were set at each mile on which numbers were inscribed indicating the distance from the southeast corner of Wyoming. West of the Sierra Madre Mountains most of the original monuments were cottonwood posts which disappeared within a few years, although some remains of decayed wood could be found as late as 1900. The geology of the valley is varied. Coal measures abound and many ranchmen mined their own fuel supply at the time of my first visit. With an astronomical line, poorly located, a topography that had not been mapped and a mixed geology, the valley offered a paradise for scientists who delight in the com-

plications that accompany overlapping fields. It was something of an outrage, therefore, when society superimposed upon this tangle of natural complexities a population that was equally confused and heterogeneous.

While the valley had been explored prior to the completion of the Union Pacific Railroad, 1868 to 1869, it did not become a resort for the fugitive from justice until the railroad provided better transportation conveniences as well as an improved prospect for a more lucrative reward for violations of the seventh commandment. You may recall something of N. S. Meeker, formerly editor of the Greeley Tribune and then Indian agent at Fort Meeker, some eighty miles southwest of the Little Snake River Valley. Meeker believed that the Indian would be improved by hard work. The Indians, grasping too readily the gist of Mr. Meeker's logic, killed him early in October, 1879. To protect white people remaining at Fort Meeker, troops were immediately sent from Fort Steele, a station located at the point where the Union Pacific Railroad crosses the North Platte River, twenty-eight miles east of Rawlins. Most of the detachment—only a few hundred troops, under Major Thornburgh, were ambushed and killed by the Indians in Thornburgh Gulch, a tributary of Snake River from the south some ten miles east of Dry Gulch. A scout, Joe Rankin, made his celebrated horseback ride to Rawlins, a distance of eighty miles, to spread the news of the massacre and call for help. Troops were dispatched from Cheyenne, Fort Steele, Rawlins and Salt Lake City. These left the railroad at Rawlins, traveled sixty-five miles to Baggs, just north of the Colorado-Wyoming boundary and on Snake River—where a stockade was built. The Indians were soon subdued. Meeker was concerned in their civilization and he died a martyr to his theory.

The valley has been the home of some unusual characters. Old Jim Baker, early pioneer, squaw-man, trapper and guide, established his home in the mountains near the source of Snake River while this part of the country was Mexican territory. One of the early towns, as one proceeds downstream, is Dixon, Wyoming, seven miles east of Baggs. Several interesting people lived at or near Dixon. At a general store, conducted by Charlie Perkins, one could purchase violin strings, dynamite and whiskey at the same counter. Perkins' private office was an arsenal. His theory of survival was completely expressed in his own laconic phraseology by "Those who are alive learned early to shoot first." He was notified by a Wyoming sheriff one evening that attachment papers would be served on him the following morning. During the night he drafted all the

help he could muster and moved his entire stock across the boundary line into Colorado.

A physician by the name of Ricketts lived on a ranch just west of Dixon. He was an able man and highly prized by the people of the valley when he was not under the influence of morphine. Ricketts had chosen between success, as the word is commonly spelled, the morphine habit. Having decided in favor of the drug, he established his home among people who would not cast the first stone. His course naturally led to a suicide's grave.

The element that most interested the casual observer seemed to have no special headquarters. Jeff Dunbar, an outlaw from several schools of crime, spent his week-ends "shooting up" saloons. I was never in a saloon while this interesting pastime was in progress, but I inspected the devastated areas soon after the meetings had adjourned. Dunbar was a genius and an expert in his own field and no one could view the results of his handiwork without admiration. Butch Cassidy, another celebrity, was less prominent in local society. He took business trips several times each year. During his absence, or soon after his return, newspapers frequently published accounts of railway robberies and similar exploits, thus enabling those in position to put two and two together, to arrive at conclusions. These conclusions were seldom divulged to Mr. Cassidy. He had a reputation of being quick and effective in argument and his opponents generally lost interest in discussion as soon as sincerity and frankness exceeded caution. Johnny Red Shirt, another social light I met, was an ordinary horsethief. His abilities were probably hereditary, although the environment was not altogether discouraging to his chosen field of activity. After having been shot through the shoulder by a careless sheriff, he was brought to Baggs, while I happened to be in town. On the following day, he rode horseback between two officers from Baggs to Rawlins, a distance of sixty-five miles. No ordinary man, severely wounded in the shoulder, could have stood such a trip. I lost track of Johnny after he was sent to penitentiary for five years.

Although thirty years have passed since I made my first journey along the Little Snake River, I have said but little publicly of my impressions of the valley and its people. While I have not feared contradiction, I can speak with a little less reserve since receiving positive assurance of the death of Butch Cassidy. I have felt that the men with whom I was then associated had had enough grief and that publicity would only add insult to injury. In addition, many things of serious import to

them were more or less amusing to me. Most of the principles of the comedy that I witnessed in 1895 and 1896 have now passed to another sphere, where, I hope, they have laid up treasures too frequently ignored by promoters of mining disappointments.

Sooner or later in nearly every community, a prophet appears to introduce a new era. The Snake River Valley escaped this sort of a calamity until along about the year 1894, when John Hardinburg, suffering a lucid interval, due to a temporary separation from alcohol, concluded that the hills along Dry Gulch and in that vicinity contained placer gold. Hardinburg had all of the essential attributes of a prophet; he believed in his theories and he believed in himself. He was in a position, therefore, to make converts to his cause. He did not make a general appeal to the public and he never dreamed of proving anything to his neighbors. In some mysterious way he sold his claims to a group of men living in Providence, Rhode Island. It is possible that any prophet, engaged in a venture of this kind, would think of Providence first. The names of all of the Providential victims are unimportant. Many of them did not figure in the Dry Gulch activities in any direct or personal way. They appointed trusted agents to represent them. George H. Haskins, club man, and an expert on clam bakes, was elected general manager. George W. Perkins, formerly milk inspector of Providence, was appointed as assayer. Unlike Charlie Perkins of Dixon, George represented science rather than business and diplomacy. George T. Martin, whose real name was Abraham Mack, a broken down sardine salesman and friend of Haskins, was selected as bookkeeper and accountant. These men with others became linked together under the name of the West Side Mining Company, a corporation organized under the laws of Rhode Island, for the purpose of placer mining.

Although discretion had been cast aside while John Hardinburg had the floor, the new company, under the influence of Haskins, became very conservative if not over-cautions. He doubtless felt that since the horse had been stolen it might be well to lock the barn. His first responsibility was to find someone who understood placer mining. Inquiries were made of western railway officials and the Burlington Road finally recommended a man by the name of Miller. This recommendation was doubtless made with entire safety since Miller's placer mining activities had been confined largely to South Africa. When Haskins learned that a water supply would have to be provided he sought the advice of Elwood Mead, then state engineer of Wyo-

ming. The state engineer recommended Fred Bond, an engineer of experience, to prepare plans for the canal and superintend its construction. It was found that an existing ditch, diverting water almost opposite the town of Dixon, could be enlarged and extended to Dry Gulch at a cost of about \$85,000. About five miles of wood stave pipe were installed in the neighborhood of Thornburgh Gulch where a bad-land formation presented obstacles to open canal construction. All of the money for this canal work was advanced by one of the enthusiasts in Providence, who was willing to leave the funds invested until placer mining operations produced gold enough to recompense him. The canal was finished by the middle of September, 1895.

Although the Little Snake River Valley might have been a place where angels feared to tread, fools did not rush in prior to the year 1895. It is necessary for me to explain how I became entangled with the affairs of the West Side Mining Company. The construction engineer, Fred Bond, left immediately after the canal was finished, without even saying goodbye to Mr. Haskins. While Bond had spent much time on the western fringe of civilization, he had never seen anything just like the Little Snake River country. At about this time it occurred to the local management of the company that the mining claims should be laid out on the ground so that some of them might be found. Mr. Hardinburg had overlooked this detail. His deeds seemed to describe something, but there was no evidence on the ground that would support any description. Inquiries made by Mr. Haskins finally reached me, and, much against the kindly advice of Mr. Bond, I agreed to go to the Little Snake River Valley and see what could be done.

I took the Union Pacific Railway from Cheyenne to Rawlins and a stage from Rawlins to Baggs. We left Rawlins at about six o'clock one morning early in November. The wind was blowing a gale and there was snow in the air. The stage was a light affair while the horses should have been in a hospital rather than on the road. We had lunch at the Willows, about half way between Rawlins and Baggs. This was simply a place. There was water and a few willows; also a tent where a half-breed Indian woman served substitutes for food. I had lost my appetite, along with my breakfast, during the morning due to the motion of the stage, and entered the tent to get warm rather than because I had any desire for refreshment. I found the lady manager under the influence of whiskey and consequently a little arbitrary. She suggested that I eat my lunch and I acquiesced rather than enter into an argument. The lunch was no great acquisition as I discovered later in the day.

We reached Baggs at two o'clock that night. My circulation had practically stopped sometime before we arrived at our destination, so we roused the clerk at the hotel and had him heat milk and do other things to stimulate signs of life. I was met, the following morning, by Charlie, the teamster of the West Side Mining Company. As far as I could tell, he was perfectly sober. I never saw him in that condition again. We arrived at Dry Gulch before noon. The houses of the little settlement were not built to provide the best kind of shelter from the normal winter weather of the valley. My arrival seemed to stimulate renewed interest in the great adventure which had called these typical New Englanders from their firesides, their clam bakes, milk inspection and sardines, to live in the sagebrush along Dry Gulch. The accountant, Martin, was assigned to me as a computer. He was a wonder with figures. I stated problems in multiplication and division and he immediately gave me the results. A party was sent out to cut red cedar for corner posts, four feet long, four inches in diameter and squared at one end, to be set two feet in the ground. I found something like descriptions of claim boundaries in the deeds obtained from John Hardinburg. Enough of the corner posts were made in a day to warrant the beginning of field work. We decided to start at the eastern limit of the property, some four or five miles east of Dry Gulch, and work westerly. The first task was to find the state boundary. The remains of several posts were found after some search. Although the lands in Colorado, in the vicinity of Dry Gulch, were supposed to have been surveyed under the direction of the General Land Office, no one had ever found a monument, and the general impression seemed to be that the surveyors had fudged their notes, and after a pleasant summer, probably spent in fishing and hunting, they had made their affidavits, drawn their pay from a trustful government and gone their way rejoicing, leaving it to the entryman to fit maps and notes to the ground in any manner the law and local customs and manners might approve or permit.

My field party was of nondescript character. Haskins and Perkins accompanied me the first day as observers. They never appeared in the field thereafter. Charlie, the driver, attended to the team and spring wagon and was besides, the custodian and chief consumer of the whiskey supply. It seemed improbable that he had taken any part in the naming of Dry Gulch. A half-caste Uinta Indian from Utah acted as rear chainman; a half-breed Cherokee Indian from Tennessee was head chainman and a Norwegian held the rod. The incidents of the first

day were typical of many that followed. There was bad blood between my chainmen, but the 100-foot tape kept them separated while at work. We were obliged to cross the Little Snake River as we followed the boundary line. The Uinta Indian would not wade it, so, while the rest of us took off our shoes and stockings, walked on the ice for ten or fifteen feet, then stepped into sixteen or eighteen inches of water and across a second strip of ice at the opposite bank, he returned to the wagon for a riding horse which fell midstream, giving him an unexpected bath. His clothes froze immediately and we sent him to camp. We then built a fire to stimulate circulation, replaced our footgear and went on with the survey.

After a few days about eight inches of snow fell and we found it inconvenient to return to Dry Gulch each evening. The company ordered some tents for us but these did not arrive until after we had completed the survey. But little snow fell during the ensuing six weeks, and, although the sun shone brightly nearly every day, the thermometer registered below zero most of the time. I only have general impressions of these days and I am thankful that time and memory conspire to remove irregularities from the graph of a somewhat trying experience.

The claims ran from forty to 160 acres each and the total area embraced in the deeds of John Hardinburg was slightly in excess of 9,000 acres. Time and patience were required to locate all of the corners. Astronomical direction and careful measurement furnished data for mathematical checks to the work. The setting of corner posts in frozen ground was most trying. Recording notes in cold weather is not an activity one would ordinarily choose for recreation. There seemed to be no limit to the area of land eight or nine men might appropriate for placer mining, by employing a little ingenuity in the application of the theory of permutations and combinations. While I saw no reason for classifying placer miners of my acquaintance with the meek, it was evident that they might inherit the earth under the laws then in effect. The survey finally came to an end and I returned to Cheyenne to make maps and final computations.

Sometime in March, 1896, I was asked to return to Dry Gulch to carry out the plans of the expert mining engineer, Miller, and to take charge of maintenance work on the canal. I accepted the offer and reached Dry Gulch almost simultaneously with the first signs of spring. I lost confidence in the ability of the mining engineer within a few weeks. Placer gold mining was in progress in the neighborhood. The local miners

had tried to extract gold by the use of mercury and had given it up because of arsenic and antimony in the sand and gravel. These coat the mercury and the gold does not amalgamate, but slides over and is lost in the tailings. The local miners had substituted burlap and Brussels carpet for mercury and riffles. They were making good wages with very scanty water supplies. Miller insisted on the use of mercury. He designed a plant that promised something in the nature of a monument to his memory. He had already made surveys which furnished him with an approximate knowledge of the topography. Regardless of his information—he located the first plant at such a point and on such a grade that it would have projected into the air and never have reached any of the gold-bearing material. I assumed some responsibility when, during his absence, I changed both location and grade. Miller approved these changes when he next visited the gulch. By that time I had as much hope of extracting gold from the air as from the sand and gravel. As my faith in the financial success of the placer mining venture disappeared, I tried to preserve reputations as far as possible and to afford consolation to those whose hopes were soon to be wrecked.

In the meantime, Perkins, the former milk inspector of Providence, was busy in other fields. He was placing some anchors to windward as he made frequent prospecting trips into the mountains to the east. His assays showed gold in all samples of ore he brought back with him. When he found gold in a fire brick we pulverized for his benefit, he made an analysis of the chemicals used in his assays and found gold in the litharge, lead monoxide. This discovery discredited much of his work up to that time. He had also failed to number his ore specimens or to describe the places where they were found. When his assays showed minerals in paying quantities he was unable to say where more of the same rock might be obtained. His reputation as a prospector and assayer rapidly declined and he soon found diversions that excited less general interest.

One pleasant summer night the driving team and all of the riding horses owned by the company were stolen. The horses of a contractor engaged in repairs on the canal were overlooked. Riding horses were borrowed from neighbors, local deputy sheriffs were notified and a large party assembled quickly and started off in pursuit of the robbers. The trail led directly east toward the mountains where all of the horses were found although much scattered. The party returned to Dry Gulch feeling rather proud of its exploit only to find that the horse thieves had returned to the camp while all the men were

absent and taken the contractor's horses. These were never recovered.

When life at Dry Gulch seemed dull and monotonous, Martin, our bookkeeper, would restore us to a normal state of animation by attempting suicide. Finally, one morning late in June, he did not report for breakfast. Searching parties were at once organized and it fell to my lot to find his dead body in a deserted cabin near Snake River, a mile and a half from the camp. The camp was located in Colorado, five or six hundred feet south of the boundary line, so that the bookkeeper had crossed into Wyoming to end his life. While we did not believe that he did this purposely to inconvenience us, it necessitated our sending for the nearest coroner in Wyoming. That officer arrived at about five o'clock in the afternoon, when the inquest was held. The coroner's jury quickly found the case one of suicide by the strychnine route. We then planned and carried out a funeral ceremony that probably has no parallel in the history of the two states. It took place after dark. Two searchlights, used for night placer mining, were requisitioned to light the way. A mormon laborer volunteered to read the Scripture and to say the last solemn words as the body was laid to rest. In fact, practically everything was provided that usually goes with a funeral with the possible exception of mourners. The grave had been dug a few hundred feet north of the camp and at the appointed time the procession formed and marched to dedicate there a new cemetery. The men about the grave were a mixed lot. Our half-breed Indians, several highwaymen and horsethieves and two or three others who held diplomas from noted penitentiaries, stood in silence while a companion and disciple of a new faith bade farewell to the earthly remains of a son of the ancient Hebrews.

While laying out a channel to carry the tailings from the placer plant more directly to the river, a few days after the death of the bookkeeper, the state boundary line was accurately extended so that we might know where this proposed work would pass into Wyoming and hence enter lands not owned by the company. I was surprised to find that the boundary passed directly over the grave of our late accountant.

Feeling that my education was becoming too much diversified and further, that I was no longer needed, I left Dry Gulch before the end of July. In November I received a telegram from the headquarters of the company in Providence, asking me to return to Dry Gulch to check up the results for the season. I spent one night at the hotel at Baggs on my way. My room overlooked a yard back of the hotel where wagons

and similar equipment were kept for guests and other travelers. On the following morning, I noticed a familiar-looking box on one of the wagons in this yard. The hotel proprietor informed me that the relatives of our late bookkeeper had requested the body to be disinterred and sent to New York for final burial. The freighter, employed to transport the body from Dry Gulch to Rawlins, had reached Baggs some six weeks prior to my arrival. He had consumed enough whiskey each day since that time to relieve him from any annoying feeling of responsibility.

I soon reached Dry Gulch where I measured the volume of material that had been worked and then inquired for the gold recovered. No response being made, I did not press the matter. My report to the stockholders in Providence was brief, and to the point. The camp soon closed and the moving spirits of the enterprise at Dry Gulch, charging all costs to the experience, collected their personal effects and left for parts unknown.

The Little River Valley society exhibited one or two outstanding characteristics as I remember it. For mental alertness the natives of the valley could not be excelled. Charlie Perkins of Dixon probably had the right theory. Only those who could think quickly and accurately were doing business and reporting regularly for meals. John Hardinburg was an ignorant, unprepossessing man, yet he convinced men of much different type that he owned something worth buying. These New Englanders, Yankees, if you please, were unable to compete with men representing a society stimulated by necessity and purged of the weak and unfit. In every transaction, commercial, social or charitable, the man who lived in the sagebrush, walked away with all benefits, prizes and profits. It is possible that none of the people of the valley could have successfully staged a clam bake and none of them, to my knowledge, ever manifested any interest in milk inspection or the selling of sardines. They displayed wisdom when they adhered to their own vocations, whether these were horse-stealing, stockraising, mine promoting, or something else.

One quality all shared in common. The great gambling instinct—the joy of taking a chance—appealed to the sons of New England and the denizens of the sagebrush alike. John Hardinburg was a conservative. He only risked the price of transportation from Baggs to Providence and return. He might have refused to partake of a lunch at the Willows, while making the journey, or he might have contradicted Mr. Cassidy upon his return. He avoided these opportunities for diversion and lived to enjoy the profits of the business he represented

with such credit. The mining company took a long chance to begin with, and in exhibition of rare sporting blood, the management grasped every opportunity, as the game progressed, to make success more difficult.

REMINISCENCES OF A. A. SPAUGH

"Do you know, Bill, I don't know whether I am going to get home for Thanksgiving or not, the way this 77 Ranch deal is dragging. But if I don't, it won't be the first time I failed to get home for Thanksgiving dinner.

"I remember one time I left here on Thanksgiving morning expecting to eat dinner on my ranch at Manville that evening, but I did not arrive there for two days."

"What was the trouble?" inquired Bill.

"It's not such a long story and I don't mind telling you, although I never like to tell of these things, as lots of people do not believe them and may say that one is a wind jammer, but believe me or not, Bill, there have been lots of stranger and more interesting things happen right here in old Cheyenne and in this country than were ever written in books."

The story starts away back in the seventies, nearly fifty years ago. I was on the Iron Mountain roundup and we were just pulling into the Cheyenne Pass to camp for dinner. Zack Thomas, manager of the Two Bar outfit for Alex Swan, was in charge of the roundup. He had arranged to go to Cheyenne after dinner and left me in charge of the outfit.

There were about one hundred men in the roundup and they had an average of about ten saddle horses to the man, making about one thousand horses.

We expected to roundup the country between Cheyenne Pass and Cheyenne that afternoon, making two roundups, and get to Cheyenne that night. All the men were in their saddles and rearing to go, expecting to have a wild time in the city that night. Just as I was giving the last order as to how the drive should be made, a little girl rode up. It was unusual in those days to see a little girl nine years old ride up to a roundup. She came down the canyon like the wind, her hair streaming down her back and her eyes filled with tears. She asked for Zack Thomas and some of the men told her that Mr. Thomas had gone to Cheyenne but that Ad Spaugh was left in charge and she had better see him.

I rode up about this time and had considerable trouble in learning from the child what was wrong. She was wild with

grief and I could see that something serious was the matter. Finally I gathered from the girl that her little brother about eight years old had left the ranch early that morning to hunt a pony that had gotten away with a rope on and that they feared the boy was lost or that something had happened to him. The forenoon had been cloudy but now the clouds had settled down from the tops of the mountains into the valley and stretched across the plains where they were touching the ground. It was already spitting snow, the wind was rising and the clouds began to roll down off the mountains, having the appearance of one of those severe, destructive spring snowstorms that so often visit the Rocky Mountain region.

I told the men that we would abandon the afternoon roundup and make a drive to find the boy. A little cloud of disappointment showed in the faces of the boys, for they knew that the visit to Cheyenne would have to be postponed and perhaps lost altogether, but every man was ready to go.

We went up to the ranch and found that the boy must have followed the pony through Cheyenne Pass and into the mountains above. The old California Trail passes through this canyon, out by Pole Mountain and on to the Laramie plains. By the time we got to the head of the canyon where the men were to spread out to hunt for the boy, it was snowing hard from the east.

I spread the men out about fifty on each side of the road with instructions to ride out every hill and dale for a distance of three or four miles and that we were to all meet on the California Trail about six miles west of the Cheyenne Pass in a little park and report the results.

We met at the park designated about the middle of the afternoon, but the boy had not been found. I scattered the men out again as before and we were to meet at the north of Pole Mountain next time. We reached that point about dark with no better results. Kind Providence favored us at this time, for the clouds cleared away, leaving a full moon and we spread out for another drive by moonlight. I felt sure the boy was farther on as the boys all declared they had searched every bush and rock.

I had given orders that if the boy was found, the rest of the men were to be notified by three rapid pistol shots. I think we were on the third drive that was made after nightfall, when one of the men who was riding with me in the road, noticed something in the snow that looked like a boy's track. In a short time it became so plain there could be no doubt about it. We signalled the other men to come in. We then struck up a

swift gallop and the other men came back to the road and followed up. We rode for nearly an hour before we overtook the boy. He was badly frightened—in fact he was almost wild. One of the men got off his horse and tried to catch the boy but the child could outrun the cowboy, so one of the other men threw a rope over the boy who fought and scratched and bit the men at first, but we soon quieted him, wrapped him up in a coat and one of the men's slickers and put him on behind one of the men and started back.

The boy had nearly reached the Laramie plains, a distance of almost thirty miles from home, when we found him, the wind and storm was at his back or he never could have traveled so far.

We had no more than started back toward home than the wind came up from the northwest and it commenced to storm. It snowed and blew a perfect gale and turned very cold. On our return, after we had found the boy and when we were about half way to the ranch, a pack of black timber wolves crossed the trail just ahead of us and, in fact, we rode into the bunch of wolves before they all got across the trail. The wolves were so hungry and cold that they would hardly get out of our way; they even bristled up, snarled and snapped at our horses as we rode through them. Some of the boys unbuttoned their overcoats and drew their revolvers but by the time they were in position to shoot, the wolves had started to run; the boys fired at them several times but did not get any of them. It made the cold chills run over my nerves to think what would have happened to the boy had the wolves crossed the trail when the boy came along alone. It was daylight when we got back to the ranch and restored the boy to his mother, who wanted to hug and kiss the whole roundup. Cowboys being rather shy, I came to their rescue and represented them in this act, although I wasn't any too well posted, as I had never known but one girl up to that time.

We had several days bad weather so the boys all went to Cheyenne and had a gay time.

It was more than twenty years later that the sequel to this story was played. It was on Thanksgiving morning and I was leaving Cheyenne, expecting to get to my ranch at Manville for a six o'clock dinner. The train should have left Cheyenne at seven o'clock a. m. Seven-fifteen came and no train was in sight; seven-thirty, and no train. There were a lot of people at the station who had been in Cheyenne shopping for Thanksgiving and wanted to get home for dinner. Everyone was pacing up and down the platform, nervously awaiting the Cheyenne

and Northern train—which was made up here—to be backed in, or some information of it.

They ran a mixed train those days—box cars, cattle cars, mail car, baggage, smoker and day coaches. The train was backed in soon and the loading of mail, express and baggage commenced. It was long after eight o'clock when Shorty Donahue hooked the engine onto the train. We were soon off, and the way Shorty whirled that old train up the Crow Creek valley, past Silver Crown, over the Horse Creek divide and even up the Iron Mountain hill, was a ride long to be remembered. People who attempted to walk up and down the aisles were piled up first on one side of the car and then the other. But when we reached the Iron Mountain divide and started down that canyon with its steep grade and sharp curves the women shrieked with fear. The head car would get so far from the track that I thought it never would get back, but it did alright. I thought Shorty must either be drunk or had lost control of the train.

The train suddenly stopped its terrific rate of speed with a chug. Shorty had set the emergency brake tight. I could hear the brakes grinding the wheels and then the train sliding on the steel rails, and could smell the burning of steel.

Everyone was piled over into the seats ahead of them and in the front end of the cars. The train came to a stop with a thud. I was one of the first to hit the ground and there stood the engine with its front out over a burning bridge!

It was one of those high, long wooden trestles so often constructed by new railroads across deep canyons in those early days. I had no more than reached the side of the engine than the bridge fell, a mass of flames.

I noticed a cowboy standing by his horse on the high bank just outside the right-of-way of the railroad, with his coat in his hand. I suspected it was he who had flagged the train. I went over to him and he told me that he did. He said he was at Iron Mountain to get the mail and had seen the smoke of the burning bridge and took it to be the train with a broken down engine. He thought he would come up there and get the mail sack so that he could take it in to the post office, and then he was going over to Horse Creek to eat Thanksgiving dinner with his mother. About this time another cowboy rode up.

Preparations were being made by the conductor to back the train up to Horse Creek and report the trouble. The man who had flagged the train turned his horse over to the other cowboy to be taken to the ranch and he took our train back to

Horse Creek. The man seemed to know me but I could not place him. He rode in the seat beside me to Horse Creek.

When we reached there it was reported the train would be held there until a southbound train came down, which would be late in the afternoon, then we would be transferred at the burned bridge and sent on our way.

The cowboy asked me to go down to his house and eat Thanksgiving dinner with him. It is needless to say I readily accepted the invitation, as the ranch where he was to take me was only a short distance from Horse Creek station.

When we entered the house the man inside wanted to know what was the matter with the train and why he had come that way instead of horseback. The mother had hardly seen me as yet and the man went on to tell her about the burning bridge.

"You saved the lives of everybody on the train," she said. "I suppose so," he replied. "And this man was on the train, too," said the boy's mother. "This is Mr. Spaugh," said the boy, whereat the lady threw her arms around me and kissed me on one cheek and then the other and almost frightened me to death. Holding both my hands in hers and with eyes full of tears she said, "Don't you know," pointing to her son, "that this is the boy whose life you saved from a frozen death? And to think that today he has saved you from a fiery grave! I have never seen you from that day to this, Mr. Spaugh," said the lady, "although I see by the papers that you have been successful!"

We had a good dinner and a pleasant time talking over the early days in Wyoming and the changes that had taken place, until about four o'clock, the time for the train to move on. I might as well tell you how I finished that Thanksgiving.

"There was much delay in transferring the passengers, baggage and express as is usual in such cases. It was midnight when we reached Orin Junction. A Thanksgiving dance was going on there at the hotel. I took a few whirls at the dance but soon went to bed, but I could not sleep as they were dancing in the dining room just under my room.

Finally the dance broke up as the sun was peeping through the curtains and as I passed into dreamland I heard the last strains of the dancers singing "God Be With You Till We Meet Again."

I must have thought a little more or dreamed of the little poem written by Ella Wheeler Wilcox about the departure at the close of an old-time ball given at an old southern plantation:

“Half to the setting moon have gone,
Half to the rising day;
Loud on the stone and low on the sand
The last wheel echoes away.”

It was high noon when I awoke and it was about time for the Chicago and Northwestern train for Manville.

“Ad, I wish you would tell me the story about the pranks of the fifteen saddle horses which some of your old-time cow-boys told me knew more than some men.”

“It is getting late and we must retire. I will tell you about them sometime.”

“How about that famous roundup of 1884, when you had four hundred men and four thousand saddle horses?”

“I’ll tell you about that sometime, Bill, and the story, too, about the long cattle drive with 3,700 big longhorn Texas steers from Brownsville, Texas, at the mouth of the Rio Grande to Canada. I’ll do it sometime, Bill.”

DR. EDWARD DAY WOODRUFF

(Continued from January Number)

Next morning we started for Rock Springs without any breakfast, with between fifteen to eighteen miles to go to reach town. I was pretty well played out and stopped to rest at the first ranch house we came to—some two miles from our destination. The others went on into town and said they’d send some one out with a team for me. But after I had rested awhile, I started out again—and was only about a quarter of a mile from town when I met the team which the boys had sent to pick me up. And that was my first trip to Rock Springs.

The afternoon of the day we reached Rock Springs, they brought in a miner from one of the coal mines, who had hurt his back in an accident and was in a serious condition. The nearest physician lived in Rawlins and they were going to send for him when one of the boys in my party said:

“Why don’t you use our surgeon?”

“Bring him over here, quick,” was the reply. “We didn’t know you had a surgeon in your party.”

Well, I fixed the man up—and let me tell you he was in bad shape when I reached him, but I made a neat job of it and that made me feel mighty good. As a consequence, that next night the miners got together and held a meeting. They sent a

committee to tell me they liked my work and would fix me up right if I would stay there. I replied that I didn't intend to remain in the west—but they wouldn't give it up, and the next night they called another meeting. They wanted me to sign a two-year contract. Finally I told them that I only intended to stay in the west long enough to recover from overwork and the very most I would do would be to sign a six months' contract, with the understanding that I probably wouldn't stay there after it expired. Well sir, the upshot was that they accepted my conditions. I went on to Green River, from there back to Lander, and again to Rock Springs where I started to work the first of November (1880). My intention had been to stay there six months. I remained ten years as surgeon for the Union Pacific Coal Company and resident surgeon for the Union Pacific Railroad Company.

In addition to my work as surgeon for the Union Pacific Company, I soon became medical examiner for the Bankers Life Association, an insurance company of Des Moines, Iowa. And still later was appointed medical examiner for the Northwestern Masonic Aid Association. In 1882 or 1883 I was elected superintendent of schools for Sweetwater County. At that time Sweetwater County extended nearly across the state—or rather territory—of Wyoming, and took in what is now Sweetwater and Fremont Counties. The Wyoming Commissioners of Pharmacy was organized on May 10th of 1886 with myself elected as first chairman of the organization and Fred P. Shannon, secretary. In August, 1886, I took the examination and became a registered pharmacist. Mustn't forget to mention that there are still some of the prescription blanks of the Central Drug Store of Rock Springs—J. W. Gates, proprietor—in my old medical case.

As I mentioned before, the nearest physician lived in Rawlins. He made occasional visits to Rock Sprngs to care for the sick and he used to be called to attend the more serious cases, there being no doctors there before I came. When this gentleman heard the miners in conjunction with the companies, had hired me, he came right to town, hunted me up and started to raise hell. He said I was poaching on his territory, and I'd have to get out or he'd have me run out. That made me pretty mad. I told him I didn't consider it according to professional ethics for one doctor to treat another as he was doing, that this was virgin territory open to all comers, that it was not my intention to make this my home permanently but that no man could run me out of town, and as long as I was there I intended to "make good." So the doctor went out, hunted up

some of his friends among the Molly Maguires and asked them to help him run "that tenderfoot doctor out of town." As a consequence, for some little time I was the object of threats and attempted intimidations by the group whose aid the doctor had enlisted. For instance, one morning I was forced to use my gun to chase two big, brawny Scotchmen, brothers, out of my office. Another time a row of "Mollys" were sitting on an embankment just across the street from the front door of my office. A new rule or law had recently gone into effect making it impossible to get any whiskey during certain hours without a prescription. These men began betting they could get one from me, and finally one of their number was told to "Go get a prescription from that tenderfoot doctor."

I was ready for the fellow with my gun, as soon as he walked into the office and opened his head. I made him back up to the wall and sit down on the floor against the baseboard—and I kept him there for a couple of hours, with the men on the embankment outside patiently awaiting the outcome, as though it were a sporting event. When I finally let the fellow go, told him to clear out, his companions jeered and ridiculed him plenty. They kept it up, too, so hot and heavy that before they got through he had to leave town. And still another time, a man came in demanding his money because he had not needed my services. I refused to give it to him. He said:

"That's all right, Doc. I see you going out of here at all hours of the night and I'm going to lay for you behind some of these piles and some dark night I'll get you."

The railroad ran right through the main street of town and they always had a great many ties and one thing or another stacked around.

"Well, sir," I replied, "now I'll just tell you what I'll do. When I go out I'll have my medicine case in my left hand and in the right pocket of my overcoat I'll have a mighty fine little gun, and my right hand will be on it all the time. If you're going to lay for me you'll have to lay mighty quiet or else be god damned quick about it or I'll wing you."

Finally the group of Molly Maguires who were trying to make things uncomfortable for me left me alone. They said:

"Aw, you can't bluff that tenderfoot out of town. Of course, you **can** kill him, but you **can't** bluff him out, and besides it's kind of handy to have a doc around."

DIARY KEPT BY W. A. RICHARDS IN SUMMER OF 1873

He Acted as Assistant to his Brother, A. V. Richards, the "Lon" of the Diary

Survey of South Boundary of Wyoming

May 26, Sunday—1873

Left Omaha and home at 11:30 a. m. to rejoin the boys at North Platte. Took dinner at Fremont; supper with Mr. Fox at Grand Island. At Elm Creek received orders to lay the train up till morning, on account of washouts on the road. Spent the night in the mail car with Johnson and O'Sullivan. A good bed and sound sleep. Breakfast at section house. Reached Brady Island about 1 o'clock. County through we had passed all overflowed, and a bridge out between B. I. and N. Platte. Waited two hours; no dinner. Got into my trunk in baggage car and set up the bread-doughnuts and cake, for the trainmen and mail agents. Reached camp O. K. at 4:00 p. m. Glad to get back. All well.

Tuesday, May 27

Called on Col. Park to have boys sign notes. Found him insensible from paralysis. Signed notes to P. R. Bdry & subdivision before Goodale N. P. Had dinner. Made arrangements with Foley & Seuter to ship corn and flour at .60 and 4.45 per cwt. the last in seamless sacks and corn sacks to be returned. Lon waited in North Platte to take train for Cheyenne. The boys and I made west and camped for night at O'Fallon station. A dozen emigrant teams camped here too. Voted after supper for the "handsomest man" to receive Mrs. Wakeley's present—Pattison was elected. Votes that Swain make a picture for Mrs. W. of the recipient of her gift (a cake of soap). Moved by Schneider that "Dot picture was taken before he could use dot soap." Heap of fun. Weather fair. Roads good. Wednesday, 26

Just at breakfast passenger came up; Lon aboard. Took his overcoat—Left camp 6:30—made Alkali—14 miles—for dinner—took twenty minutes for same—reached Roscoe siding at 3:00 p. m. and camped as I telegraphed Judge Wakeley we would camp here tonight. Big Springs tomorrow and Julesburg Friday night. Took a bath in Platte. Had axes and tools ground. Cooking done and all preparations for a big drive tomorrow, as it is 29 miles to Big Springs. Came 24 today. Weather fine. Roads hard and dry; sometimes sandy. Surface Sand Hills last ten miles—

Thursday, 29

Left Roscoe at 6:30 a. m. Camped for dinner near Brule 17 miles. Now camped for night at Big Springs—No Judge last night. Wind is now high and a good prospect of rain.

Friday, 30

Reached Julesburg at 1:30. Found Campbell waiting with gun etc. from Omaha. Laid up for night as some corn we had ordered did not come in and I had telegraphed Judge W. that we would camp here. Prospect good for rain. At 3:00 p. m. received dispatch from the Judge at Columbus saying that he got left by the train at that place. Telegraphed him at Grand Island that we would leave Julesburg tomorrow morning.

Saturday, May 31

Raining at daylight. Did not start until 8:00 a. m. Camped for dinner at Chappel, a flag station. Found an American as Sec. master. Used their stove. Learned that there were buffalo just south of Lodge Pole Creek (along which we have traveled today) in the bluffs. After dinner Campbell and I with the pony left the road and teams and went into the bluffs hunting—taking the pony. Sighted buffalo within mile from the road—Campbell gave chase and had a heap of sport but killed nothing; while he was gone I killed a fine doe antelope—the first game for my new gun. Struck another herd of buffalo on our way to camp, but very wild. Reached camp at Lodge Pole Station at dark.

Sunday, June 1st

Just as we were ready to start this morning learned that the Judge was almost here on a freight train. Waited for him. Gave him a warm (cold) breakfast and moved on. Teams all stuck crossing a slough just out of the station. Delayed an hour. Camped for dinner on Lodge Pole. Had a good meal with cakes and bread furnished by Mrs. W. and antelope steak. Reached Sidney at 5:00 p. m. A three Co. post is here, an eating house and quite a little town. Water runs through the street brought from Lodge Pole two miles west. The Judge left for home. At depot saw Meachem, Captain Jack's intended victim, on his way East. A tall fine looking man. Saw Laugh-ton Sith Cole and Johnny Warner on train. Sixty-three miles to Pine Bluff, must make it in two days—

Monday, 2nd

Left camp at 6:00 a. m. Camped for dinner at Potter. 19 miles. Found Waters our pilgrim "put off here again." Moved on west. Overtook Waters "Put-Off" again. Will go with us to Pine Bluffs. Camped at 5:00 p. m. on Lodge Pole. Just north of Bennett station. A fine camp ground—Four emigrant wagons

in camp here too. Regulated sights on my gun with target practice. Campbell and I on guard—

Tuesday, 3rd

Dinner a mile east of Bushnell—Reached Pine Bluffs at 5:30—Found Lon and MacConnell in waiting. Got in ten minutes ahead of us. Camped a mile north on Lodge Pole—Put up the new tent. Lon and Mac—Bob and I occupy it.

Wednesday, 4th

Spent the a. m. in reloading and regulating wagons and camp; writing letters and taking leave of civilization. Supt. Sickles of the U. P. R. R. and Dr. Latham, Sur. Genl. Wyo. are anxious to have us establish the S. W. corner of Wyo. first, and Mr. Sickles offers through Latham to furnish us transportation and passes while out here to do it at once. We are open for such propositions. Left the Sta. at 1:00 p. m. Lon, Mac and four men going down the line; I and the teams going around the bluffs S. W. We met at the cor. of Wyo. Colo. and Neb.—at dark. No water in the country, and timber two miles. Boys tired and hungry—Tried to get a station rigged for astronomical observations, but failed. Went to bed of course. Lon and Mac working until 12:00 M.—

Thursday—5—73

Took three men and a team and cut a load of posts on the bluff, took them 6 miles west and left them. Dug a well on Muddy Creek three miles west of camp. Good cold water. Weather hot—Reached camp at 7:00 p. m. tired and hungry. Killed an antelope coming in Campbell did do—Reorganized guard duty, putting three men on each night. Bob, Arthur and I on first night. Lon and Mac worked until 1:30 a. m. taking observations to test this initial point. So Lon took my "chance" and part of Bob's. Weather fine and warm—Lon rode the pony to Pine Bluffs for mail but got none—

Friday, 6th

Went to the station on a mule—Sent the old Winchester in to be repaired, ordered axes and grindstone from Edgar, to Cheyenne. Got dinner at a section house—Bought a pick—Reached camp at 6:00 p. m. Lon ran four miles of line. Dick killed an antelope, and Patterson do—Cloudy—No observations tonight. Wrote to Miss H. Judge W. and Aut—

Saturday, June 7

Can't move today—Took four men and went post hunting—Picked up the load of posts and took them to a point 8 miles west of camp at a spring. Killed a very large antelope coming in. Prospects good for rain.

Sunday, June 8th, '73

Raining nearly all night. Slept 'till 7 this morning. No stars last night, consequently must lie in camp all day. Finished Martin Chuzzlawit and was well pleased with the sequel. Tom's vindication; the happiness of Martin-Jim-Mary-John and Tom's sister Ruth brought about by their well being and well doing forms a strong and striking contrast to the downfall and utter ruin of Pecksniff and Jonas. The moral is good and impressed at every step of the narrative. Be generous, good and wise; truthful, honest and kind and prosper and be happy; fail in these essential qualifications and misery, ruin and death must follow—before dinner (at 3:00 p. m.) Campbell and I took a stroll of three hours for our health. After dinner read Harper's and mended up some. The Prof. discovered that the Level on the Astronomical Transit was broken—how no one knows. This is an aggravating and expensive accident as it will necessitate the ordering of a new one to be forwarded to Cheyenne and cause further vexatious delays. It is now impossible to test this point, so we will start west with the line tomorrow. Long going to the station. Had a camp fire roast of antelope and retired—7 antelope brought into this camp.

Monday, June 9, 1873

Breakfast at 5:00 a. m. Lon started on the pony for Pine Bluffs to open communication with Chicago and Washington about a level. The team started west for a new camp 8 miles west, and I took the line. At the edge of the bluff 1 mile 65 chs. from corner, in setting the 2nd M. C. found the west end of the line incorrect. Ran on to 4th M. C. found the line as previously run too far south. Returned to edge of bluff and reran it; but made it a random line to camp. In going over it west the first time, Mott accidentally shot Mack through the outside edge of his right foot with his revolver, while both were firing at a large rattlesnake. Campbell ran $5\frac{1}{2}$ miles to camp and brought back a team in a little over an hour. The team took a load of wood from the bluff and taking Mack, went to camp. We proceeded with the work. Reached camp at 5:00 p. m., 12 hrs. btwn. meals. After supper, dressed Mack's foot; not a bad wound—only through the flesh. 10:00 p. m. Have been working with Mac-C—taking observations. Sky full of light clouds, making it slow work, Lon not yet arrived. Think he must have stayed all night at the station as he knew where we would camp—and had been nearly here. Hope he is not out on the prairie. Am not much anxious as he knows how to come home. List of attractions tonight—Mosquitoes—first and nearest—Lon out of camp—whereabouts unknown—level

broken—line crooked this soon—Mack wounded and weather cloudy—and all hands tired—rather bad but jolly still. see Topley—

Tuesday, June 10, '73, 7:00 a. m.

Worked last night until day was breaking. Got some observations—Lat. and a few for time. Got the transit on the North Star at its Eastern Elongation, and found the true Meridian, turned a right angle after deducting the distance from Polaris when taken to the true Meridian and found my line of yesterday correct. Am waiting now at 8:00 a. m. for Prof. to make some calculations for Lat. from last night's work, when we will go to work again. Lon not in yet. Kept a red light out all night. Team has gone west with Al and Patterson to take a load of posts on west. The weather is beautiful this morning. Air clear and pure. Good weather for running. We are camped on a small spring near the line about eight miles from the initial point. Soil strongly impregnated with Alkali but good water to be had by digging a few feet—6:00 p. m. Went to work at 11:00 a. m. At the same time started Neal for the station on a mule bareback—to see why Lon didn't come. Got into camp at 4:15 p. m. At same time Lon and Neal hove in sight. Lon was waiting for an answer to his telegrams. Failed to hear from Safford, but got word through from Washington. Can get a new one in a week.

Wednesday, June 11, 1873

Started from camp at 5:20 a. m. with the line. Reached the Crow Creek and had dinner at 12:00 M. 8 miles. This is a stream 25 lks. Swift running and good water. A few scattering cottonwood and willow trees in the bottom. Country rolling. Soil gravelly, 2nd rate. Large herds of cattle grazing near. Antelope plenty. Lon killed one coming over this morning. After dinner ran two miles west without building the mounds as we will take Latitude and Azimuth tonight and start anew tomorrow. The line seems to be a little to the north of the Parallel now. Got caught in a heavy rain coming to camp. A herder passed through camp with a wagon going east to his ranche during the storm. Followed him on pony to inquire as to water west on line. Found that there was water at 4—7 and 15 miles. Will make one of those places tomorrow. Also found Shorty's umbrella in his wagon. He asked if we had lost one. I told him I thought we were liable to lose one. Thursday, June 12, 1873, 7:00 a. m.

Mac C— and Lon got a few observations last night and are now working them up. Morning opens clear and pleasant. Mosquitoes plenty on Crow Creek, but — Crows — Evening —

Moved west at 11 o'clock. Built up 17 and 18 miles and ran 7 miles farther through very rough country. High rocky bluffs putting into the bottom south of us. Camped 25th mile post on edge of bottom near E. end of Big Simson Canon, bluff of Cheyenne has a ranche in this canon and 1,200 head of cattle in all on the plains. Lon and Mac taking observation nearly all night. Friday, 13th

Started with the team to distribute stakes along the line while the obsers. were being figured up. Found the country too rough. Sent team back and Campbell and I scouted about 6 miles ahead. Back by 12:00 M. Mac had found our Lat. unchanged. So we moved on. Ran four miles west. Very rough. Lon brought posts in on a pony. Camped in Simson Canon—29 mile—Thirteen miles to the O. P. R. R. so reported. Will try to make it tomorrow.

Saturday, 14th

Left camp at 5:20 a. m. Reached the R. R. at 1:30 p. m. 41st mile post on R. R. track. Camp E. of R. R. line and near it. I killed an antelope with a needle gun at 300 yards. Same very good steak for dinner. Broil for supper. Snow capped Mts. very plain from here. We could see a snow storm there this p. m. though they are 75 miles away. Indications of rain—Sunday, 15th

Ran line three miles west. Camped at a beautiful spring just east of Lone Tree Creek. Summit Siding is just south of us and Terry Bros. cattle ranche near us on the west. Hay and Thomas Surveyors under Reed. Now cattle and shepherders are two miles N. of us. The herds of this Co. start a Round-up tomorrow. Each ranch sends a man, they scout the country, get up all the cattle. Then each man picks out his stock and drives them in—35 men start this time and they expect to pick up 50,000 head of cattle. Did some washing. Read Kenelm Chillingly and Harper's for June. Slept some and wrote to Alice and the home folks. Now at sundown, will close—Tomorrow, Lon and I go to Cheyenne to get supplies and send out and get mail—No rain last night—Weather beautiful. Thermometer 90 degrees at noon. Bar. indicates 6,275 feet—

Monday, 16th, 1873

Went on guard this morning at 2 o'clock. Breakfast at five. Campbell and four men with a team started west to the Black Hills for wood. Lon, Billie and I with a team and the pony started for Cheyenne nine miles distant at 6:00 a. m. Stopped at the Ranche of Hay and Thomas, ex-surveyors, who were thrown out of a job by the retirement of Dr. Reed and the succession of Dr. Latham as Surveyor or General. They

have a fine sheep ranche; also a large number of horses and mules. Are busy now shearing sheep.—Reached Cheyenne at 9:00 a. m. Met Jos. Carey and Gillen. Kimball and Woods of Omaha. Found letter from Miss H. Also from Aut— Found gun, axes, grindstone and baking powder all right. Tested chain; mailed letters; bought lots of things. Got a dinner at R. R. House—\$1.00 and beat the hotel keeper about 75 cents then— Saw Warner at dinner— Started home at 4— reached camp at 6:10 p. m. Boys got in from timber 12 miles distant. A rough country west of us. Plenty of water and more wood. Signs of Indians. One seen near camp—Got a splendid letter from Alice. She is at San Jose for her health. A bad cold and cough. Perhaps it is worse than she tells me but I hope not—I haven't written just as I should; but I will make ample amends next time which will be tomorrow. Camp was so dull and I tired that I wrote a dull uninteresting letter, but will do better—she deserves the best that I can do in writing or anything else.

Tuesday, 17th

Lay in camp all day. Jap Corey and his cousin visited us—Campbell and I took a hunt after 4:00 p. m. Returned gameless—

Wednesday, 18th

With Arthur and Texas and a span of mules started for town. Changed teams at Thomas' Ranche to try one he had to sell. Too small and too high, \$275. Arthur went to the post with his cousin Capt. Wessels who sent him to camp in wag, with an escort of cavalry.

Thursday, 19th

Rode a grey pony to town belonging to Hay and Thomas. Price \$80. Too high. Reached camp at sunset.

Friday, 20th, 1873

Went to town with a team and Scott, Campbell and Pattison. Rode a black pony of H. & O. Like him pretty well. Price \$60. Got caught in a hail storm. Reached camp at sundown. Brought in large stone for Astronomical station—a foot square, seven ft. long, price \$12.50. On 19 Campbell and Pat killed antelope.

Saturday, 21st

With Lew, Al and Geo. Scott went to town. The eastern train brought the long expected level, C. O. D. \$84.20, an outrageous price. Had new spring made for large transit. Got stone hammer. Letters from Aut. Heard from Supt. Sickles through Sur. Genl. Latham. Nothing definite. Rode home with Thomas Campbell. Killed two antelope. Found that Matt and

Dick had almost finished dressing the stone shaft—25 saved thereby. Weather very hot in Omaha and the East—but pleasant here—Men—on the 20th H. F. Clark, Prest. U. P. R. R. died very suddenly.

Thursday, 26th

Have spent this week in getting ready to move, and at 9:00 a. m. pulled out. Made ten miles on the line, camping at a spring—Lon went to Cheyenne. Saw Sickles. He will do nothing for us.

Friday, 27th

Started for Dale Creek thinking it was 12 miles. Found the country very rough. Crossing Box Elder canon, on the bank of which the 62nd mile came—Had team on line till 1:00 p. m. Ate lunch. Ran till sundown making 9 miles and no sign of camp. Found team awaiting us near old saw mill. Reached camp at 10:00 p. m., 15 hrs. since breakfast.

Saturday, 28th

Did not move camp. Went with team to work. Was until 4:00 p. m. running 5 miles coming out—South of camp—very rough—Wrote to Aut & P. M's. We are now south of Sherman, the nearest station. Will send up tomorrow and when we reach the Laramie River Campbell and I will go to Laramie, 40 miles.

Sunday, 29th

Left camp at 7:00 a. m., crossed Dale Creek on 1st miles (69th). Very rough. Took lunch at 3rd mile—brought out by Lon—Made 5 miles camping on Fish Creek at 43rd miles. Which mile crosses a mountain too high for chaining so we triangulated. Received letter from Alice. Only one that came—Weather all fine—nights cool—Line timbered with pine, hemlock, birch and Aspern.

Monday, 30th

Ran 4 miles camping at McGreavy's tie camp near Diamond Mt. Reached camp at 7:00 p. m. Boys killed a yearling elk. Stood guard—rained in p. m.

Tuesday, July 1st, 1873

Ran line $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles. Very rough. Heavy timber. Thermometer 48 degrees above. Camp in deep canon at foot of Boulder Ridge Summit of Black Hills.

Wednesday, 2nd

Ran one and $\frac{1}{4}$ miles working ten (10) hours. Heavy timber. Camp near line.

Thursday, 3rd

Took an azimuth last night. Byers got his back up because we changed him from the teams to the line and left. Moved

camp $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles west to the plain. Ran the line same distance leaving timber on the 85th mile. Dick killed an antelope—Billie went to Laramie.

Friday, July 4th

97th anniversary. Pleasant and cool—Didn't work. Billie returned at 11:00 a. m. bringing letters and papers. Received letters from Wiltze, Aut. Miss H. and Judge W. Wrote to D. Miss H. and Alice—Are now camped on south edge of Laramie Plains. Snow capped Mts. to N. W. and S. W. and W. & S. Black Hills behind us, Mts. ahead.

Saturday, 5th

Left camp at 10:00 a. m. Ran $7\frac{1}{2}$ miles. Country rough, but well watered. Camped on small stream at 4:30 p. m. After supper, Bert and I mounted on mules started to explore tomorrow's line a little. When just out of sight of camp, over a hill, dismounted and fired at some antelope. I killed two, the second at two hundred yards running. Our mules ran back to camp. The boys thought we had been attacked and turned out to help us. Got our mules and proceeded on. Returned to camp at 11:00 p. m. On guard.

Sunday, 6th

Left camp at 6:00 a. m. Reached Poplar mountain at noon. Quite heavy poplar timber on top of Mt. Patterson saw a bear—Billie failed to find us with lunch and water and we ran to the Big Laramie, which we reached at 6:30 p. m. without either. Weather pleasant. Reached river on the 103rd mile.

Monday, 7th

Lon, Billie and Mack went to Laramie 35 miles away. We are stopping here to establish an astronomical station. Laramie River is about two chains wide swift running, clear water and pebble bottom—MacConnell got good observations early in the evening. Pat got an antelope.

Tuesday, 8th

Wrote letters home and sent them up by a stranger. Lon returned at 6:00 p. m. Bringing some additional supplies. He applied for an escort to Gen. Ord to come down here from Russell and follow us. Found a stone on west side of River for our monument. Boys got it in shape for planting.

Wednesday, 9th

No observations last night—Too cloudy. Campbell and I went out west to explore the line. Got caught in a rain. Killed a young antelope for dinner (by Bert) and ate most of it. I killed a buck before leaving camp, near the tents; also killed a buck while out exploring because he had a queer looking head—Found it was owing to a crooked horn. Found plenty of

game—all antelope. Found the road quite rough and heavily timbered. Reached camp at 6:00 p. m. If the Prof. gets “good stars” tonight we may get away tomorrow.

Thursday, July 10th

Cannot move today, as Mac wants another night to work in. Took mail down to a ranch near here and left it. Campbell and Ben went back on the line to make some corrections. Heavy rain and hail in p. m. Set 2nd Latitude monument at 103rd mile. 27 chs. west of Laramie River. Sand stone with large mound of stone.

Friday, 11th

Lon with the party who run the line left camp at 7:00 a. m. to proceed with the line. Lon will run to next station and I run camp. Crossed the Laramie $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles north of camp, got the team upon the level by doubling and camped at 12:00 M. for dinner on small stream running east. The boys ran three (3) miles before dinner and $1\frac{1}{3}$ in p. m. returning to the camp at night. Storm of wind and rain at sunset. Killed an antelope.

Saturday, 12th

Boys were on line at 6:30 a. m. Arthur and I took a hunt from 6:30 to 9:00 a. m., killed nothing. Took dinner to boys and had camp moved along the road. Met them and follow road running up Douglas Creek just north of line. Camped opposite the 110 links and 10 chains point, on N. side Douglas Creek. Took an Azimuth in the woods on the line early in the evening. Dick quite unwell day before yesterday. Nearly well now but has a sprained or swollen wrist and stays in camp. George Scott taken quite sick this morning—an attack of bilious fever I think.

Sunday, 13th

Very cold last night. Mercury only 28 degrees above half an hour after sunrise. Boys left camp at 6:15. Took bay pony and started west to scout the road. Went nine miles from which could see the North Platte bottom—Summit of Medicine Bow Mts.—four miles west of here. Reached camp again at 10:00 a. m. Had a good ride. At 11 took dinner to men on line. Cannot move camp nearer to the line than we now are, so will remain here. Men made $1\frac{3}{4}$ miles on line. Very heavy timber. Ben killed a deer.

Monday, July 14th

Cold again last night. Thermometer this morning at 5:30, only 24 degrees above. Took dinner to boys on foot. Moved camp west over summit of Mts. and camped in a little open valley 20 chs. E. of 114th mile on line. After making camp went out looking for a way over the Mts. Killed two antelope.

Tuesday, 15th

With Billie left camp at 6:20—mounted on mules—took old road south through a little valley; eight miles from line entered North Park, which is simply a large basin or open park, without timber. Surrounded on southeast and west with snow capped mountains and bare Mts. on the north. The North Platte rises in the Park which is about 15 miles in diameter I should think. We found a pass out of the Park over a Mt. to the Platte and a crossing over the river. After which we returned to camp over the mountains. Each killed a black tail deer coming in. Reached camp at 3:00 p. m. Too late to move camp. So sent Fred out to find the men and pilot them in. He got lost in woods, and but for meeting Bob the whole party would have slept out. It was impossible to get camp much nearer the quitting place for the men—they made about three miles of line.

Wednesday, 16th

Packed two mules and the bay pony with provisions and blankets and sent them on the line, as the men will sleep out tonight. With the camp started at 10:00 a. m. to go south into the Park. Reached and crossed the Platte before 5:00 p. m. Drove north two miles and camped on small stream, using sage-brush for fuel.

Thursday, 17th

Found the line two miles north of our camping place at 9 o'clock a. m. The boys reached the river early this morning and crossed with no greater losses than that of a pick, spade and ax, which Pattison lost in crossing. Made camp four miles west of the river on small stream at foot of mountain range. Camped at 3:00 p. m. After which took a mule and scouted west for a road over the Mts. Found a tie cabin three miles north of line in timber. Camp near 124th mile and four chains north of line.

Friday, 18th

Broke camp at 8:00 a. m. Drove north and crossed the Mt. A rough road and hard work. Camped at 3:00 p. m. 3 chs. north of line and 10 chs. west of 130th mile post on small swift stream running north.

Saturday, 19th

Left camp at 8:00 a. m. to move west over another mountain range. Had a hard ascent to make, requiring eight mules to take up the lightest load. At 1:15 p. m. was about 10 chs. W. of camp, 40 chs. south and 15 chs. higher. Camped at 3:30 p. m. on swift running stream, going north with a similar one 20 chs. east of us and Mts. all around us. Raining all p. m. The

camp is on the 133 degree mile. Took an azimuth. Lon killed an antelope.

Sunday, July 20th, 1873

Did not work. Lon and I rode over the Mts. to look for a way over with the teams. Found an old blazed road. Much speculation as to who made it. Ate our lunch on a snow bank 10,000 ft. above the level of the sea. Mosquitoes very bad there. Boys picking wild strawberries in camp at foot of Mt. Campbell killed an antelope. Rained in p. m.

Monday, 21st

Lon and party went on with line. Billie going out with pack mules to supply them bed and board. Went with Neal to clear fallen timber from the road. Hunted in p. m. George Scott still sick but improving. Pattison came in feeling unwell. The change of climate is too great for some of the boys. Line running through heavy woods, $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

Tuesday, 22nd

Rose at daylight to hunt, as the boys must have game on the lines. Came into breakfast at 5:00 a. m. Left camp again at 5:30 and in 20 minutes had an antelope. The largest yet. Weighing over a hundred pounds dressed and very fat. Rode put on line. Found the boys eating dinner on a snow bank with a smudge to keep off the mosquitoes. The line crosses the road on the 138th mile. Continental Divide. We will move tomorrow.

Wednesday, 23rd

Broke camp at 7:00 a. m. Took dinner on side of mountain. Crossed over summit and camped on small stream $\frac{1}{2}$ mile S. of 139th mile post. Billie came in with his pack train and took out a new supply of provisions.

Thursday, 24th

Left camp at 6:00 a. m. and prospected for the road which we have been following. Traced it to a ravine where it crosses our line. Broke camp at 10:00 a. m. Reached the line and camped a little north and a few chains east of 142nd M. P. on which mile the road crosses the line to the N. Quite a stream just north of camp running west which we take to be Little Snake River. Mts. all around us. The men on line came into camp and it seemed quite a reunion. Had a slight touch of a mountain thunder storm near dark. The thunder roared and crashed through the valleys in a terrible manner.

Friday, July 25th, 1873

Left camp at 6:15 a. m. road hunting. Found a camping place on a small stream running north on the last $\frac{1}{2}$ of 144th mile btwn. two N. & S. Mts. Killed a black tailed deer just in

the place for camp. Broke camp at 10:30 and moved over Mt. and camped at 3:30 in a hailstorm. Yesterday, our line ran along a stream which it crossed five times. Today over a high mountain. The line is running through heavy timber and the men make but two (2) miles per day. Slow progress, and cold nights approaching.

Saturday, 26th

Moved west and camped on stream 50 lks. wide running north— $\frac{1}{2}$ S. of 145th post. Rained in p. m. Billie went out to line with his pack train. Had difficulty in tracing our old road. Sunday, July 27th

Broke camp at 7:00 a. m.—Dinner on stream running north about a mile north of the line. Quite a heavy rain about noon. At 2:00 p. m. the teams moved west and I took bread and venison and started S. to the line which I readily found. Ben being unwell came back to camp with me. Camp about north of 149th post— $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

Monday, 28th

Left camp on pony to find road at 6:00 a. m. Traced it south over a high mountain and fortunately found the line on S. side. Took Billy and his pack mules and returned to camp at 12:00 m. Was camped on line at 5:00 p. m. McConnel went out to the line to assist in taking an Azimuth. Billie and outfit also went out. Mat and Dick came in to camp. Rained in p. m. Tuesday, 29th

Left camp at 6:15 a. m. Found that our road runs on south from here to a range of Mts. and is of no further service so we must chop our way through. The field party are now two miles ahead of us. In p. m. went out to line and a mile beyond the party, from which point I could see an open country ahead extending to a range of Mts. perhaps fifty miles distant. Reported the discovery to the boys and there was joy in camp. After working three weeks in heavy timber an open prairie looks beautiful. Marked a road back through the woods for the boys to chop out tomorrow for the teams and we will move on. Thermometer below freezing in camp this morning while in the other camp on the Mts. at an elevation of 10,000 ft. it was 47 degrees above zero. Dick sick this morning but went on the line this p. m. Texas in camp sick. McConnel still on line and Matt in camp.

Wednesday, 30th, '73

Left camp at 6:00 a. m. Reached the line at 8. Found Lon taking a long sight over all the timber ahead of us—probably two miles. Traveled a while with Billie and his train hunting a passage down the Mt. Found none. While I was gone,

the boys were chopping out the road—Got back to them at 2:00 p. m. Found them about half way along with the teams. Road steep and through timber—Lots of chopping. Billie came in for “grub” at 4:00 p. m. Had seen nothing of them since morning. There is some danger of their laying out tonight. Went into camp near 152nd post at 6:00 p. m. Have discovered no way down the Mts. yet. Must find one tomorrow.

Thursday, 31st, 1873

Left camp at 6:00 a. m. Blazed a road to foot of Mt. Returned to camp at 9:00 a. m. and with three of the men went to work chopping out a road. Ben and Lew came in from line to help. Lon and party are out of the woods. I wish we were. The way looks pretty bad over the Mts.

Friday, Aug. 1st

Left camp at 6:00 a. m. while the men were clearing the road to the foot of the Mt. Blazed a road around the south side of the same. At 10:00 a. m. Bert, Dick and Pat came to us to help us over. The remainder of the line party being in camp awaiting us. Passed over the highest part of the Mts. and camped on low divide on line near 155 m. p. Stood guard 40 minutes a piece.

Saturday, Aug. 2nd

Broke camp at 7:30 and started down the Mt. Met Lon about 11:00 a. m. Reached Snake River at noon, crossed it twice and at 2:30 reached the other camp. Quite a reunion, having been separated a week. Our pass over the Mts. was a rough one and long to be remembered and now we can sing “out of the wilderness.” An old miner named Duickl stayed with Lon’s party last night. The first man we have seen for over a month. Two other miners with us tonight. They are at work 22 miles south of here on Henz peak or what used to be the Bear River diggins. Not much gold, about wages. We apparently have an open though broken country ahead of us and hope to make better time hereafter. We will run another day and then put in a station. Are now camped on Snake River. Lon and I scouted ahead a few miles this p. m. and Lon killed an antelope. Campbell did also. “Ain’t I glad I’m out of the wilderness.” Karner, a miner working at Henz Peak, went east to the divide on south end of North Park prospecting with Perkins. Both young men. About July 25th accidently shot himself through the leg. His companion returned to camp for help and upon returning found him dead. These facts given us by James Carroll, a miner and friend of Karner’s.

Sunday, Aug. 3rd

Moved camp west about 5 miles, crossing the Snake River twice and driving up a steep mountain side camped on line at the 163rd mile post on plain near Sheep Mt. and a few miles S. E. of Battle Mt. where the Utes and Arapahoes or the latter and trappers—(had a fight) which lasted ten days. Note by Copyist—Something seems left out here) * * * Nothing definite about it. Erected post for observations as we will put in a station here. Lon and Texas caught a fine string of trout and Pat killed a goose.

Monday, Aug. 4th

Trout and cornbread for breakfast. Spent the greater portion of the day hunting a stone suitable for the monument at this place. Found one and got it to camp all right. Max went out in the morning on Sheep Mt. just west of here and killed a mountain sheep and an antelope. Lon went out in p. m. after supper and killed a sheep and a black tailed buck. Professor got some pretty fair observations last night. Cloudy and rainy at dark. Boys caught lots of trout.

Tuesday, 5th

Went trout fishing. "Caught'en you bet." (Washed out clothes and mended my breeches (confidential). Campbell killed two antelope. No stars last night so the work of the night before is worthless too.

Wednesday, 6th

Lounged about camp. Wrote to Nellie B. Good observations last night. Campbell and I strolled over to Sheep Mt. After supper. I killed a young buck on the steep side of the Mt. Shot him through the head and heart. Campbell wounded one. Was on guard last night.

Thursday, 7th

A duplicate of yesterday. Weather pleasant. Wrote to Alice. Went out with Lon in p. m. He killed a black tailed buck. Have high living nowadays and no work. Deer, antelope, sheep, geese, trout and grouse, breakfast 8 and dinner 3.

Friday, 8th

McCommel completed his observations last night. Today we will set the stone and move on—Weather fine—Wrote home—Later. As we couldn't get started today, it being late when Mr. McC completed the reduction of his observs. We concluded to do nothing until tomorrow. Cloudy at sunset.

Saturday, 9th

Found our line 252 ft. south of our tent. Set stone shaft with huge old mound and elk horns on top. Lon went on with line. Left camp at 11:00 a. m. Camped on the river on W. side

of Sheep Mt. (which we crossed on 165th mile) near the 158th M. C. Explored Battle Mt. on a mule. Reached camp at dark. Raining. Lon killed a she black bear.

Sunday, 10th

Breakfast at 5:00 a. m. Men left camp at 5:30. Camp in motion at 6:30. Camped at 2:00 p. m. on the river 20 chs. N. of 175. 40 chs. Killed an antelope. Supper at 5:00 p. m. No dinner.

Monday, 11th

Broke camp at 6:00 a. m. and moved down Snake River. Three miles from camp found Reader's Ranch. An old Galenian. Bought of him flour, baking powder, thread and buckskin. Two (2) miles further found Slater & Brown's Ranche. Jim Baker, the old partner of Bridger, also lives there. The latter with three teams just starting for Rawlins for winter supplies. Sent in mail. Learned that Bridger's Pass is about twenty (20) miles north of where we crossed the Mts. and the settlers very much surprised that we could cross elsewhere. Four miles below Slater's is Perkin's store. Bought of him baking powder, tobacco and pick. Went south to line on pony. Found it $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles south of river. Came back, took on wood and water, crossed river and struck S. W. to the line. Made dry camp in sagebrush at (186) M. C. Men made 11 miles on line. Raining at dark.

Tuesday, Aug. 12th

Broke camp at 6:30. Took dinner on the Snake—where the line crossed at 192nd M. C. In p. m. went S. around a bend and camped at 6:00 p. m. on S. side and on line at 197 m. 20 chs. Took an Azimuth in evening.

Wednesday, 13th

Broke camp at 6:30. Brought teams on line to the river which we crossed on the 1st $\frac{1}{4}$ of the 204th mile. Had dinner near 204th M. C. Then turned north to get around the bluffs. Got about four miles N. of line. Got back to the line at sundown. Camped on dry creek at 308 m. 20 chs. Have now averaged nine (9) miles on line from last station. The country here perfectly worthless. Nothing but sagebrush and greasewood. Soil sandy clay.

To be concluded in July number.

CORRECTIONS AND NOTES

In January Annals on page 410, tenth line from bottom of page Mr. Bishop's initials should be L. C.

On page 416, seventh line from top of page, is the end of manuscript written by Mr. Albert W. Johnson. The two paragraphs which follow are an introduction to the manuscript written by and signed by William Francis Hooker. This manuscript begins the twenty-third line from top of page 416. Mr. Hooker also wrote the manuscript which begins on page 421. These manuscripts complete the history of the Bill Hooker cabin on the La Bonte.

On page 438 the footnote should read Vol. 3, No. 4, p. 222.

The illness of the State Historian at the time the January Annals was in press accounts for these errors.

On account of legislative work the publishers did not deliver January Annals until March 9th.

The very small appropriation made by the Twenty-first Legislature for the Historical Department makes it imperative that the Department of History issue Annals for the present biennium without illustrations.

ACCESSIONS

(January 1931 to April 1931)

Museum

Richardson, Thomas G.—Cartridge (Holland & Holland 500 calibre) belonging to a buffalo gun which is in possession of the State Historical Department. "This cartridge came from Green River from an old hunter by the name of Boon, years ago."

Carroll, Major C. G.—Photostat copies of (1) letter written by Bill Carlisle, train bandit, to the Denver Post, Denver, Colorado, April 10, 1916; (2) envelope in which the above letter was enclosed; (3) watch and chain taken by the bandit from passengers on Train No. 18 on February 4, 1916, between Green River and Rock Springs, Wyoming. Two pictures of Governor William B. Ross taken at the time the troops were in review—1925.

Hopkins, Mrs. Ruth Joy—Two etchings of the Platte Bridge Station, Idaho Territory, 1865, by Mrs. Hopkins.

Wills, Miss Olive—Two Christmas cards drawn by the Wyoming artist, Harold Curey.

Newton, L. L.—Token used for money at old Camp Brown.

Pease, Mrs. Vera Jane—Collection of World War relics consisting of a musette bag, gas mask and case, helmet, cooking pan and rubber cap.

Wayo, Mrs. Alexander—Two reprints showing the hanging in Laramie on the night of October 18, 1868, of Big Ned, Con Wager and Asa Moore and the interior and exterior of the Bon Ton Saloon which was owned at that time by Con Wager and Asa Moore.

Dunlap, Mrs. R. G.—Stuffed owl, swift and weasel killed by Dr. Wyman about 30 to 40 years ago in the vicinity of Cheyenne.

Jackson, Richard J.—Picture of Captain Seth Bullock and cowboys taken in Washington, D. C., March 4, 1905. This group consists of 40 men, largely from Weston County. Another picture of these men taken while seeing New York in an automobile.

Original Manuscripts

Canterbury, Hazel—"Wyoming Art and Artists."

Watson, John M.—Life and adventures of Mr. Watson while in Mexico about 1915, written by himself.

State Geologist's Office—"Spanish Diggings" written by G. H. Smith of Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Goodnough, Mrs. J. H.—"Sacajawea."

Thomas, David G. and Goodnough, Mrs. J. H.—"Memories of the Chinese Riot" told by Mr. Thomas to his daughter, Mrs. Goodnough, and written by her.

Douglass, Mrs. Ruth—"An Overland Trip to Wyoming," May 29, 1895, by Mrs. Hannah Lee, grandmother of Mrs. Douglass.

Documents

Fryxell, F. M.—"Report on the Exploration of the Yellowstone River" by Bvt. Brig. Gen. W. F. Reynolds, 1868. "Geological Report of the Exploration of the Yellowstone and Missouri Rivers" by Dr. F. V. Hayden, 1869.

Hastie, Eunice—Minute book of the Industrial Club of Luther (the name formerly given to Burns), Wyoming, 1908, John C. Hastie, Secretary.

Pamphlets

Fryxell, F. M.—"Glacial Feature of Jackson Hole, Wyoming" by Professor Fryxell.

Hinrichs, O. W.—Two copies of "The Goldenrod" January, 1931, published by Mr. Hinrichs, containing the article entitled "Reveries—Fort Laramie."

Pease, Mrs. Vera Jane—"His Cartoons of the A. E. F." by Pvt. Abian A. Wallgren, U. S. M. C. "The Rhine and Its Legends," a souvenir of the days of the American Army of Occupation in Germany.

Newspapers

Spaugh, A. A.—Four copies of the article "1884 Round-ups of the Wyoming Stock Growers Association"—William C. Irvine, President.

Carnegie Library, Cheyenne—Newspaper clipping dated December 24, 1877, containing history about Cheyenne.

Pease, Mrs. Vera Jane—Stars and Stripes Newspaper, Friday, June 13, 1919.

Wyoming Labor Journal Publishing Company—Bound volume "Wyoming Labor Journal" 1930.

Annals of Wyoming

VOL. 8

JULY 1931

No. 1

CONTENTS

Trip of Col. James McLaughlin, Indian Inspector, to the Big Horn Hot Springs, Wyoming.....	By John Small
Diary Kept by W. A. Richards in Summer of 1873	
Boundaries of the State Reserve.....	By Clarence T. Johnson
Wyoming Birds.....	By Mrs. E. E. Waltman
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CHAPTER 96

STATE HISTORICAL BOARD

Session Laws 1921

DUTIES OF HISTORIAN

Section 6. It shall be the duty of the State Historian :

(a) To collect books, maps, charts, documents, manuscripts, other papers and any obtainable material illustrative of the history of the State.

(b) To procure from pioneers narratives of any exploits, perils and adventures.

(c) To collect and compile data of the events which mark the progress of Wyoming from its earliest day to the present time, including the records of all of the Wyoming men and women, who served in the World War and the history of all war activities in the State.

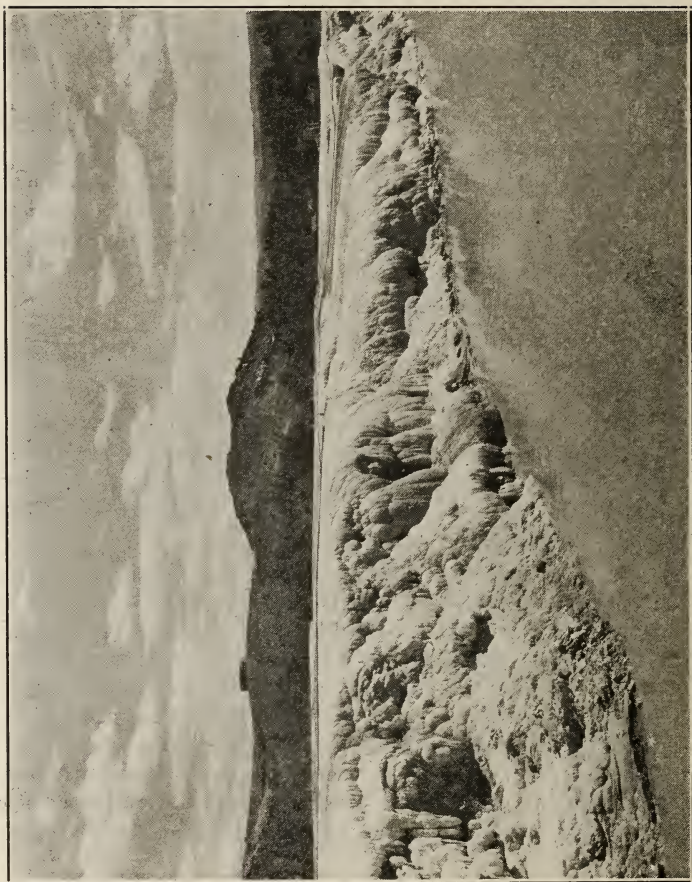
(d) To procure facts and statements relative to the history, progress and decay of the Indian tribes and other early inhabitants within the State.

(e) To collect by solicitation or purchase fossils, specimens, of ores and minerals, objects of curiosity connected with the history of the State and all such books, maps, writings, charts and other material as will tend to facilitate historical, scientific and antiquarian research.

(f) To file and carefully preserve in his office in the Capitol at Cheyenne, all of the historical data collected or obtained by him, so arranged and classified as to be not only available for the purpose of compiling and publishing a History of Wyoming, but also that it may be readily accessible for the purpose of disseminating such historical or biographical information as may be reasonably requested by the public. He shall also bind, catalogue and carefully preserve all unbound books, manuscripts, pamphlets, and especially newspaper files containing legal notices which may be donated to the State Historical Board.

(g) To prepare for publication a biennial report of the collections and other matters relating to the transaction of the Board as may be useful to the public.

(h) To travel from place to place, as the requirements of the work may dictate, and to take such steps, not inconsistent with the provisions of this Act, as may be required to obtain the data necessary to the carrying out of the purpose and objects herein set forth.



HOT WATER FALLS

—COURTESY OF J. T. DIVINE, THERMOPOLIS, WYO.



Annals of Wyoming

VOL. 8

JULY

No. 1

TRIP OF COL. JAMES McLAUGHLIN, INDIAN INSPECTOR, TO THE BIG HORN HOT SPRINGS, WYOMING

I was instructed by Capt. R. H. Wilson, Acting U. S. Indian Agent, to accompany Col. James McLaughlin, U. S. Indian Inspector, and three Shoshone and three Arapahoe Indians, with one interpreter for each tribe, to visit the Big Horn Springs and surrounding country. The Colonel's mission here was for the purpose of negotiating with the Indians for the purchase for the government of these springs.

We left the Agency April 8th at 8:30 a. m. The party was composed of Col. James McLaughlin, John Small, Dick Washakie, Bishop and Mo-yo-vo, Shoshones; Guy Robinson, Shoshone interpreter; Sharp Nose, Tallow and Lone Bear, Arapahoes; and Henry Lee, Arapahoe interpreter.

We travelled in an easterly direction and crossed Big Wind river fifteen miles from Fort Washakie. We camped at noon for dinner at Kasooth Arragon's, a Mexican half breed, who has a fine farm. We broke camp at 1:50 p. m. and travelled east over a very nice rolling country, crossing the Muddy at Camp Small at 5:30 p. m., the distance from Big Wind river being eighteen miles. Here we camped for the night. While pitching our tent three of the horses started for home but were overtaken by the Indians and brought back. Dick Washakie was assigned as chief cook. After supper Col. McLaughlin had quite a pleasant talk with Chief Sharp Nose, who speaks very good Sioux but with a decided Arapahoe accent. The Colonel speaks Sioux fluently, so they had a very pleasant time.

At 7:30 o'clock the next morning we broke camp and started for the foot of Owl Creek mountains. When passing the Government Meadows, the Indians started a nice herd of antelope, but failed to shoot any. We reached camp in the mountains for dinner at 10:45 a. m. the distance traveled being fifteen miles. We named the place Camp Sharp Nose. Left dinner camp at 12:30 p. m. Now we are climbing the mountains in earnest—very hard ascent and worst road I ever saw. (Steep is no name for it.) After we reached the top, we found on the northern slope the best prairie country I have seen in Wyoming. We entered Red

Canyon at 2:30 p. m. The scenery, in passing through it, was grand. We reached the head of the canyon, eight miles from the mouth at 4 p. m. We then crossed the Red Canyon range which is full of deep gulches and reached camp on Owl Creek at 6:30 p. m., having traveled twenty-two miles from Camp Sharp Nose, where we took dinner.

April 10th we broke camp at 8:30 a. m. and reached the Hot Springs at 9:30 a. m., a distance of seven miles over a country with anything but good roads. We crossed the Big Horn river at the Springs.

On arriving there, we were met by U. P. Davidson, who is building some houses to accommodate the visitors. He is seventy-three years of age—an old California Forty-niner. He was formerly from Galesburg, Ill., and was one of those mentioned in history, as the Jay Hawkers of '49. Bancroft's History, Vol. 11, gives a full account of this party of Forty-niners, who were a year in making the trip from Galesburg to the mines in California. They got lost in the mountains and suffered unknown hardships—a number of them dying of starvation, while some became insane. Mr. Davidson, in relating his history, was very interesting to us.

Mr. A. J. Andrews, another resident at the Springs, kindly showed us the different springs, which are certainly wonderful. The basin or mouth of the main spring is circular in form and thirty feet across. It is a seething, boiling caldron, with a temperature of 132 degrees Fahrenheit and flows at the rate of 1,250,000 gallons every twenty-four hours.

The depth of the Springs has never been ascertained. Although with a temperature of 132 degrees, it is not unpleasant to drink and with salt and pepper added tastes very much like chicken soup.

Several bath houses have been erected by the invalids and bath tubs have been cut out of the formation that forms from the overflow. There is a sulphur hot spring and also a cold spring, in addition to the main spring, all flowing within a radius of 200 yards.

The bottom of the river also shows numerous boiling springs.

After we had taken a bath we examined the mountain of crystalized gypsum. It is a very strange formation. We brought some specimens home with us. At 4 p. m. we broke camp and followed the Big Horn river to a new town that is springing up named Thermopolis, or the Hot City. It is located about five miles from the Springs. We pitched our tent on the bank of the river and remained until Sunday morning, April 12th. We passed a very pleasant day Saturday in camp, although it snowed all day. We had many visitors, who came to see our Indians.

Our horses being well rested we started for home Sunday morning.

The Indians with the wagon of provisions and camp outfit returned by what is known as the Red Canyon road, while Col. McLaughlin and myself returned by way of Owl Creek and crossed the mountains forty miles in a north westerly direction. In passing up Owl Creek we visited the various cattle ranches. They are the Padlock, the Keystone, and the Embar. The Embar is the largest. They have about 40,000 head of cattle and 500 horses. The cowboys alone ride 250 horses. Each cowboy uses five or six to go his rounds. At present the Embar company has the contract for supplying the beef for the Agency, which amounts to about 100 head per month. We arrived at Embar at 3:30 p. m., and remained about an hour and a half viewing their extensive buildings, corrals and blooded stock. We are now thirty miles from Thermopolis, and driving two miles more we reached Short's road ranch, where we remained over night. Here we had the pleasure of seeing the cowboys breaking bucking horses.

We left Short's at 7:30 a. m. and crossed the South Fork of Owl Creek eight miles from there. Here we commenced to climb the mountains again and in some places we found the road very steep. We arrived at Mail Camp at the foot of Owl Creek mountains at 12 m. The altitude of the pass in the mountains where we crossed over is 9800 feet above sea level. After dinner we left Mail Camp and crossed over a barren country for thirty miles, reaching Big Wind river bridge at 5:30 p. m., where we remained with Mr. Stagner, who is married to a quarter breed Cheyenne, who speaks Sioux, Shoshone, French and English. They are well to do and have a nice farm on the river. They own 1500 head of cattle, 3000 sheep and 200 horses. We left Mr. Stagner's at 8:45 a. m., April 14th, arriving at the Agency at noon, a distance of twenty miles.

After arriving at the Agency the Colonel immediately made arrangements to hold a council with the Indians for the purchase of the springs.

(Signed) JOHN SMALL.

(From The Indian Guide, Volume 1, Number 3, published at the Shoshone Agency, Wyoming, May, 1896. The Indian Guide is on file in the State Historical Department).

Note: There have been so many requests for history about the Big Horn Hot Springs that we are beginning the publication of some history on the subject.—Editor.

DIARY KEPT BY W. A. RICHARDS IN SUMMER OF 1873**Survey of South Boundary of Wyoming**

(Continued from April Number)

Thursday, Aug. 14th, 1873

Neal, Al and Geo. left camp with the stock at 4:00 a. m. to take them down to the river to water and grass. Boys left camp at 6:00 a. m. Stock returned at 9:30. Broke camp at 10:15. Country very rough and timbered making it difficult to get the team along. Reached the party at 5:00 p. m. in dry ravine at 217th M. P. Lon and I went in search of water. Found none. The Muddy which according to the maps should come in here does not appear, but instead we found a dry bed, fortunately have about fifty gallons of water aboard, enough for the men but the stock must go dry. Took an Azimuth.

Friday, Aug. 15th

Left camp at daylight with George, Al and Neal and the stock to go to the river for water. Found the distance to be over ten miles. Filled our barrels with water. Got a post for the large transit and returned to camp at 1:30 p. m. Billie who had gone west on a mule at daylight returned to camp at 9:00 a. m. having found water six miles ahead. The line had gone on. Broke camp at 2:30 p. m. Camped at 223rd M. C. on small sulphur spring; erected post for observations—Had supper and went to bed.

Saturday, 16th

Mr. McConnel had a good night for work. Left camp at daylight on old Jim to scout country ahead. At 12:00 m. came to deep canon with small stream of water at least 20 miles from camp. Turned my face campward, found my canteen strap broken and it gone. Canon too deep for a descent. A rain coming up, spread my rubber coat and caught a pint of water. Ate my lunch—a biscuit and rode on. Reached camp at 5:40 p. m. having been in the saddle just twelve hours and ridden at least forty-five miles. The country here a perfect desert. No wood, grass, or water. It behooves us to make good time to Green River fifty miles away. Our supplies are getting low. No game here at all but rabbits. An old road runs west about 20 chs. north of this camp. Suppose it to be the old Cherokee trail upon which they returned from Oregon 18 years ago. It runs nearly west and we must follow it to get through the country, which is badly broken west of us for thirty miles where we come to the Escalante Mts. an unknown country as yet.

Sunday, 17th

Another good night for observations and for me of rest and sleep. Wrote to Stebbins and read Shakespeare and so forth and rested mostly. A beautiful day, but a terrible place in which to spend it. Surely "the sound of a church going bell these valleys and hills never heard" and never will they hear a more melodious sound than the howl of the coyote or the dismal cawing of an unfortunate crow. Several of the boys are hunting and their united endeavors secured one poor little rabbit.

Monday, 18th

Breakfast at 6:30. A good night for observations and Mr. McC completed them. The first time we have had three successive clear nights.

Sunday, 24th

Since the last entry as above much has transpired out of the usual routine of our monotonous life but nothing serious or very alarming. Upon reducing the observs. of Sunday night it was found that the instrument was out of adjustment, therefore another night's work was necessary. On Tuesday these observs. were reduced. We found the line 92 ft. south. Set the monument at the 223rd M. C. A. stone 12 x 14 in. 10 ft. long. Corrected back and made ready for a start. On Wednesday, left camp at daylight line and teams. Shot two young sage hens as we were starting. Even these are a delicacy in this barren and desolate country. The men made 17½ miles on the line stopping on high bank of Vermillion Creek which I visited last Saturday. I took dinner to men on the line, and the campmen misunderstood my instructions and went three miles too far west on a road running three miles north of the line. Came back and down to line which we reached two hours after dark. Had supper at 11:00 p. m. Went on guard at 2:30 a. m. On Thursday morning left camp at daylight on pony to try and find crossing over the canon before us. No description can give an idea of the magnitude of these canons. Returned at noon without finding a pass. In p. m. the men ran the line ten miles west. Mr. McC accompanying them. We took team back to the road. I proceeded, then about an hour crossed Vermillion Canon and on the road two miles west of it discovered a troop of some kind galloping toward me about two miles farther west. From close observations thought they were Indians; rode back and corralled teams on east side of canon—Sent Fred out to tell the men where camp was, though we had previously intended camping on the canon and having the men walk up to camp. Billie and I went out again on the road but saw no signs. The men on line had seen elk signs and probably the troop I

saw were elk. Mr. McC did not come in with the line men and we feared he would lie out. After supper Bob took a light and went to pilot him in. Found him at 12:00 m. about five miles S. W. of camp in a canon containing good water. Had a fire and was comfortable but hungry. Would not come in, fearing to carry his chronometer through the brush at night. Bob reached camp at 3:30 a. m. Friday. After breakfast, Bob took some provisions and coffee and went back to find Mac—as he had intended remaining where he was until the line men came out—We moved west about four miles on road; then turned south, and at 11:00 a. m. struck stream, the Vermillion running E. then S. high steep banks. Built a bridge. Just as we finished dinner, McC hove in sight—on the trail. Had not waited for Bob but went to our old camp and followed us in—twenty-four hours without eating and laying out in a rainstorm. Had not seriously affected him. In p. m. the line men went south and E. to where they quit work and ran few miles of line. Could not move camp, so they walked in three miles. Saturday the 23rd crossed on our bridge. Moved camp S. W. across from Big Creek on the S. side of which we camped at the 249th M. C. Took an Azimuth. Saw and wounded an antelope. Ran him three miles with a mule but did not get him. Good grass and water near and quite a change from the desert proper, though we are hardly out of it—Sunday the 24th broke camp early. Got teams to top of bluffs on west side of creek at 10:00 a. m. The men ran the line three miles and at noon were stopped, or rather the teams were, by a huge canon. Suspended work and went south around it. All hands except Dick. He followed along the line and killed two antelope and now at sundown we are anxiously expecting him in. Are camped about a mile south of the line and probably about 254th M. C. A mountain lies to the west of us and we don't know what the country is beyond it to Green River. Hope for the best though, for provisions are very short. Sugar gone several days ago. Saw many deer and antelope today. Also mountain sheep.

Monday, 25th

Line men left camp at sunrise to go East to canon which stopped us yesterday. On the east side of the canon lies the scene of the great Diamond Excitement of last winter. Numerous claims are staked out but unoccupied. The country is wholly barren and the only hypothesis upon which diamonds could be expected would be that of the hunters' coon dog—good for nothing else imaginable. These diamond fields are on the 251st and 2nd miles of our line, partly in Wyoming and partly in Colorado. I took old "Jim" and I scouted ahead for a road. Returning at 9 a. m. saw and chased a large black bear but lost him in

the timber. Just as camp was moving, saw him again north of camp on the prairie. Gave chase again on a pony and succeeded in running him into the teams. He passed very close to Max and Arthur who gave him a shot each, breaking his fore leg. He did not fight but succeeded in escaping. Line men made 8 miles and we camped in a beautiful grassy valley. Quite an oasis in this desert. This is the head of a stream running into Green River.

Tuesday, 26th

Broke camp at sunrise. Killed a buck antelope just after starting. Stopped for dinner on a mountain which rises 2000 feet in $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles. Drove teams up the east slope. Scouted ahead and found roads down the west slope to the southwest. Line ran 7 miles. Camped opposite and about 3 miles south of 167th M. C. Men ran onto a large black bear coming in. No damage done.

Wednesday, 27th

Broke camp at 7 a. m. At 10 a. m. struck Red Creek, which is properly named. A small stream running south into the Green River in Brown's Hole, which is five miles south of the line. Camped on Spring Creek which is about 280th mile. The line was run to 273rd M. C. Left team and lunch for men on the hill 6 miles east of camp. Green River, according to our map, should have been at the 273rd mile corner but it is apparently several miles to the west. Grub is about played out and guess will have to start for town tomorrow at any rate. Built fire after dark to guide men to camp. Spring Creek here runs on top of the ground while a few rods above or below it runs through a deep cut.

Thursday, 28th

Lon and I with Al and a team and a saddle mule with one day's rations started at 7 o'clock for Green River. Went west ten miles on a road when we struck the river. Crossed first channel but failed on second one—too deep. Apparently this road does not go to the station. Turned back to take a trail which we saw on Red Creek. Passed camp at 3:30 p. m. Had a lunch of coffee and mush—and pushed ahead. The boys are left with nothing but a bushel of beans and a keg of molasses. They won't starve on this, but it's pretty hard living. Campbell is running line and on the hill west of camp met the team with half a deer aboard, which Lon killed 800 yards distant. A good shot. This will help the boys out a little. Reached Red Creek at dark. While hunting a camping place was astonished to hear the shouts of herders "rounding up" cattle. Followed up the sound and two miles south found a herd of 1300 cattle and ten drovers. Had supper with them and learned that Green River was 60 miles away and the road ran up from Red Creek, as we supposed. Also Mr. Richards here who has a cow camp three miles north.

Next morning, the 29th

We went to his camp for breakfast. He kindly offered to lend us bread and meat to last us and our camp till we got back. We left note in road for Billie, who is coming over, telling him where to go for rations and to bring another team out ten miles north of Richards' to meet us, as the road from there is bad. Reached the Poplar Grove on the high divide 35 miles from the station about sundown. Here is wood, water and grass in the midst of a desert. A splendid camping place. Made a good supper on potatoes, bread, coffee and young sage hens, four of which I shot with a rifle on the road.

Saturday, 30th

Was on the road at 6:30 a. m. Reached Green River at 2 p. m. Found an immense amount of mail. Everything all right at home. No bad news at all. It seems impossible that so little of importance has transpired in two months, the time which has elapsed since we last received mail. In the hurry and excitement of an active participation in the daily life of a large city, one cannot frame a just estimate of the importance of passing events, but isolated as we have been—cut off from all communication with the world in general for two months, then to have the detailed history of that time laid before us in the unbroken files of a daily paper and we can form a full and correct estimate of the day's doings. In Omaha the papers are wonderfully alike; suicides, assaults, robberies and arrests—make a large portion of its daily history. Nor is this confined to our city alone. The Associated Press dispatches are mostly adapted to Police Gazette use. After reading all the news, we are better contented with our exile than before. Although isolated as we are, we seem to be playing fully as an important a part as the majority at home. Received full report from Aut, with papers in abundance; also letters from Father, Mother, Alice, Delia and Nellie B. Got our freight from depot. Bought flour, sugar, potatoes, clothing for the boys and C. Expended \$200.00 in short order. Had wagon loaded at 6 p. m. Took supper at R. R. eating house—the poorest on the road. Saw Reynolds and Goodwin in mail car going down. Sent in trunk and Lon's watch by Goodwin, i. e., the latter by him, the former by express. In the evening, wrote until 3:30 a. m. on Sunday, Aug. 31st. Slept until 5 a. m. Had breakfast, and Lon with team started for camp. I remained with "Johnny" the mule to get some new axes ground. Found that a registered letter had come that morning for us. Containing draft from treasury department for the survey of boundary of Pawnee Reserve. Could not get it cashed in Green River. Endorsed and sent it to Aut. for payment. Had dinner at eating house and at 1 p. m. started after the team. Caught them at 4 p. m. By driving until 10:20 p. m. made Poplar Grove again. Found Bill

Tabor, a noted hunter, here and another man camped there. Saw Johnson and Ed O'Sullivan on mail car this morning. They are fine fellows. Also saw Mott Hyde.

Monday, Sept. 1st

Went on the road at daylight. Met the other team near Tabor's just the right place. Divided the load and proceeded on our way. Camped with Richards on Red Creek.

Tuesday, Sept. 2nd

After taking a lesson on the "Diamond Hitch" used in packing, moved on for camp, which we reached at 4 p. m. and were gladly welcomed indeed. The boys were again down to beans and molasses, but were cheerful. Brought in a heap of mail. Campbell fired a couple of shots into a bear coming in but without doing him serious injury. Had a good full night's sleep.

Wednesday, Sept. 3rd

For myself a day of rest. Much needed for we had a long hard trip. Lon is quite unwell but nothing serious I think. Mac C. got a few stars last night, the first at this station. Boys fishing and washing. No game here. Ben killed a fawn while we were gone and carried it ten miles to camp. No game nearer. Wrote letters and sent over to Richard's camp by Billie.

Thursday, Sept. 4th

Mac C. got a few more stars last night. Went and found stone for monument which Matt is now working. Did our washing. Billie returned at 2 p. m. and Smith came with him. Took dinner and went on to a hunter's camp a few miles west of here.

Friday, Sept. 5th

Breakfast at 7 a. m. A beautiful morning but rather cool last night as I found on guard. Mac C. got sufficient stars last night to determine our location and now as soon as he has reduced his observations we will correct back as far as necessary, cross the river and propel. We are now camped on the 289th mile, leaving but 80 miles to run and good assurances of an open country half way at least.

Saturday, Sept. 6th

Gave Mac C. another night at station all right now. Campbell and Billie went back 17 miles to correct. The boys have the monument planted at the 289 mile and we have the team on the west side of the river and will take dinner on the bank.

Evening, Sept. 6th

Got the line across O. K. and made five miles, camping on the line and on the east bank of Henry's Fork. This is a clear, swift mountain stream, running over a gravel bed, skirted with timber and easy to cross. This is the most picturesque and convenient camp on the line thus far, and the only good camp since leaving the Snake River, nearly a hundred miles back.

Sunday, Sept. 7th

Broke camp at 6 a. m. the line crossing the river near camp. Moved teams up the Fork about five miles and stopped for dinner, or rather to give the cooks a chance to bake bread. On the way up crossed the stream several times, once the first time near the ranch of Charley Davis—(supposed to be) just south of which the line runs. At 10:30 o'clock took a pail of lunch—canteen of water and one of molasses and mounted on a mule went South to find and feed the men. A Mexican herding for Joe Baker accompanied. We mounted on a stallion to see how it was done. On the way out his horse bucked him off and got away but he caught him and went on his way. Returned to camp and moved up opposite Baker's ranche and then struck South to the line. We men made $11\frac{1}{2}$ miles and we camped at dark one-half mile North of the line near a pine mountain. A dry camp. Found dead deer near camp.

Monday, Sept. 8th

Broke camp at sunrise. Took dinner on a little stream, the third within one-half mile, on which is thick underbrush through which we had to cut. Lon being troubled with a sort of diarrhea, I ran the line 5 miles in P. M. making a dry camp without wood, burning a couple of posts. Camped on the 317th M. C. Took an Azimuth. Killed an antelope in A. M. Yesterday is the first Sunday that ever passed without my knowing it was Sunday. N. B. Crossed Beaver Creek on the 314th mile, several streams in a narrow bottom all skirted with thick willows.

Tuesday, Sept. 9th

At 4 a. m. Neil and Ben took team and went South to the mountains for wood. Had breakfast at 6 a. m. Crossed a fork of Henry's Fork at 10 a. m. Stopped at noon on another stream for dinner. Made ten miles by 2:45 p. m. which brought us to a top of a high bluff at the fork of which runs another fork of the Fork. Dick and I went a foot to the east edge of a mountain range three miles west and gave Lon a long sight. Saw an elk and three deer. Found the country rough and heavily timbered. Will have to put in a station where we are on the bluff; send the team to Evanston and go through to the corner 43 miles with pack mules.

Wednesday, Sept. 10th

Got a post and some wood. Moved camp over to the 327 mc and set up for a station. Went out west three miles hunting. Found nothing. Lon killed a deer and the boys caught lots of trout.

Thursday, Sept. 11

Went out hunting stone. Could find nothing. Will have to go back to Henry's Fork tomorrow.

Friday, 12th

Started Campbell, five men and a team back to the Fork for a stone for our monument. Dick and I went fishing. Got back at sundown tired, wet and hungry, but with fish enough for breakfast. Lew and Ben went out and brought in a deer which they killed yesterday. The stone hunters not yet returned.

Saturday, 13th

Nothing doing today. Lon and Arthur went fishing. George also. Brought in a fine string of trout. No sign of the boys yet. They must have gone a long way back. Tonight is clear and this makes the third good night for observations. Tomorrow we can put in the monument if the boys return, and on the following day move on. Wrote letters to Delia and Alice today.

Sunday, 14th

Another Sabbath which probably would have passed unnoticed, had we not been in camp. Weather very fine. As pleasant as September at home. Spent the morning in packing some of the mules we will use who were strangers to the business. Ben and Billie are busy getting the provisions, etc., ready for trip. The boys returned at noon with a good stone, which they found on Henry's Fork about twenty-five miles from here. Pat killed a black-tailed buck, so their provisions held out. Spent the P. M. in getting the stone marked, drawing stones for the monument and getting ready for a start tomorrow. Mac C. finished his work last night.

Monday, 15th

Matt finished marking the stone this morning and at 9 a. m. I moved out with the line, taking 8 men, 4 pack mules and 2 saddle horses, each man carries a gun and ammunition. The pack train overtook us four miles on our way. Did not stop for dinner. Ran the line $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles, and camped in a little grassy glade at $4\frac{3}{4}$ miles. Made a bivouac by cutting boughs and setting them up leaning against a long pole supported between two trees. Dug a little spring just behind camp. No running water. In unpacking the mules Ben (the cook) made the unwelcome discovery that instead of a sack of beans he had brought one of green coffee. The teams are well on their way to Ft. Bridger ere this, so we will have to run on bread, meat and coffee. We have one canteen full of molasses, but have agreed to not use any until ten miles of this check is completed. The country is not very rough but thickly covered with pine timber, much of which is dead. Have a big camp fire in front of our bivouac, by the light of which the boys are playing euchre, posting diaries, etc. Will stand no guard tonight nor until we see signs of Indians. A slight sprinkling of rain today, but perfectly clear now.

Tuesday, 16th

Had a fair night's rest, but being unused to quite so much ventilation, not as good as usual. Breakfast of venison, bread and coffee at 5 a. m. and on the line at 6. Chopped three-fourths of a mile to the edge of the bluff from which we got a sight 1.50 am chs. across Smith's Fork of Green River—a stream similar to Henry's Fork where we last camped upon it. Crossed this fork on the 334th mile. The valley is wooded and the hills upon either side descend to the stream in a succession of "steppes" or level plateaus, upon which are large lakes of living water, clear and cold with a gravel bottom inhabited by fish and beaver. From the 333.50 m. chs. looking east and n. e. seven of these lakes are in view all on different elevations, with the steep mountain sides around them covered with dense pine forests, the open plains away to the North, and the high, rugged, snow-clad mountains to the South, making the landscape one of unequalled beauty in my experience. Made three miles and four chains stopping at 5:45 p. m. at 333.68 m. c. Had a good dinner brought out by Billie, which I carried a mile to the boys. Camped in the woods near a spring and grassy valley. Lew killed a deer at sundown, which came just in time, as we had used the last of our venison. Salt meat is not good to work on. Ours is a good specimen of a camp in the woods tonight. A bivouac of boughs, with a roaring fire of pine logs before it. Heavy timber about us. The mules on one side, tied up for the night—their packs on the other. A dressed deer ornamenting a tree near by—and the boys around the camp fire, having their regular evening game of euchre. Weather clear and pleasant.

Wednesday, 17th

In the woods all day. Camped at 335.40 but got the line up to 336. Weather cool but clear.

Thursday, 18th

Was on the line at 6 a. m. From the 336.40 m. c. got a sight of 2.65 m. c. across two streams and up on the side of a mountain. Set the 338 m. p. one chain east of a well traveled road running n. & s. Camped near the 339.25 m. c. the chainmen being about a mile behind. The sky became overcast with leaden ominous looking clouds this P. M. and there is every indication of a long storm. The equinoctial is in order any time now. Placed our camp in a well protected ravine, with a view to standing a storm, if a hard one sets in, we can build a log cabin pretty "sudden." Wrote a note to Lon. Would like to get an Azimuth tonight but it is too cloudy.

Friday, 19th

We escaped last night with only a slight sprinkling of snow and rain and this morning is clear. Guess that is all we will see of the deared equinoctial. The chainmen and Billie went back

and chained up. Sent my note to Lon by them, to be stuck upon a post in the road, trusting to the cold charities of the world for its being more properly posted. Pushed on with the line. The timber large and thick. First $\frac{1}{2}$ mile through quaking asp, much worse than pine for running. Only made $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles, camping at 340.57 m. c. where I took an azimuth. No water near camp. In hunting for a spring just before sundown, surprised and killed a very large buck. Got Dick to help me load him on a pony and it was hard work for both of us. We estimated the weight dressed at 300 pounds. His horns are 7-pronged, bare of velvet, and very sharp. The country today was ascending to the 340th mile, where I think we reached the summit of the Uintahs on our line. Elevation 9,950 feet. Timber heavy but no snow. Saturday, 20th

Had an unexpected rain, hail and snow storm last night, accompanied by lightning and heavy thunder. Several trees were struck with lightning near us. Now at 11 a. m. after the sun shining all the morning, snow and ice lie thick upon the ground. The weather seems like November. Dinner at 2 p. m. at 342.23. Got a long sight, or two rather, from the same point. The first in the bottom on the west side of Black's Fork, at which we camped. The other about a mile west on the mountain side. Sunday, Sept. 21st, '73

Cut through the timber 23 chs. east from camp and set the 343rd post, then ran west through the timber setting the 345th post at sundown near which we camped. The line crossed Black's Fork at 343.15 m. c. Billie and Matt went down stream a mile from our camp of last night to a tie cabin and ground some of the axes. Quite a large number of men employed here getting out ties, which are run down stream at high water to the U. P. Last night was the coldest we have had in these mountains. Water froze four inches deep, within ten feet of our camp fire which was burning all night.

Monday, 22nd

Rather warmer last night. Slept well beside the camp fire. Made $1\frac{1}{4}$ miles before dinner, but in the P. M. struck some large dry pines "on line" which checked us somewhat. The trees were over four feet in diameter and about 110 feet high and perfectly straight. Heard a steam whistle last night which we suppose to come from a saw mill to the south of us. This is the first indication of civilization that we have seen since leaving Cheyenne. All the people that we have seen in the scanty settlements through which we have passed, seemed entirely destitute of ambition, satisfied with game enough to eat and nothing to do but hunt it. Took an azimuth this evening at the 347th post. Have run 20 miles in eight days, or an average of $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles per day through heavy timber.

Tuesday, 23rd

Took dinner on the west side of a road running south to Coe & Carter's saw mill which is a mile from the line. Sent a letter to Lon by the superintendent of their work. Camped for the night near another saw mill in which Dick Carter is part owner and so also is one Scott. Made $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles, camping at 349.40 m. c. The timber on the mountains to the south of us is all on fire, making a splendid spectacle. Learned from a man in charge of the saw mill, which is not running now, that we have but five miles of timber before us. This is glad news to us, for this timber business is slightly monotonous and camping out without tents at this season is not very pleasant.

Wednesday, 24th

We were at work early, but were delayed a long time by a large dead pine tree, that centered on its stump and was so supported by the branches of surrounding trees that it would not fall. Made $\frac{1}{2}$ mile before dinner. About noon the fire which has been steadily bearing down toward the line and the saw mill, crossed the little stream that the mill is upon, about 5 chs. south of the mill, so that probably it escaped, but the one belonging to Coe & Carter seems to be right in its line. Made $1\frac{3}{4}$ miles by sundown, through heavy timber, but the prospect ahead is a little better. May get out of the woods tomorrow.

Thursday, 25th

Made almost 3 miles today by getting a $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile sight. Country rather rough and cracked up by land slides. Camped at 354.10 m. c. A great deal of wood chopping is being done near here and some charcoal burning. Are out of venison now and running on pork, bread and coffee. Plenty of game in the woods but we won't take time to hunt it. Took an azimuth this evening on the 354.10 m. c.

Friday Evening, Sept. 26

Hurrah! We are out of the woods and the end draws near, i. e., the west end. The 357th post came just on the west edge of the timber. We are now encamped on the west bank of Bear River, which we crossed at 358.30. Another stream almost as large crosses the line at 357.50, m. c. is 40 lks. wide. The bottoms bordering each stream are about 30 chains wide, and covered with a heavy growth of willow, but at present are not marshy. The streams are clear, swift running with gravel bottom. Are camped near the 359th post, which leaves but 9 miles to run, which we will do tomorrow, and then, Ho! for Evanston. Crossed the highest point of the Uintahs (on the line) yesterday on the 355th mile. Elevation 10,200 feet. Snow near the line.

Saturday, 27th, Evening

Hurrah! again. The "west end" so long looked for and anxiously expected is now behind us. We set the 368th post at

5 p. m., having run 9 miles, all open except 5 chains of quaking asp. The 366th mile passes over two very high backbones or hogbacks but the post comes upon a flat on the west side of them. Are now camped on a little stream 20 chains west of the 368th post. No timber near and we are burning sage brush again. Quite a high mountain rises just west of us and between the streams at its base runs an old well-travelled road, which we suppose to be the old Mormon trail to Salt Lake. The weather is still clear and pleasant though cool. Lew killed a black-tailed fawn this morning.

Sunday, 28th

Slept rather cold last night. Was on the road at 8:45. Camped for dinner on Bear River. The road thence bears n. e. pretty strong, probably being somewhat longer than a mile across the country would be, but as we do not know the location of Evanston with relation to our terminal point, it is our best plan to follow the road. Came to the R. R. at 4 p. m. a short distance west of Hilliard station formerly known as the Tie Siding. Camped on Bear River again at the old stage road crossing and near a large ranche now deserted. Its owner made a fortune out of it and lost it on a tie contract, one of the victims of the railroad.

Monday, 29th

Was in motion at 7 a. m. Forded Bear River, all taking off our shoes and the pebbles and sand froze to the soles of our feet. reached Evanston at 10 a. m. capturing our camp, as the boys were not aware of our proximity until we announced our arrival with a yell that would have done credit to a band of Comanches. Lon has been unable to open communications with Prof. Safford, and could not learn his whereabouts until today, consequently nothing has been done here. Otherwise, we are as near done as we expected. The Treasury Department has sent us draft for the main Pawnee work, so we have funds to run on. Sent the draft to Aut. to be cashed, when it returns will pay off the men we can not use and await patiently. Safford is at Bismark, Dakota. Lon paid off and sent home Arthur, Al and Fred on the 24th. The U. P. Co. gave us half rates on tickets for the boys to go home upon. Found letters here for me from Alice and Miss Hurley and Judge Wakeley. In P. M. shaved for the first time on the trip. Changed my clothes and wrote to Aut.

Tuesday, 30th

Received amount of draft from Aut by express. Got answer from Safford. He cannot come till Oct. 20. Learned yesterday for the first time of the failure of Jay Cooke and Co. and the general financial panic.

Wednesday, October 1st

Paid off and sent home today Campbell, Dick, Billie, Lew, Pat, Max and Neal. (Saw Dr. Reed on platform on Monday.) Evanston is quite lively R. R. town but a dull place to loaf in. Wrote to Alice.

Thursday, October 2nd

Nothing doing. In evening, Lon and I looked through the Chinese department of Sisson, Wallace & Co.'s store, accompanied by Mr. Hopkins, one of the firm. Purchased some trinkets. In P. M. rode over to a mining town called Almy, a mile west of Evanston.

Friday, October 3rd

Started to run a line from an observatory here south to the bdry, with Matt and Bob flagmen, Ben and Geo. with the teams. Made about eleven miles and camped on a high divide. Weather cool.

Saturday, October 4

Continued the line and intersected the south boundary about the middle of the 364th mile. Set a post at the point of intersection and Mr. Mac C. began his work of determining the latitude of the bdry at this point. Weather clear.

Sunday, 5th

Clear and pleasant. Am somewhat unwell with a diarrhea, the first indisposition of the trip for me. Matt went to town.

Monday, 6th

Weather clear last night, good for observations, but cloudy tonight and a little rainy. Ben went south to the mountains deer hunting and came back about 11 p. m. without having killed anything. Feel somewhat better this evening.

Tuesday, 7th

Clear in the morning but clouded up soon and snowed and rained alternately all day. Took Buck and went hunting. Was out until 4 p. m. Saw game but did not get a shot. Very disagreeable. Put up a stove in the cook tent today. Snowing hard at dark. Two nights that Mac could do nothing.

Wednesday, Oct. 8th, '73

Clear and pleasant this morning. The mountains all around us are white with snow but we escaped with very little. Ben went down to the mountains hunting. Saw about forty deer but killed none. Weather fine.

Thursday, 9th

Weather good. Mac C. got some stars last night. A stranger from Nevada came into camp hunting a team and boy that are at work in the mountains somewhere, asked to stay over night and he gladly accepted, being tired and hungry. Lon and Matt came into camp in time for supper. Couldn't stand it in town any longer. Brought us mail from home.

Friday, 10th

Mac C. finished the reductions of his observations this morning at 10 a. m. and Geo. and Matt with ponies went east correcting. In the P. M. Lon, Mac, Ben and I ran the line from Mac's station west to the 367th M. C. returning to camp at sundown. Bob still sick, apparently.

Saturday, 10th

Broke camp at sunrise. Lon and I on ponies went west to build the mounds along the line, the teams and men going on the line to town. We reached Evanston at 4 p. m. and got dinner at a hotel, the teams getting in at sundown. Got letters from Judge W. and Alice.

Sunday, 11th

Took the 2 p. m. train for home with Geo. and Bob. Dinner at camp, supper at Green River.

Monday, 12th

Breakfast at Laramie, didn't feel well, headache, so didn't eat dinner or supper which we stopped for at Cheyenne and Sidney.

Tuesday, 13th

Breakfast at Grand Island. Dinner at Fremont. Reached home at 2 p. m. Found election red hot. Voted. With Bob, Arthur, Campbell and Aut had a visit in evening and some oysters.

Wednesday, 14th

Bob went home. Election good. All Republicans elected. Oakland, Cal., April 24, 1874

Again I open this little history, so long neglected, and will make a few retrospective entries to bring it up to date. At the date of the last entry, I was safely landed at home. My part of the summer's campaign virtually done. Lon remained in Evanston to complete the observations for Long. Prof. Safford finally came and went on to Evanston to assist McConnell, and in due time the field was finished, and the closing observations showed our work to have been very good.

November 18th

Lon reached Omaha, the same day of the month that we came in upon last year. He went in to Galena and wrote up the notes. I employed competent draughtsmen and had the maps well made and about first of January, Lon went to Washington with the returns. In eight days after the accounts were taken up they were paid. Lon getting the draft through the U. S. Treasury Department and the hands of 72 men in two hours and fifteen minutes.—Contributed by Alice Richards McCreery.

BOUNDARIES OF THE STATE RESERVE

The boundaries of the State Reserve, which includes the Hot Springs at Thermopolis, are as follows:

BOUNDARIES

Beginning at the center of the big spring, thence east one-fourth mile, thence north one-half mile, thence west one mile, thence south one mile, thence east one mile, thence north one-half mile; the latter point being one-fourth mile east of the big spring. This tract of ground lies in Sections 30 and 31, Township 43 North, Range 94 West, and Sections 25 and 36, Township 43 North, Range 95 West. The range line dividing the two sections runs north and south along the margin of the river of the big spring.

The northeast corner of this reserve is indicated on the ground at present by three pits and a disintegrated sandstone monument. This monument can be found by following the wire fence which runs north and south along the east line of the reserve to a point where a second fence runs east and west. This east and west fence does not join the north and south fence, but connects with a fence running north and south some sixty feet further west. The northeast corner of the reserve is on the line of the north and south fence and at the intersection of the east and west fence should it be extended.

The northwest corner of the reserve line on a level piece of ground west of the large hill northeast of Thermopolis, and some 500 feet east of the Thermopolis-Worland wagon road. This corner is plainly marked by three pits and a piece of sandstone marked SL.

The west line of the reserve runs south from the northwest corner over a sharp ridge, then down to the flat on which Thermopolis is located.

The southwest corner of the reserve was undoubtedly marked in the beginning with a mound of stone, in addition to a sandstone monument properly inscribed with SL. The stone of the original monument has been scattered but the corner stone remains in the ground. It is on the north side of the street running east and west along the south border of the State reserve and on the west side of the street running north and south. A livery stable has for years occupied ground adjacent to the State line and the stone monument is at the southeast corner of the corral belonging to this stable.

The south line of the reserve crosses the river some 2,000 feet east of the southwest corner just described.

The slope of the country east of the river gradually increases and the line crosses over a ridge some fifty feet west of

a well graveled road and after crossing a dry gulch twice, it ascends a hill, on the top of which will be found the southeast corner of the reserve. This corner is indicated on the ground by a sandstone monument marked SL. It is witnessed by a mound of rock. Other monuments can be found along the boundaries of the reserve. Closing corners have been set where townships and section lines intersect them.

The northeast corner can probably be found more easily than as described above, by going to the sulphur spring on the east bank of the river. Some 200 feet north of this spring a rocky point overhangs the river bank. On this rocky point will be found a red sandstone monument which is a witness corner for the intersection of the State reserve boundary and the township line. The northeast corner of the reserve lies about 1,800 feet east of this witness corner.

CLASSIFICATION OF LANDS

Of the 640 acres within the reserve, 300 acres are too high or rough to admit much improvement. Practically all of the smooth land lies in the southwest quarter of the tract although there is here and there a few acres north and east of Monument Hill and west of the ridge south of the big spring which can be utilized to advantage. There is no question but what the tracts laid off in lots and blocks south of the spring should first be used for sites for buildings that can be devoted to the benefit of the public. Here sanitariums, baths of all kinds and any place of amusement should be confined until the tract is all taken. While the river runs north through the reserve, yet the ground north of the big spring is much higher than the spring itself, while the land to the south is lower. The formation from the spring ends where the blocks begin so that any improvements made thereon would not injure the appearance of the picturesque deposit from the hot water. The flat lands adjacent to Thermopolis should be utilized for the same purpose when the demand for an increased area is felt. The water from the spring can be carried by pipes to any point below the big spring without great cost and even the river will not be an unsurmountable obstacle.

The lands north of the big spring should be held for the time being at least as a part of the scenic attractions of the reserve. This tract is all underlaid by formation and it appears on the surface of the ground at intervals throughout the area. Extinct spring craters and cones should not be destroyed or defaced. It is impossible to build sanitariums on this ground without interfering with the appearance of the grounds and the question of pumping hot water makes an investment in this direction of questionable profit.

From Monument Hill southeast the country is very rough. High steep ridges running easterly and westerly are characteristic of this section. The rock is shale and sandstone. Some of the latter are well adapted for building purposes.

The large hill lying in the northwestern portion of the reserve has steep sandstone slopes and a rolling top. The summit of the hill is adapted for grazing purposes only. This hill supports a scattering growth of cedars while these are only found occasionally on the hills east of the river. Beyond furnishing a feature in the natural scenery of the reserve the hill has no special value. Several large craters of extinct springs lying in the northeastern part of the reserve should be protected, and they will always add to the interest tourists will find at and near Thermopolis.

ROADS

Five roads now enter the reserve. The main road from the north enters the reserve in two places, along the river and near the center of the west boundary. The road from Thermopolis and points to the south, enters the reserve on the south line along the river. One road crosses the north line of the reserve near the northeast corner and another crosses the south line west of the southeast corner. An old road formerly ran north across the formation along the river. The use of this road has been discontinued. Should the State construct a road from the present plunge bath, northerly, it should run close to the slopes of Monument Hill in order that no injury may be done the formation. Those traveling on the road would, in addition, secure a much better idea of the grounds by keeping above the level of the big spring in so far as may be possible. From surveys made by this office the road can be located on the maps prepared so that it can be constructed at any time. It would not be advisable to carry the road beyond the limits of the reserve to the north, as it would be a mistake to make this a thoroughfare for all kinds of conveyances.

The steel bridge across the river has served its purpose to date, but it should have been built wide enough so that teams could pass on it. As it is some trouble has been experienced, particularly at night. Its foundations were securely built, for during the present year the river reached the highest stage ever recorded, and this bridge was the only one that was left standing. Here and there on the reserve can be found deposits of the formation that can be used for ballasting roads. Mr. Pallus, the superintendent, has experimented with this material and finds that it becomes very compact in a short time. He is now using it on roads and walks.

BUILDING SITES

Several years ago a considerable area south of the formation was laid out and divided into blocks and lots. Unfortunately when these pieces of property were fenced but little attention was paid to the established lines. It would seem that the location of fences was determined more by the party who used the land than by the local agent of the State. As it is, corner stakes are rarely found. Trees planted along property lines may be inside or outside of the fence and wherever lands have been cultivated every stake has been plowed under, except where the fence has been put on the line. But one fence was found on an established line. This runs easterly from the bridge along the north side of the street.

Some lands have already been leased outside of this surveyed area. When this has been done there seems to have been but little attempt to describe the leased property except in a general way. From the surveys made by this office, it is believed that in the future all tracts leased can be located by courses and distances from known monuments. If this is found to be impossible in any particular instance, the necessary work of making an exact location can be undertaken by the office upon notification from your honorable board.

There seems to be a desire to locate buildings near the big spring. This is due in a measure to the difficulty of carrying the hot water to more distant points. There seems to be no good reason why the State should not lead in a general improvement of the surveyed lands so that hot water may be delivered wherever there may be a demand for it. Heretofore trouble has been experienced with pipes and other conduits coating with the formation. There can be no danger from this source providing the pipes are built of material that will not deteriorate, and buried to such a depth that the running water will not have an opportunity to lose much heat. Deposit begins as soon as the temperature is lowered. There is no tendency, however, towards a deposit in the crater of the spring or in the main ditch for some distance. It is certain, therefore, that a proper pipe conduit buried to a depth of four or five feet would deliver water within any reasonable distance without any danger of becoming encrusted with the minerals carried in solution. If the mains for this service were put in by the State it would direct the attention of investors in sanitariums and other improvements to lands which are the best adapted for these purposes and it seems reasonable to believe that but little attention would be paid to lands lying above the big springs as soon as hot water is delivered throughout the level tract lying to the south.

It is possible that at some time the sulphur spring located near the northern line of the reserve and on the margin of the

river will be utilized. This can best be done by erecting a sanitarium of comparatively small dimensions on the bank of the river at such an elevation that the water will flow into it by gravity. This can be done and still keep the structure above high water of the river.

PRESERVATION OF NATURAL ATTRACTIONS

In time every natural attraction will have a value. It would be an easy matter to destroy many of these now, to accommodate some lessee, but the time will come when it will be recognized that a mistake was made by so doing. The hills, the river, the extinct craters, old formation and above all the living springs and modern deposits should all be preserved and improved, if possible. Improvement may be feasible in many directions without great expense. It may be found to be practicable to start a growth of trees on many unattractive hills that will add greatly to their appearance; walks and possible drives may be constructed to hill tops and to the craters of extinct springs. Places of rest may be provided here and there over the reserve which will add greatly to the comfort of visitors, particularly of invalids.

It may be found advisable by your honorable board to lease grounds north of the big spring for sanitarium purposes, although the writer can see no reason for permitting this destruction of some old formation which is not without its scenic value. When the parties proposing this kind of development and improvement have fully investigated the project they have in mind, it seems certain that they will conclude that it would be much better to locate their buildings on the lower ground south of the new formation. Some ground suitable for large buildings should be reserved for them and leases should not be entered into except where some creditable and well-planned structure is to be erected. There is ground enough for all who may desire to build for many years, but some leases are now in effect which will not lead to any improvement and these serve only to retard legitimate development.

Whatever is done to encourage the use of the water, no further concessions should be granted on the formation around the big spring. Every undertaking thus far on or above the recent formation near the big spring has been a failure. This was true with the Wallace power plant, the original plunge bath and the coating plant. The remains of these institutions are unsightly, to say the least. The power plant is soon to be covered with deposit from the water and the general appearance of the formation would be greatly furthered if the same fate awaited all other so-called improvements upon it. As soon as possible the formation should be cleared of all this debris and no proposition for a lease of such lands should be entertained by the State.

It would be a simple matter to run water over the entire area of the new formation at all times. This might have to be discontinued in a few years at certain times of the day when the demand for water from the spring is greatest. However, the time will not come within our generations when it will not be possible to keep the formation new and attractive in appearance. When water is not kept on any particular part of the formation it bleaches and loses its beautiful coloring. In addition the basins when dry offer paths for tourists and much of the attractiveness of the deposit is lost. Arrangements can easily be made for spreading the surplus water from the big spring over the entire area, thus restoring conditions as they were prior to the appearance of the white man.

But little need be said regarding the scenic value of the river itself. One thing may effect this. The Burlington Railroad is now building along the western bank of the river. For a half mile the roadbed will be in solid formation. The question of affecting the flow of small springs located on the west side of the river and included in the Beals lease has been discussed considerably at Thermopolis. There is no doubt but that the road will seriously injure the attractiveness of the diminutive canon in the neighborhood of the springs. Further to avoid the small springs as much as possible the road has been surveyed to cross to the island in the river on a fill and then back on a second fill to the west bank of the river just north of the State bridge. These fills in the river will make some changes in the currents of the river and it is certain that the point in block 3 on the east side of the river will be worn away unless something is done to protect the bank. It might be possible to run spring water over the ground and thus coat the surface so that erosion will be slow if not impossible. This precaution should be taken before the railroad embankment is begun.

DISTRIBUTION OF WATER FROM THE BIG SPRING

At present all water for bathing purposes is conducted from the spring in open channels, either direct to the point of use or through cooling basins, and from them to the bath houses. This has been found to be a satisfactory method of handling the water except that it is very difficult to regulate the temperature of the streams delivered. On windy days the water is too cold, and on warm quiet days it is too hot. There is no way at present to deliver water either direct from the spring or from the cooling basins at a fixed temperature. It may be difficult to do this even when the water is run direct from the spring and the cooling basins in pipes, as the temperature of the cooled water will necessarily vary. However, much of the present trouble will be remedied.

The questions of cooling basins and conduits leading from them to the places where the cooled water is utilized should receive some study. At present there are three basins or reservoirs on the formation. The one built first was in connection with the Wallace power plant. This is probably the best of the three. It has not been used as a cooling basin, but there seems to be no good reason why it cannot be utilized. By accepting it as such the State could eliminate the other two located further north; the one supplying the State baths and the sanitariums and the other supplying the plunge. The latter is to be dispensed with at an early day under any conditions, as it has been found that water can be run from the main cooling basin which supplies the other institutions just referred to. If the Wallace basin were used, the flow into it could be regulated so that the temperature could always be kept low. With water supplied direct from the spring at a high temperature, there should be no trouble in securing a supply at the baths that would be satisfactory in every particular.

The method of conducting the water from the big spring to the various points where it is used must be improved within a few years. There seems to be no good reason why this should not be taken up before further building is done on the lands set aside for that purpose. The value of the building sites would be greatly enhanced by the installation of a proper system of distribution.

MISCELLANEOUS

An examination of the formation and the surrounding country has suggested some work which might be taken up at an early date to advantage. It would seem to be a good rule to never permit the disturbance of the formation unless essential to the growth and development of this section or as a means of improving the grounds permanently. The great danger lies in the diversion of water from its natural channels so that it will cease to flow from the accustomed orifices. Any great disturbance of the formation might open channels whereby the waters of the big spring would flow into the river in such a way that they could not be utilized without great expense if at all. It will pay to take all precautions to prevent such a disturbance from the normal action of the spring.

A casual inspection of the spring and its surroundings will satisfy an observer that a danger threatens the big spring which has probably not been called to the attention of your honorable board. Some few feet above the crater of the spring a large volume of rock and earth has accumulated. It lies on a very steep slope directly above the spring and is held in position now by an arch action of the coarser material. Should this in some way

be dislodged, the spring might be seriously injured. It seems that the entire volume of material might be removed and the slope cleared of all earth and rock that has a tendency to roll or slide at but little expense. This matter was called to the attention of the superintendent.

Some matters were called to the attention of Mr. Schnitger who was at Thermopolis while the State Engineer was conducting his surveys. He made many suggestions which expedited the work and it was very fortunate that it was possible for him to be present while this field work was in progress.

CLARENCE T. JOHNSTON,
State Engineer.

Note: Clarence T. Johnston was State Engineer of Wyoming from August 25, 1903 to February 1, 1911. At the present time Mr. Johnston is Professor of Geodesy and Surveying in the College of Engineering, University of Michigan, and director of Camp Davis in the Jackson Hole. Camp Davis was established in 1874, and was the first of its kind.—Editor.

WYOMING BIRDS

For forty years I've been an interested observer of birds. And while I live I shall strive to shelter and protect them on and about my premises; for they are to me the most adorable of all our vanishing wild life. Vanishing before human industry and progress and by wanton slaughter. The first cause is in a measure unavoidable, but the last is a blot on our civilization. Only refuges and sanctuaries can stay the tide of extinction now.

Because of our sparse population and of wide stretches of protected territory, Wyoming has still a glorious host of bird residents. But a shameful evasion of our game laws, coupled with natural causes, have resulted in an alarming scarcity of sage hen, that most picturesque of all our native fowl.

I have lived in Green River for twelve years. The little city is directly in the path of bird migration, and a most delightful place to observe migrants in their journeyings north and south. Many varieties remain to nest and then depart. Some stay all year.

I have been told time and again, in all seriousness that there were no birds in Wyoming. Since birds require food and water, shelter, and decent protection from enemies, they naturally seek places where these may be found. A well-fenced yard, with grass, trees, bushes, garden products, and good drinking water will attract many songsters, where a fenceless, grassless or treeless waste only repels them. We do our duty to ourselves, our neighbors

and our feathered friends by making our home grounds as inviting as possible. In this respect many Wyomingites are woefully remiss, for people usually so enterprising along other lines.

We are proud of our scenic attractions and we hope to make this state a Mecca for the weary. Then let us do all in our power to keep the wild life where Nature put it, for a grove without songbirds is a grove that has lost much of its charm.

People inquire why insect pests are doing so much more damage now than formerly to our forests, orchards, and farms. The answer is simple enough. The birds that once controlled these pests are no more. Man has wrought his own destruction. Nature's balance has been destroyed. We must do what we can to restore it.

For example, take the hawks, a large family. They will soon be as extinct as the passenger pigeon. Because three or four varieties like poultry, and insist upon satisfying that taste, all hawks, even to the big, useful, harmless marsh hawk are mercilessly shot.

I saw an article on hawks not long ago entitled, "Another Vanishing American." The big goshawk and two small hawks known as Cooper's and Sharp-shinned are the only ones that have proved very damaging to small birds and poultry. Cooper's is the true chicken hawk of the East, often called the big blue darter, while the little sharp-shinned counterpart is called the little blue darter.

Between killing through mistaken zeal, and killing for sport, our wild life is now making its last stand. It is inexplicable to me that a man who has not had one day's vacation in a couple of years, should think only of grabbing a gun and going off to kill something his first day of rest and release. Neither the song of the wild nor the nestlings in the nest is balm to his tired spirit and body. Only the echoing shot and the dying groan can bring the proper sort of recreation to him.

Perhaps some four or five hundred years from now, when we shall have become really civilized, our descendants will gather about their peaceful vacation campfires and tell of the time when Wyoming men and boys actually killed *birds* for sport.

(Signed) MRS E. E. WALTMAN,
Rawlins, Wyo.
May, 1930.

WHY THE MEADOWLARK WAS CHOSEN STATE BIRD OF WYOMING*

^aHAZEL HARPER SAMPLE PICKETT

It all came about when Mother Nature heard that the people of Wyoming were going to select a bird from her flock of feathered youngsters to be the state bird. So she decided to call a convention of all the birds in the state, both those who came for the summer and those who stayed with us all winter. For there are a few who stay all winter, flocking around ranch buildings and even coming into town for food. The Desert Horned Lark does this, and sometimes they come in flocks of a thousand or more.

The meeting was held in Bridger Pass and such a chatter and clatter of song rose in the air that Mother Nature put her hands over her ears and sent a wee little clap of thunder to silence her feathered children. The loudest of all was Sir Robert Magpie, who did nothing but talk and talk and talk. He came from the mountains and being used to talking from the top of a pine tree, thought no one could hear him unless he shouted. He came in his black and white dress suit and if it had not been for his terrible voice and bold manners, he would have been a very dashing fellow. Along with Mr. Magpie was his second cousin, the Rocky Mountain Jay, better known as Mr. Camp Robber. He, too, has bad manners and boldly steals everything he can find to eat, about a camp. Still he has two friends, the miner and the sheep herder, for he stays all winter and is good company. The Long-crested Jay was there too, screaming saucily and trying to make more noise than all the others.

Over in the corner were the Bobolinks from Eastern Wyoming, the little black Cowbirds, too, that perch on the backs of cattle, to catch the insects which the cattle stir up from the grass while grazing. The Red-winged Blackbird, with his red and orange epaulettes on his shoulders, fluttered about with his song, ke, kong-ker-ee, trilling thru the air. Here, too, were Brewster's Blackbirds, whose chief food is grasshoppers. Next came the House Finch, then the Western Lark Sparrow, after him the Louisiana Tanager from the Bear Lodge Mountains. Hundreds of Swallows who live in the red sandstone cliffs were there. These are the cliff dwellers of the bird family.

Along the brush creek were the Yellow Warblers, nearby a Thrush, and then a Rock Wren. Mr. Robin Redbreast dashed about in his russet vested suit, twer-ling his merry call. Everyone liked Robin. Along with him came Mr. Bluebird, the bird of

*Note: This story was published by the Pepper Pot but the original signed manuscript is on file in the State Historical Department of Wyoming.

Happiness, who comes with Mr. Robin so early in the spring. They are homey birds and like to nest in ready made bird houses, preferring the comforts of civilization, and a modern home.

Mother Nature began checking over her list to see if any were missing. There were so many that she had to rule some of them out. There were ducks of many kinds, and a few rare water birds such as the Snowy Heron, the Great Blue Heron and the Black crowned Night Heron from the Little Laramie near Sheep Mountain. These were too rare to be the popular bird of the convention. There were one, perhaps two, cranes, but their raucous voice put them out. The bird chosen for so great an honor must have a sweet and pleasing voice. There were Snipe and Sandpipers, the Long-billed Curlew from Buffalo and Douglas. The Killdeer, a member of the Plover family went flitting by with its plaintive song. Then the Phoebe's sweet melancholy note was heard, and the Western Wood Peewee from the spruce and pine trees of the Medicine Bow River country, moved away from her, seeking more cheerful company.

"Oh dear!" sighed Mother Nature, "I'm not half way thru my list. Here is the Kingbird who so pluckily defends his nest, even driving off the marauding hawk. He doesn't like the scolding Catbird, for a neighbor, nor the English Sparrow. But his harsh clattering note of 'ching, ching' will never win him the honor of the state. And there is my tiny Anna Hummingbird with her brilliant dress of many colors. She is pretty, but too tiny for the highest place on my list. Oh, it is such a task to find the right one."

Mother Nature called for silence and the birds obeyed. "Now, children," she said, "We are assembled to find out which one deserves this great honor the State of Wyoming is going to give to one of my feathered children. First, the chosen one must be found in every county of the state. Next, he must be useful and beautiful. Then he must come very early in the spring and stay as late as possible in the fall. Lastly, he must have a beautiful voice, for he must cheer the people who have endured the long cold winter, and are looking for spring. As I call your names I shall check you off my list. You are all very dear to me, and all useful in your own place, but only one can be chosen."

The Western Nighthawk, from Bridger Pass, the Sparrow Hawk from Chugwater, the American Osprey, who lives on trout, the American Longeared Owl, the Western Horned Owl from Medicine Bow, who is such a foe to the gopher and small rodents, even rabbits, the Burrowing Owl from Sundance, who seems to live in the same holes with the snake and the prairie dogs, (but who really doesn't, for that story is a fairy story), then the Marsh Hawk, and the Western Red-tail, the Prairie Falcon and

even the Golden Eagle that lives in the mountains from six to nine thousand feet high; all these useful birds were named and checked off the list. They could not sing well enough.

The mourning Dove came next who sits on the fence and coos so mournfully. But his song is too sad, and people want cheer in the spring of the year, not doleful songs.

Dusky Grouse answered when called. They were from Shirley and Ferris, and their cousins, the Richardson Grouse, from Teton and Wind River, with the Canadian Ruffed Grouse from the Big Horn Mountains. Of course, the Sage Grouse was there too, but Mother Nature smiled sadly, for these birds were game birds and killed off in such numbers every year that she was afraid it wouldn't be many years until they were all gone too.

The Woodpecker family beat a tattoo on the nearest quackenasp tree. There were the Rocky Mountain Hairy Woodpecker, the Red-naped Sapsucker, and the Lewis Woodpecker from the Big Horn Basin. These birds are busy fellows and destroy thousands of bugs and worms that kill our trees. They are valuable and industrious and set a good example for the other birds. But their musical ability is not very well suited to fill the place of state bird.

"Now," said Mother Nature, "I have checked over my list very carefully, and I find that there are three of my children who might be selected. They are the Bluebird, for happiness, the Robin, for his cheery note and early arrival, and last, but not least, the Western Meadowlark. He comes early, stays late, is found in every county of the state of Wyoming, and has a beautiful song. He sings, 'Spring o' the year! Spring o' the year,' and everyone loves his song. It is full of hope, of beauty and cheer. So my dears, you may vote for one of these three brothers. Those for the Robin, stand on my right side, those for the Bluebird on my left, and those for Mr. Meadowlark, fly up in the air in a row so I can count you."

Such a flutter now arose as everyone took his place, some on the right, some on the left, but most of them in the air, flying slowly a few feet above the ground. Right between the left and right group, and on the ground, sat the Magpie.

"What is the matter with you?" asked Mother Nature, "For whom are you voting?"

"I am voting for myself!" saucily replied Mr. Magpie.

"Whatever shall I do with such a conceited child!" gasped Mother Nature. "You don't even deserve a vote."

So Mr. Magpie hopped sulkily off to pout in some lone tree. Mother Nature began to count. But she already knew that

most of the birds were in the air for most of them voted for the Meadowlark. Now Mother Nature has a way of suggesting things to human beings, and when those people, whose business it was to select the state bird, met, they too agreed on the Meadowlark. So that is how the Meadowlark came to be the state bird of Wyoming.

(Signed) HAZEL HARPER SAMPLE PICKETT.



CHIEF WASHAKIE

(COURTESY OF J. T. DIVINE, THERMOPOLIS, WYO.)

WASHAKIE

Washakie was a great chief of the Shoshones. He led them safely through troublesome times. Surrounded as they were on all sides by hostile tribes, who often combined to annihilate them, by his leadership and his ability as a general he led them safely through all difficulties and brought them to the best portion of Wyoming. He obtained by treaty from the government the Wind River Valleys as the home of his tribe, selecting the choicest valley of Wyoming. They were at the time full of game, buffalo, elk, deer and antelope being driven down by storm from the mountains to winter in what the Shoshones called the Eu-ar-ai,

or Warm Valleys. Washakie chose them because they were full of game and after the game was gone, good Washakie said, to farm and grow grain. Here are located good hot springs, called by the Shoshones, Pahn-gwe-oon-ah, or Smoky Waters.

His word with the Shoshones was always law. Disaffected or rebellious paid for their disobedience with their lives. He wouldn't kill them himself but would tell one of his men to kill them.

After he was acknowledged the head chief not one of the Shoshones dared to rebel against the government, because they were fully aware that the penalty of their treason would be death at the hands of Washakie. Those who have known the Shoshones for many years say that he has undoubtedly prevented many an outbreak.

On one occasion one of his sons spoke in the presence of others in favor of fighting the government. Washakie went up to him and warned him never to speak that way again, for if he did he would kill him.

On many occasions Washakie, with his warriors, has given valuable aid to the military authorities in repelling the attacks of hostile Indians, for which he never received any compensation. Neither did he want it.

At one time he asked for 50 rifles to arm his warriors and they were given him.

Being asked one time why he never fought the whites his answer was "I was never foolish enough to think I would prosper in fighting people who could make guns."

He was always most ready and willing to comply with any requests made by the government. All he wanted to know from any inspector or commissioner, who visited the reservation for any purpose was to know if it was the will of the Great Father (President). He would also ask to see his authority.

At the present writing Washakie is at the Big Horn Hot Springs for his health and the report has come to us that as a result of his visit there he is greatly improved in health and has recovered his old time vigor. When he went up there his one side was entirely paralyzed.

(From "The Indian Guide," Shoshone Agency, Wyo., July and August, 1897). On file in State Historical Department.

STUDIES IN THE SETTLEMENT AND ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT OF WYOMING

By CLYDE MEEHAN OWENS, A. B., University of
Colorado, 1914.

A thesis submitted to the Faculty of the Graduate School of the University of Colorado in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree Master of Arts. Boulder, Colorado, 1924.

Chapter LV

Development of Irrigation

Wyoming differs from many of the other commonwealths of the arid belt in the fact that her settlement was not the result of mining discoveries and exploitations. The chief employment of her people has been grazing and farming interests. Handicapped by the lack of transportation facilities, *1 it was necessary that the cattle growers obtain winter food supply by the construction of irrigation works. Wyoming was the headquarters of the range business and the irrigation system had its origin in successful cattle raising. Three-fourths of all the irrigation works constructed before the passage of the Carey Act in 1894 were built by cattlemen or from the proceeds of the range business. The ditches were not built to furnish homes for farmers but, as an adjunct to the grazing interests, served as convenient means of acquiring title to land. *2

Under the territorial system there were neither restrictions nor supervision with respect to distribution of water. *3 Anyone who wanted water took it. There was a tremendous building of ditches and most of it was done haphazardly, *4 for the builders thought they owned all the water the ditches could carry. Owners were obliged to go before the district court to have their claims validated, and the courts were supposed to see that each claimant took only what he needed, but the courts issued decrees on an affidavit by the owners as to the capacity of the ditches without regard to whether the quantity of water could be utilized. Consequently, the waters of many of the smaller streams were forever disposed of.

Beckwith and Quin started the first irrigation system in the state, in Uinta county, not far below Evanston; this was for local consumption and an aid to their stock ranch. The second irrigation plant was developed in Fremont county, near Lander, in the valley of the Popo Agie, a branch of Little Wind River.

*1 U. S. Census, 1890, Agriculture and Irrigation, 249.

*2 Mead, Reclamation of Arid Lands, 4.

*3 Memorial of First Legislature to Congress, Feb. 16, 1891, in office of Secretary of State.

*4 U. S. Census, 1890, Agriculture and Irrigation, 249.

Then Mr. Fee started a small irrigation farm in the valley of the Laramie river. In 1875 Captain Coates, of Fort Fetterman, raised oats and one of the first gardens in the country. After the end of the Sioux war in 1876, the northern part of the territory was opened for settlement and the more active agricultural operations and irrigation systems began.*1

A new era opened in 1889 with the creation of the office of territorial engineer. Had it not been for the damage done previously, it is possible that Elwood Mead, with his large and practical views, would have made the irrigation system of Wyoming one of the best in the country. In view of great confusion and loss growing out of unwarranted claims and judicial decrees incapable of execution, the engineer laid down the following principles to be regarded in the settlement of water rights: *2 (1). The ditch must precede agriculture, the date of beginning ditch construction to be the date of priority for all land reclaimed. (2). The extent of grants was to be limited to the reasonable requirements of the land and not measured by the capacity of the ditch. (3). There was to be no ownership of the water except by the state but the rights to legitimate use were fully protected, the rights to water being perpetual, and the water rights were to go with the land titles. With the admission of the state into the Union in 1890 these principles were embodied in the constitution. *3 The state was divided into four districts each under a superintendent. These superintendents constituted a Board of Control presided over by the State Engineer who was to have the supervision of the waters of the state. *4.

These four great water divisions, corresponding to the points of the compass, were those watered by the four principal rivers of the state and their tributaries: the North Platte in the southeastern portion; the Big Horn, with its many affluents including the Wind river, in the northwest; the Green, supplemented by the Bear, Salt and Snake rivers, in the southwest; and the Powder river with its number of lesser streams watering the northeastern part. *5.

The Platte river has a deep channel and slight fall so that canals diverting it had to be deep and expensive, but many of the tributaries, such as the Sweetwater, were rapid and commanded large areas of land easy to water. The high altitude (7,000 to 8,000 ft.), however, was a serious drawback because some crops, especially the vegetables, would not mature at this elevation. The aggregate amount of irrigable land was not great

*1 Hoyt, "Irrigation" in Agricultural Survey of Wyo., 29-30.

*2 Hoyt, "Irrigation" in Agric. Survey of Wyo., 35.

*3 Constitution of State, Art. VIII, Sec. 5.

*4 Ibid., Sec. 5.

*5 Hoyt, Agric. Survey of Wyo., 22.

and some tracts as large as 250,000 acres could be made subject to one canal. *1 The Powder river division, including the Cheyenne, Belle Fourche and Tongue rivers, had a lower altitude (3,000 to 5,000) and the stream had a regular flow. Here agriculture received special attention and Sheridan and Johnson counties were soon famous as agricultural regions. The longer seasons and milder climate gave this division an extra advantage over the other sections. The Big Horn division, drawing its waters from the Big Horn, Wind, Shoshone and Absaraka ranges of mountains, afforded opportunities for expensive operations *2 as there were tracts of from 100,000 to 200,000 acres subject to one canal. The Green river required large investments of capital for irrigation, as the river bed was such that diversion of water was expensive, but the tributaries were easy to turn into the ditches. *3

The new Board of Control decided that the mere diversion of water from its natural channels did not constitute appropriation thereof. It decided that the water must be employed for some beneficial use and, if used for irrigation, must actually be applied to the land. *4 The new decrees restricted allotments of water to the actual acreage reclaimed and ready to water growing crops. If a ditch was built to reclaim 1,000 acres and watered only 100 acres that were cultivated, the board refused to credit the owners with water for the other 900 acres until the land was tilled. The land was reclaimed before the state would part with the water. Ranchers began ploughing and seeding their land and the agricultural development went forward with a sudden intensity of interest. *5.

The beginning of a rapid and important development started in the early eighties. Johnson, Sheridan, Crook and Weston counties became the scenes of active agricultural operations which have since gained much distinction for that section of the state. It had become a known fact that although the soils were exceedingly fertile nothing should be attempted without irrigation. It was some time before a considerable number of citizens, competent to take up and carry through any large enterprise, were ready to turn from so attractive and profitable a business as that of cattle raising and enter this new field. It was not until there came a decline in the price of beef, coupled with a season or so of heavy losses from the severity of the winter, that stockmen were moved to look into the possible profits of a new industry. Meanwhile, the wave of population had been moving westward and

*1 Hoyt, Agric. Survey of Wyo., 23.

*2 U. S. Census, 1890, Agric. and Irrig., 253.

*3 Hoyt, Agric. Survey of Wyo., 23-24.

*4 Decrees of Board of Control, 6, office of State Engineer.

*5 Marked increase in water appropriations in Engineer's office, 1890-1891.

the eyes of many, including those who had had experience in agriculture, were attracted to the West. From the long trains of movers bent on gaining the promised land of Oregon and Washington, some began to turn aside into the valleys of Wyoming.*1

Before the passage of the Carey Act in 1894 one could travel over all the railroads in the state and not see a single field of wheat. *2 The census report of 1890 shows that Wyoming with nearly a million dollars invested in irrigation works *3 managed to grow but thirty-nine acres of wheat. *4 At that time agricultural standing of the state was low and the small exhibit at Chicago during the World's Fair led a by-stander to remark that Wyoming must have gone outside the state to produce the wheat that scored highest in the building. *5

It was the view of men of capital and those accustomed to large operations that the money made, if made at all, must be sought in the inauguration and successful management of large ditching enterprises. But there were serious handicaps in the way of all this. The facilities for acquiring title to public lands, while exceedingly liberal for the individual citizen, were wanting as to schemes for the securing by any corporate body of such amounts of land as would justify the large expenditure requisite to the construction of extensive irrigation works. Nevertheless, the laws were open to construction which made it possible for corporate bodies to acquire the necessary amount by indirect methods, which, though questionable in the minds of some, were lawful in the views of others because of their being at once necessary to successful work in irrigation and without legal prohibition. *6 Development proceeded at a rapid pace both in the hands of private parties and corporations. The land offices were thronged with applicants for land.

(Concluded in October Number)

*1 Hoyt, Agric. Survey of Wyo., 30.

*2 Mead, Reclamation of Arid Lands, 6. Railroads went through worst part of the state.

*3 U. S. Census, 1890, Part III, 604, 639.

*4 U. S. Census, 1890, "Agriculture and Irrigation," Table 14, 391.

*5 Mead, Reclamation of Arid Lands, 6.

*6 Hoyt, Agricultural Survey of Wyo., 31.

CORRECTION

The frontispiece of the April Annals Carried a portrait of the late Governor Emerson. Inadvertently the printers neglected to place "Frank C. Emerson" under the picture. The State Historian should have credited the picture to the courtesy of the Wyoming Labor Journal.

ACCESSIONS

April 1, 1931 to July 1, 1931

Museum

Johnson, Mrs. W. V.—The following pictures: Mrs. Johnson on her favorite horse; Mrs. Johnson dressed in Indian costume; two views of the Rosebud Ranch, home of the Johnsons'; one view of the ranch house.

Lindsay, Prof. Charles—Picture of John W. Deane as a Big Horn Basin mail carrier taken on the summit of the Owl Creek mountains in about 1882.

Angst, Donald—Gas mask found about 30 miles out of Cheyenne on the Happy Jack Road.

Applegate, Walter—Three shells—45 calibre—found between Cheyenne and Sidney, Nebraska.

Davison, Lieutenant H. W.—A hand-made wooden boot jack found at Old Fort Laramie in 1926 which has printed on the back "Old Fort Laramie" and the figures "183"—the fourth figure of the date is not decipherable.

Thomas, D. G.—Photograph of Frank Grouard.

Meyers, E. D.—Picture of West Point Cadets, 5½ feet long. The hills of the Hudson, West Point Academy and cemetery are shown in the background of the picture.

Hon. Ch. Simopoulos, Minister of Greece, Washington, D. C., to the Governor of Wyoming—One medal, commemorative of the Centenary of Greek Independence, 1830-1930. Medal carries the following inscription written in the Greek language: "TO THE CONSPICUOUS AND UNKNOWN HEROES AND MARTYRS OF THE SACRED STRUGGLE FOR INDEPENDENCE—THE NATION IS THANKFUL FOREVER." Governor of Wyoming transferred this medal to Department.

Original Manuscripts

Lindsay, Prof. Charles—"John W. Deane, Wyoming Pioneer."

Hilton, Huber C. (Forest Supervisor, Medicine Bow National Forest)—A sheaf of 22 manuscripts on historical subjects concerning the Medicine Bow National Forest. These manuscripts comprise data on Cummins City known as Jelm; early phases of mining in the Medicine Bow mountains; some graves that have been discovered; early roads in the Medicine Bow mountains; history of Al Huston, Jack Watson, C. W. Shores and tie hauling.

Goodnough, Mrs. J. H.—"Frank Grouard, Scout."

VanDyke, Mrs. J. C.—"Sesquia Centennial, Philadelphia, Penna., 1926" by Mrs. VanDyke; "An Old Timer's Story" by O. P. Hanna.

Books

Carroll, Major C. G.—"Massachusetts Soldiers, Sailors and Marines in the Civil War," Volume 1. Compiled and published by the Adjutant General of Massachusetts.

VanDyke, Mrs. J. C.—"History of Old Fort McKinney" by Edith M. Chappell of Buffalo, Wyoming.

Nebraska Historical Society—9 bound volumes of historical material relevant to Nebraska and Wyoming.

Pamphlets

Brown, Minnie V.—"Hot Springs State Park, Thermopolis, Wyoming, Health and Pleasure Resort."

Hinrichs, O. W.—"The Goldenrod", April, 1931. Contains article "Cheyenne Frontier Days."

Nebraska Historical Society—30 pamphlets and 13 bulletins. These are historical publications and contain much history pertinent to Wyoming.

Magazines

VanDyke, Mrs. J. C.—"The Teepee Book" 1926, official publication of the 50th anniversary of the Custer Battle; "Wyoming Masonic Bulletin", December 1929 thru May 1931.

Annals of Wyoming

VOL. 8

OCTOBER 1931

No. 2

CONTENTS

Fifty-fourth Congress, First Session.....	Document No. 247
The Indian Treaty of April 1896.....	By Richard H. Wilson
Studies in the Settlement and Economic Develop- ment of Wyoming (Continued).....	By Clyde Meehan Owens
Military Services in Mexico	
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CHAPTER 96

STATE HISTORICAL BOARD

Session Laws 1921

DUTIES OF HISTORIAN

Section 6. It shall be the duty of the State Historian:

(a) To collect books, maps, charts, documents, manuscripts, other papers and any obtainable material illustrative of the history of the State.

(b) To procure from pioneers narratives of any exploits, perils and adventures.

(c) To collect and compile data of the events which mark the progress of Wyoming from its earliest day to the present time, including the records of all of the Wyoming men and women, who served in the World War and the history of all war activities in the State.

(d) To procure facts and statements relative to the history, progress and decay of the Indian tribes and other early inhabitants within the State.

(e) To collect by solicitation or purchase fossils, specimens, of ores and minerals, objects of curiosity connected with the history of the State and all such books, maps, writings, charts and other material as will tend to facilitate historical, scientific and antiquarian research.

(f) To file and carefully preserve in his office in the Capitol at Cheyenne, all of the historical data collected or obtained by him, so arranged and classified as to be not only available for the purpose of compiling and publishing a History of Wyoming, but also that it may be readily accessible for the purpose of disseminating such historical or biographical information as may be reasonably requested by the public. He shall also bind, catalogue and carefully preserve all unbound books, manuscripts, pamphlets, and especially newspaper files containing legal notices which may be donated to the State Historical Board.

(g) To prepare for publication a biennial report of the collections and other matters relating to the transaction of the Board as may be useful to the public.

(h) To travel from place to place, as the requirements of the work may dictate, and to take such steps, not inconsistent with the provisions of this Act, as may be required to obtain the data necessary to the carrying out of the purpose and objects herein set forth.



SHARP NOSE, CHIEF OF THE ARAPAHOES
Original photograph on file in State Historical Department

Annals of Wyoming

VOL. 8

OCTOBER

No. 2

FIFTY-FOURTH CONGRESS, FIRST SESSION

Document No. 247

Shoshone Agency, Wyo.

April 20th, 1896.

At a council held at the Shoshone Agency council-room, by and between James McLaughlin, U. S. Indian Inspector on the part of the United States, and Chiefs Washakie of the Shoshones and Sharp Nose of the Arapahoes, and other headmen of the Shoshone and Arapahoe tribes of Indians occupying the Shoshone Reservation, in the State of Wyoming, with Nor-kok and Edmore LeClair, Shoshone Interpreters, and Henry Lee and William Shakespeare, Arapahoe Interpreters, the following proceedings were had, to-wit:

Capt. Richard H. Wilson, 8th Inf. Acting Indian Agent, called the council to order at 10:30 a. m. and said:

“For a long while the Shoshones and Arapahoes have asked me to write to the Great Father about selling the Big Horn Hot Springs. I did write, and he has sent Inspector McLaughlin here to talk to you about it. He is a good friend to the Indians—was Agent twenty-four years for the Sioux—and will tell you all about it. He will now speak to you.”

Inspector McLaughlin said: “My friends, Shoshones and Arapahoes, I am pleased to see so many of you here today. I call you friends because, I come among you as a friend of the Indians. I am exceedingly anxious that I will be understood by the Indians in this council and also that I will understand what the Indians wish to convey to me through their interpreters, and therefore I expect the assistant interpreters to rectify any mistakes that the official interpreters may make. I have been sent by the Secretary of the Interior, to confer with you, the Shoshones and Arapahoes, regarding the cession of a small tract of your reservation. The Secretary of the Interior, represents the Great Father in Indian matters and I was directed by him to visit the Northeastern corner of the Reservation, which embraces the Big Horn Hot Springs, with the view of purchasing it from you. Therefore my business here, is to have you

cede a small portion of your Reservation embracing this Spring and as that is my chief business here, I wish to confine the present meeting strictly to that business. After that has been settled, then I will, with pleasure, listen to any other business you may wish to bring before me. I made my visit to the Springs that I might be the better enabled to report upon the character of the country and the advisability of having that tract purchased by the Government and set apart as a National park or reservation to be under Government control, and that that portion around the Springs may be improved by having bath-houses, hotels and other conveniences erected for the accommodation of the general public and the establishment of a health resort. As the Government will have absolute control of these Springs, you Indians will have the same privileges to use them as the public generally. As they now are, they bring you in no revenue or return and whilst they remain unimproved they will never be of any value to you. You all know the country surrounding the Springs is very poor and very few of you Indians ever visit it and as all the game has disappeared from that section of the country, it is of very little value to you now. The sale of this piece of land, which I am authorized to negotiate with you for and for which I am prepared to pay you liberally, will not affect your reservation, except to enhance value of the remaining portion. (At this point there was considerable said by the Indians among themselves to clearly understand this.) I desire to negotiate for a cession of ten miles square, that is, commencing at the northeastern corner of the Reservation, where Owl Creek empties into the Big Horn River; thence ten miles south following the eastern boundary of the Reservation; thence due west ten miles; thence due north to the middle of the channel of Owl Creek, which forms a portion of the northern boundary of the Reservation; thence following the middle of the channel of Owl Creek to the point of beginning."

(Here the map of Wyoming showing the Reservation colored red was exhibited, and the location and size of the desired tract was pointed out to the Indians.)

Inspector McLaughlin said that his letter of instruction directed him to visit the Springs and after having collected such further information regarding them as might be necessary to a thorough understanding of the situation, he was to call a general council of the Indians belonging to the Reservation and present to them the question of ceding the lands embracing said Springs to the United States, and if, as it appeared from information in possession of the department, the country in the vicinity of the springs was of little value, then the Springs

themselves would be the principal item of value to enter into the consideration.

Inspector McLaughlin then said: "I was directed to explain to you, that it was the purpose of the Government, to enact appropriate legislation, forever reserving the Springs for the use and benefit of the general public; that it was proposed to erect suitable buildings, and provide other necessary facilities for bathing; and that the Indians would be allowed to enjoy the advantages of these conveniences with the public generally. I was further to explain to you that the Government will not and does not expect to derive any benefit or gain any profit as a result of its coming into the possession of said Springs.

"The Government does not expect to gain anything by this purchase, and instead, a large sum of money will have to be expended to improve the place. Now having explained my mission, I wish to know whether you are ready to dispose of this tract of land. I now await your decision as to whether you wish to dispose of it or not. If you do, I will make you a proposition."

Chief Washakie of the Shoshones arose and said: "Now you will hear what I have to say. A good many years ago, I used to live near Fort Bridger—called Piney. Then there was a man like you came to me and asked me, 'Where is your country? Where is your country? Is it here, or there, or in several places?' (Points to the N. S. E. & W.) I did not say anything. He stopped one night and the next day I said, 'It is not here, (meaning Piney) it is over the mountains, where the hot springs are'—Meaning both hot springs.

"After I got here, I stayed here. After the game was gone, then I told my Agent to write to Washington. I want to sell those springs. I used to go to the hot springs on Owl Creek when the game and buffalo were there, and stay there. When buffalo were plenty I wintered there. Now I have moved away from there and have come over in this country. I was afraid to stay there when there was nothing to eat. I came here to farm a little. One hot spring (meaning a large hot spring near the Agency) is enough for me, my people and my soldiers. The soldiers just the same as own the spring. I listen to what Washington says and I try to obey his orders. That is the reason that when the allotting agent—Col. Clark—came here and the Indians did not want to survey their land, I told my men to have their land surveyed, and I have tried to do right just what Washington wants me to do. My land is pretty large.

"It is not small and I haven't stolen it. My friends that spoke for and secured this land are all dead and gone. I am

the only one of the old men of my people left. I came here, and I have stayed here. You have never heard of Washakie doing anything wrong. Have you ever heard of Washakie doing anything wrong?"

Inspector McLaughlin: "I have never heard anything but good of Washakie."

Washakie: "Now I would like to hear what you are going to offer me for my spring, then I will know what to do. That is all I have to say. I will listen to you."

Inspector McLaughlin: "I would now like to hear from Chief Sharp Nose of the Arapahoes after which I will make you an offer."

Chief Sharp Nose: "My friend we are glad to see you, and now that we see you here we are glad you are with us. You are the kind of man we like to see. My friend, you have been with the Sioux twenty-four years, and you know all about the Indians. You know that they are poor. I think that the Great Father told you how much he is going to pay for this hot spring and I want you to tell me how much you are willing to give for it. If you tell me how much this offer is, then you will hear after awhile what we want. That is what we are all here for—about the spring. I will make this treaty good and on that account, I want you to pity me and not to cheat me at all. I want to fix this treaty straight. No lies about it. Now that is all I have to say. I want to hear from you."

Inspector McLaughlin: "Washakie said, he at one time lived at the hot spring but as the game had disappeared from that section, he moved away and was now living here in the Wind River valley. In selecting this location for a home, he acted wisely, as this is a good section of the country. Sharp Nose says that his people are poor, and that he wishes this agreement made straight, without any lies in it. That is what I also wish. As I am the representative of the Great Father in this negotiation I do not wish any lies in it, and while I agree with Sharp Nose that these Indians are poor in a certain sense, yet they are rich in valuable land. I have visited many other reservations but I have found none that excels or even equals the land in Big Wind, Little Wind and Popoagie valleys, but I recognize the fact that in order that the Indians may be able to cultivate the land, they need some assistance and I am prepared to make you an offer for that tract of ten miles square of land embracing the hot springs on Big Horn river, that will aid you to develop your farms, and make that industry more profitable than is possible with your present means. My instructions say that it is believed that fifty thousand dollars would be a fair offer for the springs and that the tract of ten

miles square surrounding it, but after looking over the country, and considering the needs of the people, I have concluded to add ten thousand dollars more to that amount, making sixty thousand dollars. The offer that I now make you is all that I believe Congress would ratify and I feel quite certain that a greater amount would not be ratified. (Washakie here talked to his people, saying that yesterday all day he tried to count fifty thousand dollars but he could not do it.) I will now submit the following three propositions:

“First—The Indians to receive ten thousand dollars a year for six years. To be expended as the Secretary of the Interior may deem best, in the civilization, industrial education, and subsistence of the Indians. The subsistence to be of Bacon, Sugar, and Coffee.

“Second—The Indians to receive ten thousand dollars a year, as proposed in first offer, for four years. The first two years to expend ten thousand dollars each year, for cattle in addition to the subsistence, or if the Indians did not think they could care for their cattle the first two years, they could take them the two succeeding years. (Illustrated with matches.)

“Third—The Indians to receive ten thousand dollars a year as in first offer for five years, in addition to which they will receive ten thousand dollars in cash the first year. This offer is the same as the first except that the payment for the sixth year is dropped and the amount paid in cash the first year in addition to the subsistence.”

Inspector McLaughlin: “I consider the second proposition the best, but your Agent thinks the first one the better, and I always defer to and consider the Agent’s opinions on subjects of interest to his Indians, especially when the Agent is such a just one as yours. To give you time to consider these propositions, we will now adjourn until four o’clock.”

Washakie: “I would like to know when this money will be paid.”

Inspector McLaughlin: “The money will be paid as soon as possible after the agreement has been ratified by Congress. If the agreement is made now, it might be gotten through Congress during the present session; if not, it would have to lay over until the following session which meets next December.”

Washakie: “I would like to have the money right away. I am getting old and may not live to enjoy it, unless it comes soon.”

Inspector McLaughlin: “I promise you that just as soon as I can get the papers through I will forward them. Now if there is anything you wish to see me about while you are conferring, let me know, and I will meet you with pleasure.”

Washakie: "I would like to see some of the money."

Capt. Wilson: "The Bacon, Coffee and Sugar will do you more good."

Council adjourned at 1:30 p. m. to meet again at 4.

Pursuant to adjournment the council met at 4 p. m., the Indians being still in conference over the propositions submitted.

Washakie: "I would like each tribe to get thirty thousand dollars for these springs."

Inspector McLaughlin: "I cannot negotiate with you for this tract as separate tribes but as one, as you are known to the Great Father as one people. I came to negotiate with you as one people and you must agree among yourselves on some one of the three propositions."

Washakie: "I told you that I wish to keep one spring for myself and my soldiers, but will sell the other." (Here a controversy occurred between the two tribes.)

Capt. Wilson: "Now you have plenty of time and I want you to talk it over and settle it among yourselves."

Sharp Nose: "All these, my people, agree about the sixty thousand dollars, taking ten thousand dollars a year in rations for five years, and ten thousand dollars additional in cattle the first year. Men are like horses, they cannot work without rations. My people can work and earn money provided they have some assistance to begin with, and open up farms, and need food to assist them more than anything else. If they take money it won't last long, the Indians will go out and play cards and lose it all the first day. All my children are very poor, and they think they had better take cattle and rations. The Great Father sent you here to buy the springs from us. The Arapahoes don't like to take the cash, so now I say, we will take the sixty thousand dollars, ten thousand a year for five years in rations and twenty thousand dollars the first year, ten in rations and ten in cattle."

Capt. Wilson: "I want to say now to both people, that what Sharp Nose has said is good and they had better take that. I say this because I am a good friend to both tribes."

Inspector McLaughlin: "I wish to say that Sharp Nose's speech was good. It is practical and reasonable. Money would soon pass out of your hands, while the cattle would increase in value every year. I would recommend two year old heifers, they would be better than old cows, they do not cost so much and are more profitable. There is now very little difference in what you two tribes desire—only the manner of payment. The Shoshones want cash while the Arapahoes want cattle. Either

way will be satisfactory to me, but you must agree upon how you want the amount paid."

Washakie: "I am afraid it will be as it was in former times. The two tribes would fail to agree. I am poor but do not care if I am."

Inspector McLaughlin: "Now you must agree among your selves."

Washakie: "I have been poor a good while and expect to continue so. I always thought as if the land belonged to me but I think now, that somebody always gets ahead of me. I was the first to come here and I think I ought to be the first to get what I want."

Capt. Wilson: "You have asked me to sell the springs for you; now you have the opportunity, and you won't have it again within a year."

Washakie: "I told you I wanted to sell the springs."

Capt. Wilson: "Have you talked with Dick, Bishop, and others of the tribe?"

Washakie: "They have nothing to say. They let me do all the talking. I am Chief, and whatever I do the others all agree to. The other tribe has too many chiefs."

Sharp Nose: "All my friends are here. We are going to make this treaty all good. There is sixty thousand dollars in all. The first year five thousand in cash to the Shoshones and five thousand to the Arapahoes. Our cash to be paid to the Agent and he to buy cattle for the tribe with it. Ten thousand dollars in rations, the first and the four following years."

Inspector McLaughlin: "The Shoshones want just the same. The money will be divided per capita among the seventeen hundred and forty-four Indians, each one getting his pro rata share. Is that satisfactory? (Applause) If that meets with your approval I will have the paper ready for your signatures by tomorrow morning." (Applause.)

Washakie: "How much will each Indian get?"

Inspector McLaughlin: "Provided there are 1744 persons, as shown by the last census, you will receive five dollars and seventy-three cents apiece. A family of four persons will get twenty-two dollars and ninety-two cents." (Applause.)

At this point numerous Shoshones expressed the desire to take cattle as the Arapahoes.

Inspector McLaughlin: "It will take me some time to get the agreement written out and ready for you to sign. You must remain here until you sign it. If you have not enough to eat, it will be furnished you. It pleases me very much to see you all now understand each other."

The council then adjourned until tomorrow morning.

Pursuant to adjournment council met at 11 o'clock a. m. April 21st, 1896, for the purpose of signing the agreement.

Inspector McLaughlin: "I have asked Capt. Loud, commanding the post of Fort Washakie, to read the agreement aloud to you and have it interpreted to you sentence by sentence, to the two tribes."

The articles of agreement were then read by Capt. Jno. S. Loud, 9th Cav. U. S. A.

Geo. Terry: "These Indians want the freighting of Indians supplies to be given to them."

Inspector McLaughlin: "I will recommend that the Indians be given the preference in all cases."

Washakie: "I have given you the springs. My heart feels good."

Sharp Nose: "I am very glad to hear what you have to say and whatever you do I like it. I wish a copy of this agreement as I have never had one before. I want this right and straight. I never tell lies, I want to help the Great Father, and everything is done now. After this I want each man's rations weighed. No more scoops or shovels to be used. I always liked the Great Father and wish to do what he wants. If he wants me to work I will do so. If I am working and need things, will the Great Father give them to me?"

Inspector McLaughlin: "Yes, provided there is money left from the amount for subsistence and I think there will be a few hundred dollars."

Washakie: "I would also like a copy of the agreement."

Inspector McLaughlin: "I will give you each a copy of the agreement."

Washakie: "I would like to know if they are going to hurry the cars (railroad) in there where they bought the springs."

Inspector McLaughlin: "I cannot say, but believe that some of the railroad companies will very probably build a branch line in that direction, bringing a railroad point nearer than at present."

Washakie, Chief of the Shoshones, signed the agreement at 12 o'clock M., saying as he did so, "I sign this, I never tell lies."

Sharp Nose, chief of the Arapahoes, signed next, then Bishop, who said the same as Washakie. Other Shoshones and Arapahoes followed until 273 had signed the agreement, which was completed at 4:30 p. m. when the council adjourned sine die.

I hereby certify, that the annexed preceding eight pages of typewritten matter is a correct report of the proceedings had

at my several councils with the Shoshone and Arapahoe tribes of Indians, on the dates there stated, as conducted on the part of myself, and interpreted to me by the Agency interpreters, assisted by special interpreters.

JAMES McLAUGHLIN,
U. S. Indian Inspector.

SHOSHONE AGENCY, WYO.

April 22nd, 1896.

54th Congress,)		(Document
1st Session.)	SENATE	(No. 247.
IN THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES		

Department of the Interior,
Washington, May 6, 1896.

Sir: I have the honor to transmit herewith an agreement made and concluded April 21, 1896, by and between James McLaughlin, United States Indian Inspector, on the part of the United States, and the Shoshone and Arapahoe tribes of Indians, in the State of Wyoming, whereby the Indians cede to the United States a portion of their reservation, embracing the Owl Creek or Big Horn Hot Springs.

I also transmit the report of Inspector McLaughlin, the proceedings of council had with the Indians, and a draft of a bill to ratify the agreement and provide for the survey of the southern and western boundaries of the ceded tract, together with the report of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, dated 5th instant, in relation thereto.

The matter is presented for the favorable action of Congress.

Very respectfully,
WM. H. SIMS, Acting Secretary.

Agreement Made at Shoshone Agency, Wyo., April 21, 1896.

ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT

Articles of agreement made and entered into at Shoshone Agency, in the State of Wyoming, on the twenty-first day of April, eighteen hundred and ninety-six, by and between James McLaughlin, U. S. Indian Inspector, on the part of the United States, and the Shoshone and Arapahoe tribes of Indians in the State of Wyoming.

Article I.

For the consideration hereinafter named the said Shoshone and Arapahoe tribes of Indians hereby cede, convey, transfer,

relinquish, and surrender, forever and absolutely, all their right, title, and interest of every kind and character in and to the lands and the water rights appertaining thereunto, embraced in the following described tract of country, embracing the Big Horn Hot Springs, in the State of Wyoming. All that portion of the Shoshone reservation described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at the northeastern corner of the said reservation where Owl Creek empties into the Big Horn River; thence south ten miles, following the eastern boundary of the reservation; thence due west ten miles; thence due north to the middle of the channel of Owl Creek, which forms a portion of the northern boundary of the reservation; thence following the middle of the channel of Owl Creek, to the point of beginning.

Article II.

The lands ceded, sold, relinquished, and conveyed, to the United States, by this agreement, shall be, and the same are hereby set apart as a National Park or Reservation, forever reserving the said Big Horn Hot Springs for the use and benefit of the general public, the Indians to be allowed to enjoy the advantages of the conveniences, that may be erected thereat, with the public generally.

Article III.

In consideration for the lands ceded, sold, relinquished, and conveyed, as aforesaid, the United States stipulates and agrees to pay to the said Shoshone and Arapahoe tribes of Indians, the sum of sixty thousand dollars, to be expended for the benefit of the said Indians in the manner hereinafter described.

Article IV.

Of the said sixty thousand dollars provided for in Article III of this agreement it is hereby agreed, that ten thousand dollars shall be available within ninety days after the ratification of this agreement, the same to be distributed per capita, in cash, among the Indians belonging on the reservation. That portion of the aforesaid ten thousand dollars to which the Arapahoes are entitled, is, by their unanimous and expressed desire, to be expended, by their agent in the purchase of stock cattle for distribution among the tribe, and that portion of the before mentioned ten thousand dollars to which the Shoshones are entitled, shall be distributed per capita, in cash, among them; provided that in cases where heads of families may so elect, stock cattle to the amount to which they may be entitled, may be purchased for them by their agent.

The remaining fifty thousand dollars, of the aforesaid sixty thousand dollars is to be paid in five annual installments

of ten thousand dollars each, the money to be expended in the discretion of the Sec. of the Interior for the civilization, industrial education, and subsistence of the Indians: said subsistence to be of bacon, coffee and sugar, and not to exceed at any time five pounds of bacon, four pounds of coffee, and eight pounds of sugar for each one hundred rations.

Article V.

Nothing in this agreement shall be construed to deprive the Indians of any annuities or benefits to which they are entitled under existing agreements or treaty stipulations.

Article VI.

This agreement shall not be binding upon either party until ratified by the Congress of the United States.

Done at Shoshone Agency, in the State of Wyoming, on the twenty-first day of April, A. D. eighteen hundred and ninety-six.

The foregoing Treaty was signed by James McLaughlin, U. S. Indian Inspector, on the behalf of the United States, and two hundred and seventy-three (273) Indians (Shoshones and Arapahoes) on the 21st of April, 1896.

THE INDIAN TREATY OF APRIL 1896

Major James McLaughlin, Inspector in the Indian Department, who effected the treaty with the Shoshone and Arapahoe Indians at the Shoshone Indian Agency, Wyoming, on April 22nd, 1896, was exceptionally well fitted for the accomplishment of such a task. A remarkable contrast to the usual political appointee to this position.

He had had a long and varied experience in dealing with the American Indian and he understood his character and way of thinking more thoroughly and accurately than any other man I ever met.

He had been the Agent of the Sioux Indians at the Standing Rock Agency for several years, during which time the famous Chief Sitting Bull was killed by one of the Agency policemen, named Red Tomahawk in 1890. Major McLaughlin spoke the Sioux language fluently and possessed the confidence of all the tribes of the great plains to a very high degree.

Having been directed by the Commissioner of Indian Affairs to make the treaty, he proceeded to the Shoshone Agency at once and arrived there on April 5th. He was my guest for several days, which he spent in inspecting the records, accounts and general state of affairs at the main Agency, and

also of the Sub-Agency of the Arapahoes, twenty miles down Little Wind River, near the St. Stephen's Mission.

On the 8th, he left the Agency and went to the Hot Springs, located in the N. E. corner of the Reservation, for the purpose of viewing them and familiarizing himself with conditions there. This trip has been described by Mr. John Small, in the *Annals of Wyoming*, Vol. 8, No. 1, July, 1931. He returned to the Agency on April 14th, and announced that he would hold a Council with the Indians of the two tribes for the purchase of the Springs, at the Shoshone Agency, on the morning of the 22nd.

Any Council, for whatever purpose, was always a very important event in the life of an Indian, and especially so to these Indians, because it broke the dull monotony of their existence, and nearly all of them assembled at the Agency to witness, or take part in it.

The Council was held in a large store-room of the Agency, formerly used as a school room. Most of the Shoshones lived near-by, along the foot of the mountains at the western side of the Reservation, but the Arapahoes were farther away; scattered along the valley of Little Wind River from the mouth of Trout Creek, eastward to Big Wind River, and St. Stephen's Mission. As I remember it, the Council was held on April 22nd, and on the day before that date, the Indians began to arrive in force; some from a distance of twenty-five miles. Most of them came in wagons loaded with lodge-poles and other possessions, and accompanied by numerous dogs, ponies, boys on horseback, etc. They pitched their lodges all around the Agency buildings and I well remember, being an interested spectator of the procedure, of Mrs. Plenty Bear, as she erected the dwelling of her family. Plenty Bear was an Arapahoe brave about forty years of age, and I am sure that he was the biggest specimen of the human race that I ever saw. At least six and a half feet tall and 250 pounds would be a conservative estimate of his weight; straight as an arrow — not corpulent either, but his towering and massive frame was erect and muscular; a countenance suggestive of that of a Senator of ancient Rome. Mrs. Plenty Bear was built on a grand scale too, conformable to that of her husband. Her comely countenance wreathed in smiles of amusement as she noted the interest that I manifested in her operation.

She set her lodge-poles and wound the canvas covering around them with a skill and celerity due to long practice; the lodge of her grandmother had been covered with hides of buffaloes; her massive husband, standing near in majestic poise, motionless and calmly serene as the statue of an Egyptian

Pharaoh, but making not the slightest effort to assist his faithful consort in her work.

Early in the morning of the 22nd, the Council commenced. A long table placed at one side of the room with several chairs behind it—in front of the table were a few other chairs to be used by the Chiefs and other principal Indians. Major McLaughlin sat in the central chair behind the table and at his request, I was at his right hand.

I really had nothing to do with making the treaty but I suppose he wanted me there to assist him in any way that might be within my power. Others who were there were Colonel John W. Clark, the allotting agent; Mr. Jules F. Ludin, Chief Clerk; Mr. Thomas R. Beason, Assistant Clerk; Mr. G. W. Sheff, Engineer; Mr. W. P. Campbell, Superintendent of the Wind River Boarding School; the Rev. John Roberts of the Episcopal Mission, the Rev. Father Balthasar Feusi S. J. of St. Stephen's; Captain J. S. Loud, 9th Cavalry, U. S. A., the Commander of Fort Washakie, and several officers of his command, Mr. John Small, Agency miller, and during the proceedings, Dr. F. H. Welty, Agency Physician; Mr. J. K. Moore, Trader at Fort Washakie; Mr. A. D. Lane, Trader at the Shoshone Agency, Mr. J. C. Burnett, Trader at the Arapahoe Sub-Agency; Mr. Fin. G. Burnett, Farmer for the Shoshones, and many others dropped in from time to time.

In front of the table were the Indians; the Shoshones to the right and the Arapahoes to the left, with the Chiefs and head men seated and behind them the rank and file standing and filling the room to its utmost capacity. All listening with breathless interest to all that was said. At the head of the Shoshones was the venerable Chief Washakie.

The Agency census books gave his age as 103 years; a manifest exaggeration—if necessary I could show that he could not have been older than 75 years, but that is old enough for an Indian. He was quite infirm and feeble but still able to ride a horse and still retaining the influence over his tribe that he had exercised for many years.

Other Shoshones were Wahwannabidy, Bishop, Tigundum, Ute, Noircok, Andrew Basil, Poneabishua and Tigee. The Arapahoes were headed by their Head Chief, the well known Sharp Nose.

During my term of three years as Agent, I had many dealings with this old warrior and I soon recognized in him a man of no ordinary intelligence, within his limits, of course. In fact, I believe that the American Indian is born with a brain just as good as ours and just as capable of development. Sharp Nose had been a scout in the Army and took part in the battle

that General McKenzie had with the Northern Cheyennes on the Red Fork of Powder River in November, 1876, and he was not a little proud of having been one of the Great Father's soldiers. Others of lesser prominence were: Tallow, New Lodge, Lone Bear, Goes on the Lodge, Drives Down Hill, Eagle Chief, Little Wolf, Yellow Calf, Broken Horn, Bull Gun, Plenty Bear, Waterman and Biter.

All being in readiness, the Council began with the smoking of the pipe, the indispensable ceremony of an Indian Council. The pipe being filled with tobacco and lighted, it was handed to Major McLaughlin. He took a whiff of it and passed it to me. I took my whiff also and passed the pipe to Washakie; in this manner it was smoked by all the head men of each tribe. This concluded, Major McLaughlin made an opening address, which was interpreted sentence by sentence to both Shoshones and Arapahoes. What he said was to this effect:

"The Great Father has sent me here to find out whether you are willing to sell to him the great spring of hot water that is on your reservation and which belongs to you. It seems to him that you would do well to sell it because it is of no use to you and if you will sell it, he could make good use of it.

"Now let me know if you will sell to the Great Father this spring and ground ten miles square around it for \$60,000."

After a moment or two, Washakie began to speak in his native language of course, for the old Chief had never, so far as I know, learned to speak a word of English. His interpreter was Edmo (Edmond) Le Clair, the son of old Louis Le Clair, an old time French Canadian whose wife was a Shoshone woman. Edmo spoke the ordinary colloquial English of the plains well enough but as I listened, I remember thinking that he was giving a very inadequate rendering of Washakie's long and eloquent speech, the substance of which was this:

"Many years ago a white man said to me: 'Is this your country?' (I am of the opinion that in this, Washakie was referring to the treaty of 1868, made by General W. T. Sherman and General O. O. Howard with the Shoshone and Bannock Indians at Fort Bridger.) I told him that it was, and he asked me where I would like to have the Great Father set aside a land where my tribe could live, and where we could learn to live like the white man. I told him that the ground where we are now would suit me. I always told the Indians that to fight the white men was foolishness. How could we fight men who made guns? So the Shoshones did what I said and we never fought the white men. We even helped the Great Father when he was at war with the Sioux. We sent about a hundred of our young men to help him fight the Sioux on the Rosebud. A man we

called Gray Fox (General George Crook) was the Chief of the white soldiers. I planted some seed of oats and wheat in the Owl Creek Mountains and they grew up tall and strong, so I knew the land was good. So we moved here and we have lived here ever since. We have tried to do what the Great Father wanted us to do. Look around you. You will see the fields of wheat that the Indians are raising and you will see the mill in which the wheat is ground into flour of which we make bread as the white men do. After we had been here some snows the Great Father sent the Arapahoes to live on our reservation. He did not ask us if we wanted them here, but they were very poor; there was plenty of room and we made them welcome. In old times we used to be enemies; we killed one another whenever we could. Now we are friends and brothers and live in peace. This Hot Spring is a long way from our homes and we do not go there very often. In old times we used to go there to hunt the buffalo but now the buffaloes are all gone and we do not go there much. If the Great Father thinks that we, his children, had better sell this spring to him, I and my tribe will do what he says and will take whatever he thinks good, in payment of them."

Such was the counsel of Washakie and to which I was a very attentive listener. Nothing was said by any other Shoshone and they all seemingly accepted the opinion and advice of their old Chief implicitly and unreservedly. After a short interval, Sharp Nose, in behalf of the Arapahoes made a speech which was interpreted by two young Arapahoes named respectively Henry Lee and Tom Crispin. I cannot give Sharp Nose's speech as fully as I have given Washakie's, but its general tenor was, as one may say, similar to Washakie's, viz, that the Shoshones and Arapahoes were now friends and desirous of learning to live like white men. They had learned to plow and raise grain, not very well yet, but they would learn to do better. "At Poor Flesh's field on Little Wind River last year, he had a good field of wheat, but there was cockle in it, much cockle. The Agent came along and told us to go into the field and pull up the cockle; we did what he said; our girls and boys went into the field and pulled up all the cockle, carried it to the fence and left it there."

As Sharp Nose related this cockle incident, he gave me an inquiring glance, as if to say "How's that?" And I responded by making the Indian sign language gesture for "Good," and he rewarded me with a grateful smile.

"I think I am too old myself to learn how to work. When I was young, I hunted the buffalo and I was a soldier for the Great Father. Our women did the work such as we had. But

our young men will now learn to work, as the Great Father wishes us to do. I do not know whether the money that the Great Father will give us for the spring is enough. When I heard of it I tried to count it but I could not do it. But as for me, I will trust in the Great Father and do what he says. I see on the table in front of our friend, a paper which must be the treaty by which we will sell this spring. I will sign it and I wish that the other Arapahoes will sign it too."

Several other head men of the Arapahoes made brief speeches assenting to what Sharp Nose had said and expressing their willingness to sign.

All having spoken, Major McLaughlin said:

"This paper is the treaty by which the Shoshones and Arapahoes sell to the Great Father the Hot Spring and ten miles square of ground around it for \$60,000.00. As you have all said that you agree to it I will now sign it."

He did so, and one by one the Chiefs and head men of the two tribes made their crosses opposite their names as written by Major McLaughlin.

This concluded the ceremony, to my great satisfaction as I was anxious to have the Indians start their spring plowing and I had expected that they would spend several days in discussing the treaty; but they had evidently discussed it among themselves and decided upon the action which they took. They were all vastly pleased and satisfied with it and the Arapahoes announced that they wished to hold a ceremonial dance in commemoration of the great event in their lives. I gave my assent at once and they proceeded to give the dance on the vacant space in front of the Agency Office. This dance was witnessed by a large concourse of almost all the Indians and many pale faces also, and it struck me as being so interesting and curious a spectacle that, I cannot refrain from attempting a description of it.

The music was furnished by three drums beaten by men seated on the ground, and by four Arapahoe women also seated on the ground and with their blankets drawn over their heads. The dancers were four young Arapahoes, the leader of whom was a young man named "Bad Looking Boy." It began with a beating of the drums and the four performers advanced to the center of the circle formed by the spectators. The drums beat now piano and now fortissimo, but always in perfect time and according to a complete system. The dancers moved with great energy and precision, led by Bad Looking Boy in perfect time to the music.

I noticed that Bad Looking Boy directed it all and the other dancers kept their eyes fixed upon him and regulated

their steps exactly with his. Presently the women joined in with the drums in a loud chant, evincing soprano voices of sweetness and power that would be remarkable anywhere. Now the time was quickened, the drums beat faster and louder and the voices rang out above it all. The dancers whirled faster and faster for a space, but soon the drum beats became softer and slower, the voices conformed and finally ceased; both drums and voices were stilled. In the breathless silence that ensued Bad Looking Boy advanced to a small fire upon which was a small coffee pot. He took it and returned to the center of the circle and knelt facing the sun that was shining in meridian splendor, raised the pot, his eyes fixed upon the sun, and slowly poured a few drops of coffee on the ground. A libation: such as the Ancient Greeks and Romans used to pour out to their Gods—but this was made to the sun, which these savages regarded as the giver of all good. A manifestation of gratitude to deity for his goodness to them.

In case any should see in this a mere ridiculous mummery, I can assure them that, if they had seen it, they would have recognized in it a most solemn and sincere prayer of thanksgiving—a true manifestation of religious belief.

The dance was followed by a general feast of beef, bread and coffee, after which the Indians dispersed to their homes and Major McLaughlin departed, taking with him the treaty. Captain Loud requested that the pen used in signing it be given to him and his request was granted.

As I have stated, I had nothing to do with making this treaty. Major McLaughlin evidently had his instructions as to what he should do and I only complied with the request that he made to me, viz: to help him in any way that I could in effecting his purpose.

At the same time the treaty was not entirely satisfactory to me. I thought that the amount paid was absurdly low for the finest hot spring on earth, and also that the Shoshones, as the original owners, should have had a greater share than the Arapahoes. But this is all past.

I spent three very uneasy years as Agent of these Indians; years full of care, worry, work, vexation and responsibility, but now, after so many of them, I forget all these and recall with pride and satisfaction on the good that I, with the aid of several tried and true friends was able to accomplish for these poor people; inducing them to learn agriculture and educating their children.

Yours respectfully,
(Signed) RICHARD H. WILSON,
Colonel, U. S. A.

STUDIES IN THE SETTLEMENT AND ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT OF WYOMING

By CLYDE MEEHAN OWENS, A. B., University of Colorado, 1914.

A thesis submitted to the Faculty of the Graduate School of the University of Colorado in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree Master of Arts. Boulder, Colorado, 1924.

Chapter IV

(Continued from July Number)

New offices were opened for the greater convenience of the public; *1 surveyors and engineers were actively at work in all directions locating entries and establishing lines for ditches and great canals. The air was full of large schemes *2 and great expectations were cherished by individuals, corporate bodies and the people. Only the stockmen, who saw their valleys shut in and their roaming herds excluded, were troubled by the new order of things. Seeing that a change was inevitable, they either drove their herds into new territories or changed to the new system of smaller herds on a smaller range. Some went still further, taking a hand in important irrigation enterprises and making themselves leaders in the industrial revolution thus begun. *3

The first large irrigation works in the state were those of the Wyoming Development Company on the Laramie river. This system watered from 50,000 to 60,000 acres of the richest land of that section and was built at a cost of \$485,000. A unique engineering feature of its construction was a tunnel 2,380 feet long which emptied the water into a stream running parallel to the river from which it was delivered. The canal was 100 miles in length but was not totally utilized, owing to complications concerning land titles. *4

In 1890 Wheatland was only a flag station with no one living there but a section man or two. Four years later 16,000 acres of land were under cultivation and Wheatland grew from a flag station to a bristling lively town with many modern conveniences. On August 21, 1894, Colonel Bray took with him to Wheatland fifteen farmers, all good, representative men of means, who purchased farms near Wheatland. This made a total of 165 farmers who had bought land from the company. The majority of these

*1 Offices were opened at Douglas, Evanston, and Newcastle.

*2 Requests for permits, office of State Engineer.

*3 Hoyt, Agricultural Survey of Wyo., 31.

*4 Cheyenne Leader, "State Irrigation," May 8, 1892.

165 farms were eighty acres in extent, though some were as large as 160 and some as small as forty acres. *1

Other canals along the Laramie river were finished during 1892. The Pioneer canal, built to water 50,000 acres, was the property of the Wyoming Land and Improvement Company. The canal was thirty-five miles long, four feet deep and carried a volume of 306 cubic feet per second. *2 Another enterprise on the plains was the Boughton canal of which E. S. Boughton was the chief owner. It was twenty-three miles long and by the spring of 1892 had many settlements along its route. The Lobach canal, another good piece of work, was completed the same year but no settlers arrived until the following spring. *3

Irrigation developed in the Wheatland colony in spite of the land laws, but there were many places not so fortunate in securing aid from the coffers of capital. Between Fort Douglas and Fort Fetterman was a tract of 13,000 acres of superior land. It was found that \$110,000 would be the cost of a canal to water this land or about ten dollars per acre. It was a good location for a ditch project as the elevation and slope of the land were very satisfactory. *4 The land was worthless without water but, as it was public land, it could not be given as security and the investor had no inducement to make an improvement of ten dollars per acre. There could be no assurance that settlers could pay for the investment needed to reclaim the land. Very few could pay ten dollars per acre for 160 acres. Either men having money would have to file on the land or farmers file and provide water for and cultivate one-fourth or one-half the area. "Under favorable conditions it was necessary that fully half the land must remain idle and unproductive and the chances of the investment proving safe or lucrative, not one in a million." *5 Natural conditions required that canals be built in advance of settlement. Land laws permitted of settlement under terms which amounted to virtual confiscation of the sum spent in their improvement. The Homestead Law was valueless in this case and the Desert Law offered no aid in the diversion of a great river. The acreage was too small for the purposes of the ditch builder; it was too great for the purposes of the settler. "There was not one immigrant in ten thousand who came to find a home who had the means to reclaim and cultivate 320 acres under irrigation." *6

One of the greatest aids to the state was the Carey Act which was passed August 18, 1894, by the United States Government. The bill was amended in 1896 and authorized the Secretary of the Interior to contract and agree to patent to the states the des-

*1 Cheyenne Leader "Wheatland Settlement," August 23, 1894.

*2 Ibid., "State Irrigation," May 8, 1892.

*3 Cheyenne Leader "State Irrigation," May 8, 1892.

*4 Mead, Reclamation of Arid Lands, 6.

*5 Ibid., 6.

*6 Mead, Reclamation of Arid Lands, 6.

ert lands found therein. According to the bill, the state shall file plans for the proposed irrigation and the Secretary of the Interior is to reserve the land applied for if the plan seems feasible. *1 The state then enters into a contract with persons, associations or corporations for the reclamation of the lands, their settlement and cultivation; it then creates a lien to be valid against the separate legal subdivisions of land reclaimed for actual cost of necessary expense of reclamation and draws reasonable interest thereon until disposed of to the actual settler. *2 When an ample supply of water is actually furnished in a substantial ditch, a patent is given to the state without regard to actual settlement or cultivation. *3 From this point on the state takes care of the disposing of the land to the settler.

The statutes of Wyoming provide that an application, accompanied by a proposal for executing the work of reclamation, is to be filed with the state authorities for withdrawal of land desired. *4 The proposal must be described source of water supply, the land to be reclaimed, the cost of the works and the price per acre at which the water rights are to be sold to the settler. *5 This is referred by the Land Board to the State Engineer who reports on the merits of the project to the Board. Then the Board, if it approves, applies to the Secretary of the Interior for segregation of lands *6 and if the reservation is affected the state enters into a contract with the company.

The company contracting with the state is a construction company whose duty it is to build the irrigation works and furnish the capital, the investment to be secured by a lien upon the land to be irrigated and upon the irrigation plant itself. The price of the water rights is stated in the contract between the company and the settler and is subject to approval by the state authorities. The construction company is limited by statute and contract to a certain period of time for the completion of the work and is allowed to mortgage its equity in the project, if necessary, to secure the funds. The settler in acquiring water rights is, in effect, acquiring a proportionate interest in the entire irrigation plant. *7 Upon the withdrawal of the land by the Department of the Interior and beginning of the work by the contractor, it is the duty of the board to give notice by publication that land is open for settlement and the price for which it will sell. If the company fails to furnish water under its contract the state is to refund to the settler all payments made to the state.

*1 U. S. Statutes at Large, Vol. 28, 422.

*2 Ibid., Vol. 29, 434.

*3 Ibid., Vol. 29, 434.

*4 Session Laws of Wyoming, 1895, ch. 38, sec. 7.

*5 Ibid., 1895, ch. 38, sec. 7.

*6 Ibid., 1913, ch. 117, sec. 3.

*7 Ibid., 1895, ch. 38, sec. 21.

An applicant must establish residence within six months after notice that water is available and within a year must cultivate and reclaim one-sixteenth of the entry, one-eighth in two years with final proof in three years. *1 Final certificates are not issued in Wyoming but in lieu thereof the settler is given a receipt of his final payment.

The most important measure enacted by the third State Legislature was the law providing for the reclamation and settlement of the land granted the state under the Carey Act. It dealt with one of the state's greatest problems and attracted more attention at home and awakened more interest abroad than any other law found in the statutes. *2 Wyoming was the first state to accept the trust from the government, *3 thus starting important reforms in irrigation methods.

The advantages of the Wyoming law from the investors point of view are: (1). No one can file on the land segregated except actual settlers and water users. This reserves the land for share holders in the canal and prevents its absorption by non-residents through speculative holdings. (2). Each land owner must be a share holder in the canal but, until shares are paid for, the builders of the canal have control of its operations and a right to collect reasonable charges. (3). The price of the shares is fixed by the state before a dollar is spent on the works. This is an equal protection to both canal builder and water user. It relieves the first from the fear of arbitrary establishment by the county commissioners of rates which would confiscate the investment; it secures the second from an equally arbitrary and unjust increase in carrying charges, which would absorb the profits of his labor. In this respect the provisions of the Wyoming law, which makes the State Land Board the arbiter in this question, are among the most commendable features ever incorporated into an irrigation law *4 and marks a new and better era in the reclamation of the arid domain.

The advantages to the settler are: (1). The cheapness of the land, which is less than one-half the price of that under the Desert Land Act. *5 (2). The state guarantees that there is water enough in the source of supply and that canals have sufficient capacity to deliver it. (3). A secure water right eliminates controversy as to whether the canal builder owns the water and can charge what he pleases, or whether the land owner is possessor and can do with it as he pleases. The water rights attach to the lands reclaimed and are inseparable therefrom. (4). There

*1 Session Laws, 1895, ch. 38, sec. 20; S. L. 1909, ch. 160, sec. 3.

*2 Mead, "The Arid Land Laws" in 3rd Bien. Rep't. of Eng., 17.

*3 Ibid., 17; Files in Office of Sec. of State.

*4 Mead, "The Arid Land Law" in Rep't, 1895-1896, 17.

*5 Ibid., 22.

is ownership in the canal, a voice in the management and a relief from a perpetual mortgage that usually goes with separate corporate ownership of canals. *1

The chief objection to the Carey Act is that it prohibits using the land as security for the money spent to reclaim it, a fact which does not add any safety to the investment in canal building. *2

The largest private irrigation project in Wyoming up to 1910 was that of the LaPrele Ditch and Reservoir Company, taken out under the Carey Act. *3 The company was organized in 1906 with the idea of reclaiming only 36,000 acres of land, lying near Douglas, by means of huge reservoir in the LaPrele canyon. During the next four years the project was steadily enlarged and new units were added until 300,000 acres came under the ditch. The original dam was constructed in 1908 and at that time was thought to be the highest reinforced concrete structure of its kind in the country. *4 It contained 30,000 square yards of concrete, 15,000 barrels of cement and 1,500,000 pounds of structural steel. The land coming under the ditch covered the North Platte valley from Glendo on the southeast to Glenrock on the west and extended along both sides of the river. The land was completely settled during 1910 and the farmers there have always been unusually prosperous. *5 The title to this land came from the state and was guaranteed by the state. All payments were made to the State Board of Land Commissioners and were held by them until the State Engineer approved the works and thus secured absolute protection to the farmer. These lands were sold at one-fourth cash, balance payable at the option of the purchaser within five years. The whole project was handled and financed by J. M. Wilson, W. F. Hamilton and B. J. Erwin, citizens of Douglas. *6

The Carey Act was important in the development of the Big Horn basin as a large part of that fertile irrigated region has been taken up under this Act. *7 Agricultural development began around Worland in 1902. At that time Garland, eighty-five miles to the north and on the Burlington's line to Cody, was the nearest railroad point and Casper, terminus of the Northwestern road, was 150 miles to the southeast. For thirty-five miles up and down the Big Horn river from where Worland now stands was a desert waste with only here and there a pioneer's cabin close to the river banks. Small attempts at agriculture had been made

*1 Ibid., 22.

*2 Mead, 3rd Bien. Rep't, 1895-1896, 24.

*3 F. H. Barrow, "Irrigation" in Wyo. Tribune, Dec. 31, 1910.

*4 Ibid.

*5 Ibid.

*6 Wyoming Tribune, Dec. 31, 1910.

*7 See Appendix Q.

by the early settlers, who had demonstrated that the soil and climatic conditions were favorable to the growing of oats, wheat, potatoes and alfalfa. *1 To the ordinary farmer the prospect was uninviting, but in the short span of twelve years an irrigated valley extending twenty-seven miles had created fully four million dollars worth of property value *2 and had added three million dollars to the tax rolls of the state. These results could not have been attained had not nature bestowed on the valley a deep alluvial soil and an abundant supply of water in the Big Horn river. *3

There are many other projects under the Carey Act and they are distributed all over the state. By 1910 two million acres of land had been segregated *4 and the units ranged all the way from a few acres in size to 100,000 acres in the Eden Irrigation and Land Company Project located near Rock Springs. *5 During the next decade there was a marked development and by 1920 one large project had segregated 260,000 acres in one unit. Construction work during 1919 and 1920 was greater than in any other period since 1912. At present work is going forward on the following projects: The LaPrele Project, The Eden Project, The Paint Rock Project, The Lake View Project, The Hawk Springs Project and the Green River, Cottonwood and North Piney Projects. *6

There are over 20,000 acres of mountain area where precipitation averages thirty inches. There are no perennial streams born or heading in the low ground. More than two-thirds of the streams never reach the sea but flow out into the arid lands and are lost. The utilization of these rivers depends upon taking the water when it leaves the mountains. Each of the great rivers has a large volume of water. The maximum discharge of the North Platte is 15,000 cubic feet per second; of the Big Horn 25,000 cubic feet per second; of the Green and Powder rivers, a considerable though less amount. *7 There are many natural basins and reservoirs locations and modern irrigation methods are making use of all these, gradually extending the irrigated area of the state.

It is thought that the Wyoming constitution is in advance of the constitution of other states in the matter of irrigation. *8 It states: "Water being essential to the industrial prosperity, of limited amount and easy of diversion from its natural channels,

*1 U. S. Census, 1900, Agric. & Irrig., Vol. VI, Part II, 865.

*2 Ibid., 1920, Vol. VII, 340.

*3 C. F. Robertson, Wyo. Tribune, Dec. 31, 1914.

*4 U. S. Census, 1920, Vol. VII, 332.

*5 See Appendix Q.

*6 H. Loyd, Rep't of Com. of Lands, 1920, 22.

*7 Morris, "Irrigation Methods" in Wyo. Hist. Coll., 1897, 57.

*8 U. S. Census, 1890, Agric. & Irrig., 250.

*6 H. Loyd, Rep't of Com. of Lands, 1290, 22.

its control must be in the state, which, in providing for its use, shall equally guard all the various interests involved." *1 This statement while not altogether original to the Wyoming constitution *2 has fostered a quality of legislation that places the state in advance of some commonwealth in dealing with the problem of water disposal. *3 This irrigation law of Wyoming has been widely celebrated and has been influential in moulding the institutions of other states, and even those of Canada and Australia. *4 The law is unique in this, that the state does not necessarily wait for controversies and losses to arise, but of its own accord steps in and ascertains how much water is available for irrigation, who are the claimants to this water, and then, knowing these fundamental facts, it gives the use of the water to the proper persons, and employs its own agents to see that the distribution is made. *5

It was left for the Reclamation Service to accomplish the most important development in Wyoming irrigation. The national irrigation law set aside a special fund from the sale of public lands to be used in reclaiming arid and semi-arid lands in the West. The chief aid rendered has consisted in utilizing large irrigable tracts of land adjacent to large streams whose flood waters can be stored in reservoirs and conveyed by canals and laterals. *6 Such projects are too expensive for private capital as the settler can not pay an exorbitant price resulting from high cost of construction.

The Reclamation Service aims to get back no more money than is expended for the enterprise but expects each individual undertaking to pay its own way. The price per acre is in proportion to the expense of reclamation, making the cost twenty-five dollars in some cases, sixty dollars in others. The entryman has to comply with the Homestead Law and can then acquire forty, eighty, one hundred and twenty, or one hundred and sixty acres under the government ditch and pay for the construction in ten or twenty annual payments. *7

One of these government projects has been carried out on the North Platte river in Wyoming, though the project is interstate and extends into Nebraska. In order to store the flood waters of the river, a huge reservoir was built at the junction of the Sweetwater and North Platte. This huge dam, called the

*1 State Constitution, Art. I, sec. 31.

*2 Colorado constitution does not make control in State, XVI, 5.

*3 Brown, "Constitution Making" in Wyo. Hist. Coll., 1920, 106.

*4 Smythe, *Conquest of Arid America*, 230; Mead later worked in Canada and in Australia.

*5 U. S. Census, 1890, *Agric. & Irrig.*, 250.

*6 Deming, "Irrigation Projects in Wyo." in *Independent*, Vol. 62, 1081.

*7 *Ibid.*, 1081.

Pathfinder, receives the drainage from 12,000 square miles and waters 22,000 acres with its 1,000,000 acre-feet capacity. *1 It is one of the largest masonry dams in the world and is built in the solid granite bed of the river. *2

Because of the roughness of the country it takes 6,445 canal structures to provide for the irrigation of 129,684 acres of land on 806 miles of canal. Many of the lands of the Wyoming side are mesa or table lands from fifty to two-hundred feet above the river. Settlers began coming in rapidly in 1907 and in one year took up 40,000 acres of land. *3 Today 110,000 acres of land have been reclaimed in Wyoming alone and the Reclamation Service has expended over fifteen million dollars on the project though only about five million dollars are invested in Wyoming. *4

The principal towns embraced in the North Platte Project in Wyoming are Guernsey, Lingle and Torrington. Guernsey, just outside the irrigated section, is a thriving town of 400 people. Torrington is the county seat of Goshen county and has a population of 700. With the development of the public and private irrigation systems in the valley, several of the larger towns began to grow steadily and at present are the centers of considerable agricultural population. The price of the farm units on this project for the part that is public land is fifty-five dollars per acre, payable in twenty years without interest. *5

One of the largest irrigation projects in the state is the Shoshone irrigation project, *6 consisting of over a hundred miles of laterals. It took the government over fifteen years to finish the project but all the headgates and drops are built of concrete and every detail is made as nearly perfect as engineering skill can make it. Land is acquired under the Homestead Act and water rights are paid for in twenty annual installments. *7

The settlement of the project was attended with many difficulties. Because the soil was lacking in humus it was necessary to begin with grain crops and work into the raising of alfalfa before money-crops such as sugar beets could be successfully grown. In order to secure the best possible returns from their products, farmers had to resort to stock-raising and dairying until the quality of the soil could be changed by humus and a legume crop. Of the 575 unit holders, only fifty per cent had experience in farming before coming to these lands, and only about fifteen per cent had ever farmed by irrigation. Their

*1 U. S. Census, 1920, Vol. VII, 331.

*2 Deming, "Irrig. Proj. in Wyo." in *Independent*, Vol. 62, 1082.

*3 Deming, "Irrigation Projects" in *Independent*, Vol. 62, 1082.

*4 Compiled from maps and data in files of State Engineer.

*5 James, *Arid West*, 216.

*6 U. S. Census, 1920, Vol. VII, 332.

*7 Miscellaneous data of Resources in files of Immig. Office.

progress has been remarkable though the construction price is high, being fifty-nine dollars per acre. *1

The Shoshone project contains a total of about 147,516 acres but in 1916 was prepared to serve 42,665 acres. The total cost up to 1920 had been \$4,875,000 *2 but there are extensions being made. *3 Some of the public lands under this project have been entered only recently by soldiers of the Great War.

The government Reclamation Service has done much for the progress of irrigation in Wyoming and the engineers have paid much attention to detail, but as they work only on large projects, there remains tracts of splendid soil of small area that can only be developed by private capital under the Carey and other land acts.

The irrigable area of Wyoming is extensive and the quantity of water which can be made available for irrigation insures the success of agriculture. A list of irrigation projects in the state as given in appendix Q shows that, at the close of the year 1922, there were only 418,950 acres under large projects, that were actually under irrigation and raising crops. This does not include the large number of acres watered by the primitive means of irrigation. Yet the acreage planned, some of it already being developed, totals more than seven times the present acreage. It has been estimated that ten million acres may be irrigated while present projects include a little over three million acres. This area would produce a food supply sufficient for the wants of more than five million population. *4 It will be seen at once that Wyoming's settlement from the agricultural point of view is largely a thing in the future. A later chapter will describe the settlement as far as it has actually taken place.

*1 James, Reclaiming the Arid West, 364.

*2 U. S. Census, 1920, Vol. VII, 334.

*3 Investments in next two years raised figures to \$8,622,907.

*4 Hill, Second Biennial Report, 1919-1920, 8; Material for Third Biennial Report, typed material, 10.

Norkok, who has been Shoshone interpreter for many years, died on Thanksgiving day about noon. He was stricken with paralysis sometime previous and lingered until that time. He was a progressive Indian and in favor of education. The poor and orphans of the Shoshones lost a good friend in Norkok.—(From The Indian Guide, Vol. 1, No. 7, Shoshone Agency, Wyo., November 1896. "Indian Guide" on file in State History Dept.)

MILITARY SERVICES IN MEXICO

The following account of my military services in Mexico during the time of the Huerta-Wilson trouble and following the occupation of Vera Cruz by American forces which was later followed in succession by the Villa-Carranza fighting for the control of Mexico, the Columbus raid, Pershing's punitive expedition, the World War, and what took place on the Mexican Border, is written at the request of the State Historian, Mrs. Cyrus Beard, at the Capitol Building in Cheyenne, Wyoming.

John M. Watson, Greybull, Wyoming

Prior to the killing of President Madero of Mexico by that trouble-maker, Huerta, who took the reins of government by a coupe-d'état in Mexico City suddenly and unexpectedly by getting control of disloyal troops and turning machine guns loose down the streets of the city, killing many innocent people and throwing the city into a turmoil of confusion, I made a trip to Vera Cruz, Mexico. I went by rail to the American colony at Medina, later renamed Loma-Bonita, 125 kilometers southwest of Vera Cruz across the state line of Vera Cruz and in the state of Oaxaca on the Isthmo-road that runs from the Atlantic to the Pacific oceans. The terminus on the Pacific coast is Salina Cruz. This country appealed to me very much and I bought some land alongside of other Americans who had located before this time. There were about 65 married men with families and 12 or 15 single men including myself.

They had found that they could raise pineapples superior to the Hawaiians, and as for citrus fruits no better could be grown anywhere. They had good markets in the cities and especially on the boats at Vera Cruz. Everything looked good and we had great hopes of being successful when the first thing to check our hopes was the killing of President Madero. Not long after the Provisional President Huerta caused trouble with the United States by ordering the arrest of an American landing party from an American warship lying off the port of Tampico. A few notes from President Wilson demanding a salute to the flag and an apology from President Huerta that never came, then an order by President Wilson followed for all Americans to leave Mexico immediately. You can see the confusion at the American colony at Loma Bonita when a train sidetracked at the station and Mexican soldiers gave orders to Americans and their families to get aboard the train in an hour's notice to go to Vera Cruz to board American ships in port to be taken back to the United States. I was one of the ten single men who refused to leave and we stayed to look after the places and stock the best we could and to protect the farms from the bandits that infested the country at that time.

We barricaded in a concrete building that was used as a stopping place for prospective settlers that came in from the United States to look at land. I had charge of the defensive move and we placed sand bags in the windows and took our turn at watch at all hours. We had rifles and plenty of ammunition which even our Mexican help knew nothing about. Week after week passed and nothing happened and some of the men went ahead with their crops. I had a feeling that it would be of no use but waited for time to tell. Our help apparently seemed loyal to us. The Americans there paid higher wages than they ordinarily received and the poor Mexican laborers seemed to appreciate that. We told them that it was not us that caused the threatened war with the United States and the occupation of Vera Cruz.

Later the American forces withdrew and turned the command of the city over to General Carranza and his man after President Huerta was allowed to escape to Havana from where he went to Spain for a while. Then he was even "allowed" to go to El Paso, Texas to take up residence in an apartment. It was while he was peaceably living in El Paso that he took sick and died in bed a natural death.

Shortly after the withdrawal of General Funston and the American forces at Vera Cruz, we realized that conditions were less favorable for any American in the interior. When the American forces withdrew from the country of Mexico, the general impression among the Mexicans was that the Americans were afraid of the Mexicans and would not risk a war in Mexico. Of course, among the more intelligent that feeling did not exist. Warnings from bandit sources for us to get out came on several occasions. It only made us more alert and on the lookout, but one early morning attack proved that the warnings were correct. It was light enough to see objects and as we had made a clearing around our barricade we stood the attack without losses on our side. The bandits withdrew, leaving two horses shot out from under some of them and whatever their losses were they carried away. We found several rifles and some blood spots on the grass the next day where we fired into the attacking party.

I took a report into Vera Cruz of the attack, as the trains were running into that city, and asked for a small detachment of Carranzista soldiers to protect the place from bandit attack. It was agreed that we should have more protection.

I also made a report to the American consul, Mr. Canada, at Vera Cruz, regarding conditions of Americans and their property in the interior. There were many Americans living in Vera Cruz under the protection of the guns of the U. S. war-

ships anchored way out off the coast from Vera Cruz. Thus it happened I run into an American named Santos Johnson, who was in the uniform of a Mexican major. Johnson was a man I had known when I was in the U. S. 4th Artillery and he and I had soldiered in B Battery 4th Artillery while we were stationed at Vancouver barracks at Vancouver, Washington, several years before this meeting in Mexico. I found out from him that he had accepted a commission from General Coss of Pueblo and had been in the Mexican Revolution for some time. With Johnson I met a number of Mexican officers who offered me a commission under their command after they were told by Johnson that I had been in U. S. artillery service and could handle field pieces and machine guns. Among them was General Enrique R. Najera of Durango, a state in Mexico. While I was considering accepting a commission as an officer in the Mexican army I got in contact with some Americans in the intelligence department or secret service. Whatever I agreed to get for them and the data they wanted does not matter much now and I will pass over that part only to mention that I was sworn to secrecy and did obtain data at various times for I accepted a commission at captain of artillery and had access to arsenals and could get a fairly reliable count on machine guns, field pieces, and other military equipment and supplies.

A short time before I left Vera Cruz with General Najera and his command on a military train across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec to Salina Cruz, my friend Johnson had been wounded in the groin by a rifle bullet while in a fight with Qapatista bandits near Pueblo and was brought back to Vera Cruz to a military hospital. I had persuaded four other Americans to take commissions with the Mexicans as I felt a little better when there were other Americans in the same command with me. One old man by the name of Nelson who at one time lived in Denver, Colorado, was among them. He was a bald-headed man and wore glasses and looked so much like a doctor that I asked him if he knew anything about medicine. He said he knew a little but not much. I answered him, "You'll do and from now on you will be Dr. Nelson." So I introduced him as a doctor and he was accepted as such but his main interest in Mexico was mining. Another fellow named Wiley who years before was a mining man and civil engineer and had married a Mexican woman and had four children was in the group. When orders came for Americans to leave Mexico he said to me, "I cannot take my family to the states for my people are southerners from South Carolina and they would look at my kids and see that two of them are pretty dark skinned to be white." He was made a colonel later on. Antonio Barberi was an Ital-

ian-American who later went to Mexico. He wanted to go so I got him. He was a lieutenant then. There was another, a Spanish-American. His name was Hernandez, and we got him too.

When we were about 100 kilometers out of Vera Cruz we were fired on from ambush near the town of Los Naranjas. There was a lively exchange of shots and finally our train got by all right without any bridges destroyed ahead of us. We got into Salina Cruz and boarded the Mexican gunboat, General Guerro, and then headed north for the port of Mazatlan in the state of Sinaloa. On our way north we stopped at several places, Accapulco, Manzanillo, and some smaller places before we got to Mazatlan. We boarded a military train and started for Culiacan, the capitol of Sinaloa. At several places, culverts and bridges were destroyed and we had to go around shoe-flies switches across dry river beds that made us very doubtful as to our procedure. But we finally succeeded and arrived in the city of Culiacan, which was to be our headquarters. We made Culiacan headquarters for several months. General Najera was Commandante-Militaire of that city and it was there that President Wilson recognized the Carranza faction as the governing faction of Mexico. We put on a celebration of the event and the Americans with the Mexicans received many a Salud and Vivas. How quickly their sentiment changes, for it was not many weeks after that I was behind prison bars with serious charges preferred against me.

Our object was to advance from Culiacan north and east over the mountains into the states of Durango, General Najera's home country. The Villista faction held the passes and controlled the state of Durango. We had several fights near Culiacan and later on General Najera gave up the plan to advance for all he could do was to hold Culiacan and the lines of communication to Mazatlan. I had charge of four machine guns that we placed on the roof of the hotel where we lived. The officers of General Najera's command took over the hotel and had the management continue to operate. We could sweep the approach to the town and fire on any attacking party. I met an American, a dentist, whose name was Dr. Brooks. He was allowed to leave and was acquainted on the other side of the lines for as he took no active part in the fight he was allowed to cross the lines. This he did and on returning one time told me of another American on the Villista side. He could not give me his name and I asked him if he would carry a letter to this American for me and this he agreed to do. I explained my reasons for being with General Najera and that I would be compelled to fire on any attacking forces and that I

would not want to knowingly fire on an American and asked him to avoid coming in contact with our fire or defense. Dr. Brooks never did get through with the letter. The vigilant patrol searched him and got the letter and while not preferring any charges against him, turned the letter over to the commanding officer under General Najera. General Najera asked me for explanations that I gave satisfactorily and while he knew there were some officers under him who did not like the "Gringos" and would do all they could to cause them trouble, he was always friendly toward the Americans and said he wished he had more of them. However, by that time the other Americans, Nelson, Wiley, and the others had taken leave of absence, and went back to Mazatlan and from there on south. I was the only remaining "Gringo". General Najera issued me a pass to Mazatlan and an indefinite leave of absence and told me I had better get out of Mazatlan till things quieted down. I got through Mazatlan and felt contented that things had been as favorable as they appeared to be. After a night at the hotel I stepped out on the street to go down town to see about getting out on a boat. I was arrested at the doorway of the hotel by a Mexican officer with four soldiers. They took me before the Commandante Militaire and I soon found out how he hated me or rather the Gringos. He looked more like an American himself and might have been the illegitimate son of one. He read the charges and as it was away from General Najera's command I was ordered to put in the next few days in prison and held for court martial. Their main object was to rob me of everything I had that they wanted. They took all of my letters in English and papers and left the papers in Spanish for they understood that and they did not want what I had. After a wait of several days I was brought up for trial. I was convicted before I was tried and could not prove myself innocent and was consequently sentenced to be put up in front of an adobe wall and a firing squad would do the rest. While they were waiting for an approval of sentence by higher authority I had managed to see a friend. He was a Mexican who called to see me and I told him what to do and he did it. I asked him to see the American consul and also the English Consul and to explain and see what could be done to obtain my release. I do not know exactly what all was done or what influence to bear but I have an idea and will always say this much that Masonic influence might have been brought to bear. I was released one morning and told to go down to the dock and that I did and was directed to get into a motorboat and was taken to an English ship, the *Citriana* a passenger-freight boat that used to make the west coast under the British flag. I climbed up to the

deck and was directed down below and was kept there out of sight of custom officers or immigration officers till they got the cargo aboard. It was about three days till the boat left. In the meantime an American gunboat came into harbor and only stayed an hour. They never let their orders be known but I found out afterwards that they had come from Topolobampo bay to Mazatlan at full speed to demand my release but found out I was free and aboard the English ship and would be taken to the states. When the ship left port with their cargo bound for a California port the mate came and told me that the captain wanted to see me up in his cabin. I went up there and after going over considerable explanation with him he opened his suit case and laid out a suit of clothes that about fit me which I exchanged for my Mexican captain's uniform. He gave me ten dollars and said he was going as far as Frisco and if I wanted to I could go on there or he was stopping at San Diego and San Pedro. But he said not to talk to any newspaper reporters about how I got out of Mexico. It might cause him trouble and explanation. At San Diego there were several reporters and I passed them up. I got back on the boat and went to San Pedro and after spending several weeks resting up and recovering from the effect of near starvation while in prison in Mexico, I was back on the Mexican border with the cavalry a short time before the Columbus raid. We were stationed at Naco, Arizona, and I rode border patrol for several months. Then following the Primitive expedition to get "Villa" that they never wanted to get and later the mobilization of troops on the border and the breaking off of relations with Germany came the World war. Our regular outfits were split up. Some men sent to officers training camps. I did not want to leave mounted service in the cavalry and wanted to stay in the Regular service. I refused officers training school. I was stable sergeant and on detached service several times and finally finished my military service after the signing of the Armistice in the Veterinary Corps doctoring sick horses. After the service I returned to Wyoming, my old home state by adoption.

OBITUARY

Died at Regan's ranch, in Old Pioneer Hollow, Uinta county, Wyoming, on Saturday, March 25, at 12 o'clock, Virginia Regan, wife of Charles P. Regan.

Deceased was an Indian woman, and one of the noblest of her race. She has always been a warm friend to the whites, and no one was ever turned away from Regan's ranch hungry, but was always supplied with the best the place afforded. It was this woman, with all her keen perception and native sagacity,

that found and saved the life of our friend and highly esteemed townsman Mr. M. V. Morse, when he was lost in the mountains for nine days, some four years ago. She was the adopted child of "Old" Jack Robertson, of Fort Bridger, one of the few mountaineers now living, whose active life in this part of the great west was contemporary with that of the famous Jim Bridger, Kit Carson and other noted frontiersmen of an early day. He always thought a great deal of this adopted child, and it will grieve the old man to hear of her death. About eighteen years ago, Charley Regan formed an attachment for the young Indian girl, which was reciprocated, and "Old Jack", as he was familiarly called, giving his consent, they were married and have lived contented and happy together until separated by death. She leaves a family of three boys, the eldest being 16 years of age this month. Just a year ago, her daughter, a bright young girl, died; which caused her great sorrow, and she has been sick and failing ever since until her death. Both died the same month one year apart. She was the only Indian in this county that could go to the polls and vote, which she did. She leaves considerable property, including a good ranch, well stocked with cattle and horses.—*Uinta Chieftain*.—(From *Cheyenne Daily Leader*, April 5, 1883.)

NEIKOK, THE SHOSHONE INTERPRETER

A very prominent and useful Shoshone Indian died at his home near the Washakie Hot Springs on last Thanksgiving day. This man was called "Norkok" by the whites, but his Shoshone name was Neikok, which means Black Hawk. He was about 70 years old. The Shoshones as a rule keep no account of time and do not know their own age or their children's after they become a few years old. He was stricken with paralysis of the entire left side about a month ago and was given the closest attention by Dr. Welty. The doctor paid him daily visits and saw that his medicine was taken according to their directions and that he had plenty of food; but all in vain.

As he was a man very highly respected by all the whites who knew him, he was frequently visited by the Agent, Capt. Wilson. Mr. J. K. Moore, the Post Trader, who knew Neikok for many years at Fort Bridger, before there was such a place as Fort Washakie also visited him.

Among others who were old acquaintances was one white man, who probably knew more about Neikok than any other "old timer", that is "Capt." Wm. McCabe, at present Post Scout and Interpreter at Fort Washakie.

In years long past McCabe fought the Arapahoes and Sioux side by side with Neikok and says he was a brave man.

McCabe first met Neikok in 1858 when he was living with his father on Green river, some fifty miles from Fort Bridger. He was then a young man and a leader of other young men of his tribe. His father was named Battise, a Mulatto of Creole origin of St. Louis. He came from there in the early days as an Indian trader. He was then well off in horses and cattle and kept the ferry across Green river, afterwards known as the Robinson ferry. Battise spoke French and English and in this way his son Neikok spoke French fluently, also English and Shoshone. His mother was a Ute squaw captured by the Shoshones in a raid when she was a child. This is nothing uncommon among Indians as I know a white woman, who was captured by the Arapahoes when a child.

This woman has blue eyes and a fair skin, but knows nothing more than any other squaw and can only speak Arapahoe.

Neikok was a fine looking man of commanding presence and very polite in conversation and strictly truthful. His word was never doubted by those who came in contact with him. This was very important as he was the official interpreter of the Shoshones and everything said by the Shoshones in council with the whites or in a case before the Courts, both sides had to be heard by Neikok and his translation was law. He was so honest in his desire to translate properly that more than once the writer of this sketch (as in the case with other whites) has seen him stop and say, "I don't think I know that word," or "I can't tell that right," and he would not go on until he fully knew what it was that he was to translate. His death is a great loss to the Indians, for I think it will be impossible to replace him. He never was afraid to tell exactly what both sides said while a younger man might fear of giving offense if he spoke the exact truth.

He was buried on Sage creek among his relatives who preceded him. While he is not the father of any living children, it was his habit to adopt and bring up orphans, who had no one to take care of them and in this way he had a number of children who called him father and who sincerely mourn his loss.

Neikok, as is the custom among his tribe was wrapped in a number of expensive blankets of beautiful colors and his body deposited in a grave dug by sorrowing friends. In the grave were placed his various trinkets and articles of daily use, without any useless coffin to enclose his body. Simply lying in his blankets and embraced in the arms of mother earth, he awaits the final end of time.—(From *The Indian Guide*, Vol. 1, No. 8, published at Shoshone Agency, Wyoming, December 1896.)

WHITE HORSE TALKS

One of the characters among the Shoshones is White Horse, who speaks some little broken English, which he picked up by his association with the whites.

White Horse received the name he now bears from an incident which occurred at Fort Bridger many years ago.

The soldiers at the fort had a crack racing horse and they attempted to put up a job on the Indians by matching him against anything the Indians had to run.

White Horse appeared on a scrawny white horse and entered him in the race; the soldiers placed all they had available on their favorite, but when the race was over the scrawny white had won and they were minus their cash.

Ever after when White Horse appeared at the fort he was referred to as "The White Horse", and the name has stuck to him all these years.

The other day White Horse was at the Agency and thus he expressed himself.

"Capt. Wilson, Agent, Col. Clark and Wingo (Mr. Burnett, Shoshone farmer). all same heap good-Indian no hungry now flour all same heap-fix em-big "sooite" make heap wheat tell Indian maybe good now all time heap eat.

"All Indians glad land man came glad Washington send him. My house now heap flour, oats and wheat. Me glad—all Indians glad."—(The Indian Guide, Vol. 1, No. 12, published at Shoshone Agency, Wyoming, April 1897.)

ACCESSIONS

July 1931 to October 1931

Museum

Deming, W. C.—Pictures of the late R. S. Van Tassell and of the late Mrs. Castle, mother of Thomas Castle.

Capitol Building Commission—A 16 candle power light bulb found in the Capitol Tower. First type used in the Capitol Building. One of the first electric light bulbs to be used in this town.

Claney, Gus—Replica of a freight train, size 3½ feet long and 8 inches wide, made by Mr. Claney. Mr. Claney has been a resident of Cheyenne for 40 years. He is now Superintendent of the Laramie County Poor Farm.

Clark, Edith K. O.—The entire series of pictures taken at the time Governor Emerson carried greetings to President Coolidge in the Black Hills. There are ten pictures. The first one shows John Bell on his horse in the Capitol entrance talking with Governor Emerson. The incidents of the occasion are shown in the manner in which the events occurred including Governor Emerson in an airship speeding towards Dakota. This occasion was in commemoration of the revival of the Pony Express and emphasized the difference in travel in the days of the Pony Express and the air service of today.

Hebard, Dr. Grace R.—Three photographs taken at Wind River upon the dedication of the Memorial Tablet to Bishop Randall, presented by Dr. Hebard.

Faulk, J. Evelyn—Three pictures of Fort Steele taken in 1929; three pictures of Fort Laramie taken in 1930; one picture of Fort Washakie taken in 1930; two pictures of Fort Bridger in 1931.

Blakeman, Mrs. Louise Parr—Pictures (1) Dick Parr, General Phil Sheridan's private Chief of Scouts; (2) Dick Parr guiding General Custer and the 7th Regiment at Battle of Chalk Bluffs; (3) Dick Parr as a captive with aged members of Ogallala and Brule Sioux at Mammoth Hot Springs, Yellowstone Park; (4) Rescue of Dick Parr at Fort Laramie, Wyoming, August 1860.

Original Manuscripts

Wilson, Col. R. H.—Manuscript dealing with the negotiation of the Shoshone and Arapahoe Treaty of 1896. Colonel Wilson was Acting Indian Agent at the Shoshone Agency in Wyoming at the time the Big Horn Hot Springs were sold to the Government. He was present when the Treaty was signed.

Blakeman, Mrs. Louise Parr—"Sketch of the Life of 'Dick' Parr in the Far West."

Documents

Foote, W. F. (Chicago) to Governor of Wyoming—Governor of Wyoming to State Historical Department—Letter written in longhand dated "Head Quarters Fort Laramie, D. T., May 21st, 1866" signed "W. H. Evans, Major 11th Ohio Cavalry Volunteers."

Hooker, W. F.—Letter written by Malcolm Campbell to Mr. Hooker, dated August 26th, 1931. Mr. Campbell and Mr. Hooker were bullwhackers in Wyoming in the early 70's.

Pamphlets

Mitalsky, Frank—Two copies of Arizona Historical Review, Vol. 3, No. 4, January 1931 and Vol. 4, No. 1, April 1931.

Fryxell, Dr. F. M.—"Mountaineering in Grand Teton Park" by Dr. Fryxell.

Governor of Wyoming for Mrs. Louise Parr Blakeman—Folder carrying brief history of "Dick" Parr, scout, Indian interpreter, and guide for General Phil Sheridan in his Indian campaigns on the western border. Dick Parr was at Fort Laramie in the 60's and 70's.

Clark, Edith K. O.—Complete Stenographic Record of the Conference on Education, Meeting of the National Council of State Superintendents and Commissioners of Education with the United States Office of Education, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, December 8 and 9, 1930.

Carpenter, J. Ross—"Whose Country Is This, Anyhow?" an address on Patriotism by Mr. Carpenter.

Newspapers

Van Metre, R., President of the Wyoming Tie & Timber Company. Du Noir, Fremont County, Wyoming, for Mr. Roy A. Bury, Ann Arbor, Michigan—"Rock Springs Exposure," Rock Springs, Wyoming Territory, November 10, 1876, two sheets size 15" by 18", hand printed with lead pencil on one side of each sheet. The paper carries three illustrations, some advertising and much political news.

Miscellaneous

Oregon Trail Memorial Association, Inc.—The New York Sun, March 22, 1930; Yale News, October 11, 1930, carrying accounts relating to Oregon Trail marking. Semi-annual Report of the Association, January to August, 1930; August to December, Completing 1930. Two addresses by Dr. Howard R. Driggs, President of the Oregon Trail Memorial Association. "Scouts Mark the Oregon Trail"—President Hoover commends Oregon Trail Marking by the Boy Scouts; "Marking the Old Oregon Trail and Its Allied Branches"—a National good turn by Boy Scout Troops. "The Covered Wagon Centennial" by Arthur Chapman.

Annals of Wyoming

VOL. 8

JANUARY, 1932

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CONTENTS

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CHAPTER 96

STATE HISTORICAL BOARD

Session Laws 1921

DUTIES OF HISTORIAN

Section 6. It shall be the duty of the State Historian :

(a) To collect books, maps, charts, documents, manuscripts, other papers and any obtainable material illustrative of the history of the State.

(b) To procure from pioneers narratives of any exploits, perils and adventures.

(c) To collect and compile data of the events which mark the progress of Wyoming from its earliest day to the present time, including the records of all of the Wyoming men and women, who served in the World War and the history of all war activities in the State.

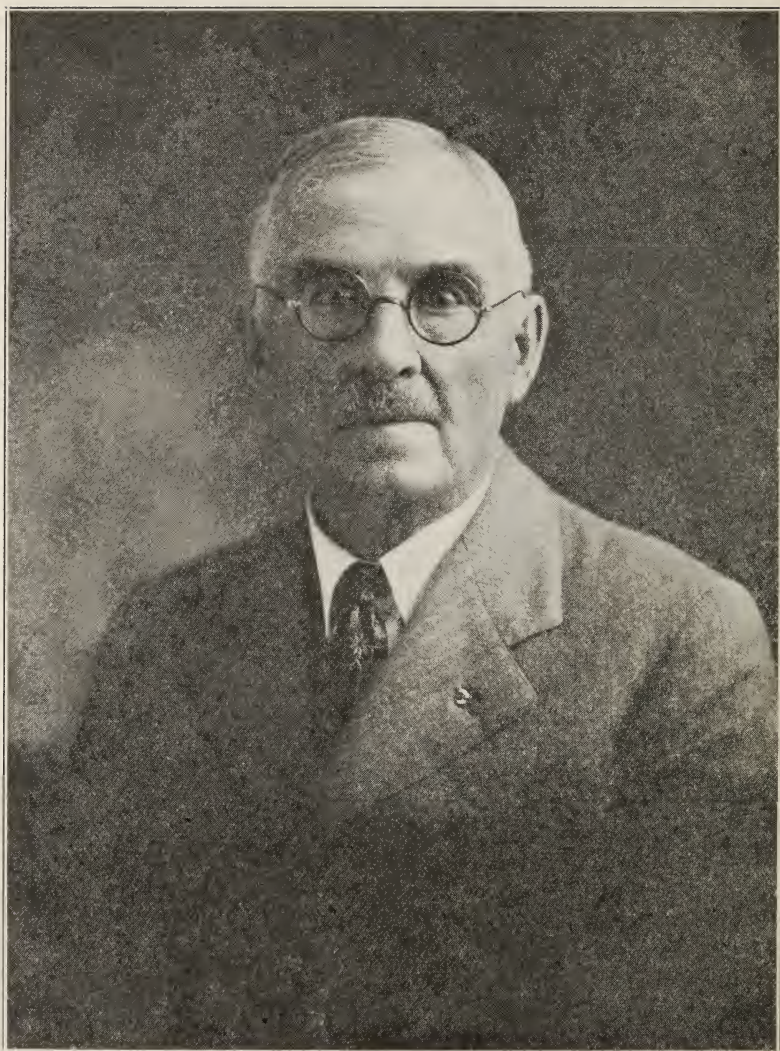
(d) To procure facts and statements relative to the history, progress and decay of the Indian tribes and other early inhabitants within the State.

(e) To collect by solicitation or purchase fossils, specimens, of ores and minerals, objects of curiosity connected with the history of the State and all such books, maps, writings, charts and other material as will tend to facilitate historical, scientific and antiquarian research.

(f) To file and carefully preserve in his office in the Capitol at Cheyenne, all of the historical data collected or obtained by him, so arranged and classified as to be not only available for the purpose of compiling and publishing a History of Wyoming, but also that it may be readily accessible for the purpose of disseminating such historical or biographical information as may be reasonably requested by the public. He shall also bind, catalogue and carefully preserve all unbound books, manuscripts, pamphlets, and especially newspaper files containing legal notices which may be donated to the State Historical Board.

(g) To prepare for publication a biennial report of the collections and other matters relating to the transaction of the Board as may be useful to the public.

(h) To travel from place to place, as the requirements of the work may dictate, and to take such steps, not inconsistent with the provisions of this Act, as may be required to obtain the data necessary to the carrying out of the purpose and objects herein set forth.



F. G. BURNETT

Born April 8, 1844. Resided in Wyoming since April 1, 1865.

Annals of Wyoming

VOL. 8

JANUARY, 1932

No. 3

HISTORY OF THE WESTERN DIVISION OF THE POWDER RIVER EXPEDITION

Under the Command of General Patrick E. Connor in 1865

By F. G. BURNETT

I was employed by A. C. Leighton who was the sutler for the expedition, our outfit consisted of thirteen four-mule teams loaded with merchandise. A general stock of goods, such as was carried by Post Traders in the West at that time. We left Omaha on the first day of March, 1865, under orders from General Patrick E. Connor to reach Fort Laramie not later than the first of April, as the expedition would start on that date. We forded the South Platte river at Adobe Town, about two miles west of Fort Kearney, Nebraska Territory. On the ninth day of March, Mr. Leighton finding that the teams were overloaded, purchased an additional four-mule team from William Thomas who with Mr. Marshall kept a general outfitting store at Adobe Town. We traveled up the south side of the South Platte river to Julesburg, where we forded the river, and followed the Overland trail up Pole Creek, and across the Pole Creek divide, and reached the North Platte river near Chimney Rock; thence along the south side of the North Platte river through Scott's Bluffs and Fort Mitchell, and arrived at Fort Laramie, Dakota Territory, just thirty days after leaving Omaha. Fort Laramie was garrisoned by a part of the Eleventh Ohio Volunteer Cavalry, under the command of Colonel William Baumer. The balance of the regiment being stationed along the Overland trail from Julesburg to Burnt Ranch on the Sweetwater river. There was one company stationed at the Platte Bridge which was located about two miles west of the present city of Casper, Wyoming. Others of the regiment were stationed in small detachments at different stage stations along the Overland trail. The different organizations which composed the Western Division of the expedition were the First Colorado, the Second California, the Eleventh Ohio, the Seventh Iowa Battery under Major Nicholas J. O'Brien. Ninety Pawnees under Major Frank North, and over one hundred Winnebago Indian scouts, whose chief was named Little Priest. These were all veteran Indian fighters, and were well equipped, and ready to march when we arrived at Fort Laramie

the first of April, 1865. General Connor was not at the fort when we arrived. He had been ordered east as was understood, to receive instructions in regard to the expedition. About this time there was a party of Indians who came to the fort with two white women prisoners, Mrs. Eubanks and Miss Laura Roper. They and a girl of fifteen had been captured on Brule Creek, near the present location of Hastings, Nebraska, the previous fall. The Indians massacred all the settlers, and members of a bull train that had camped there over night, except the three women, and one man a member of the bull train, after being wounded with several arrows fell in the tall grass and was overlooked. He was rescued by soldiers and taken to Fort Kearney and placed in the hospital where he recovered. Captain L. H. North who knew Thaddeus Stevens well says Stevens was wounded at Plum Creek in another emigrant train on or about the same day as Mrs. Eubanks and others were captured. Stevens took up residence at Columbus, Nebraska, where he resided until 1929. It is thought he is still living. Mrs. Eubanks on her arrival at Fort Laramie told of the unspeakable degradation and abuse that she and her two companions had undergone from their captors, Little Thunter, Two Face and Walks Under Ground, and so enraged the soldiers that they overwhelmed the guard, and roped the three Indians and were dragging them around the parade ground with the intention of hanging them. Colonel William Baumer induced them to return the Indians to the guard house, promising that he would wire General Connor as to what should be done with the three Indians. This is the order received by Colonel Baumer by the Overland Telegraph from General Connor: "At nine o'clock tomorrow hang Walks Under Ground, Little Thunder and Two Face with fifth chains. Fire a volley of fifteen pieces at them, and leave them hang until further orders."

I believe that the execution of these three Indians was the cause of the failure of the Powder River expedition, for from this time until the fifth of July, everything possible was done to obstruct Connor's movements, and to delay his start on the expedition.

Some time in May, the Eleventh and Sixteenth Kansas regiments under the command of Colonel Thomas Moonlight, and Lieutenant Colonel Preston B. Plumb arrived, and the expedition was ordered to move to the Platte Bridge. The camp was on Garden Creek four and one-fourth miles southwest of the present city of Casper. This camp is named Camp Dodge. The expedition remained in this camp for several weeks when it was ordered to return to Fort Laramie. The Kansas troops at this time being ordered to return to Fort Leavenworth to be mustered out of the service, they taking about fifty per cent of the

transportation which General Connor had assembled for the expedition.

We remained in camp at Fort Laramie for several days, and were then moved up the Laramie river some twenty miles to the mouth of Chugwater. This move was made to procure feed for the horses and mules, the grass having practically all been fed off in the vicinity of Fort Laramie. We remained in this camp until the fifth of July, 1865, every one having received notice that we would celebrate the Fourth of July in camp, and on the fifth of July we would start on the Powder River Expedition. The Fourth was celebrated by artillery and rifle practice, and in preparing to move on the fifth. The target for the artillery was a sand stone ledge on the west side of the river opposite our camp. I remember Major Nicholas J. O'Brien making a remarkable shot at a prominent monument that stood on top of the ledge. Several shots had been fired at it, but all had missed it, O'Brien knocked it down with his first shot. The next day the fifth of July, 1865, every teamster, citizen, as well as Government employees were ordered to load all the grain that they could possibly haul on their wagons. Leighton's train was the last one to leave camp, and as we pulled up to the great pile of forage, loading all that we could get on the wagons, there must have been at least two thousand sacks left for lack of transportation. We left by way of the Cottonwood route, and crossed the Overland trail at Horse Shoe Station, twenty-five miles west of Fort Laramie. We forded the North Platte river at Bridger's Crossing, which was also called the Mormon Crossing. This ford is near the present site of Orin Junction. We continued up the North Platte river to the mouth of Sage Creek where Fort Fetterman was afterward established. This was the Western Division of the Powder River Expedition, under direct command of General Connor, and it consisted of the First Colorado Cavalry, the Second California, Eleventh Ohio, Seventh Iowa Battery, ninety Pawnee scouts under Major Frank North, and over one hundred Winnebago Indians, whose chief was named Little Priest. Major James Bridger was chief guide and scout of the division, under him was Jack Stead, Nicholas and Antoine Janis, these two last being French half breeds, from Sioux mothers. From the time the expedition left the North Platte river there was no road, and all were under the guidance of that grand old scout Jim Bridger, who although not having traveled over this country for thirteen years, never failed to inform us of the approximate distance from one camp to the other, the contour of the country over which our route lay, the water, whether plentiful, good or bad, and range grass on which we depended for subsistence of our horses and mules. We traveled one day's drive up the Sage Creek valley, then one day to the Dry Cheyenne, then one day to Antelope or

Brown's Springs, then one day down the Dry Fork of Powder river to the Powder river, which we forded to the west side, and traveled southward up the valley approximately three-fourths of a mile to a low table land on the northeast point of which Fort Connor was constructed. The expedition camped about one-fourth of a mile above where the fort was built, and on the west side of the river. On visiting the site of the fort in September, 1928, with Major A. B. Ostrander and Mr. R. S. Ellison, I found that the channel of the river had changed, and that the valley where the expedition had camped had been eroded away, and that the river was flowing along the edge of the table land on which the fort was erected. We remained in this camp until the stockade was finished. After leaving the North Platte river our scouts were continually skirmishing with hostile Indians. Captain George Conrad's and Captain Albert Brown's companies of the Second California regiment, being the best mounted, and under the guidance of Jim Bridger, were kept continually on scout duty, and with the Pawnee scouts under Major Frank North brought in scalps and horses, that they captured day by day. I am positive that no hostile Indian who ever saw our outfit, succeeded in getting away, for frequently small bands rode into or near our camp thinking that we were Sioux or Cheyennes, but none of them escaped. The Winnebagos while scouting several miles northwest of Fort Connor during the construction of the stockade, were attacked by a large war party. Little Priest, their chief, during the skirmish became separated from his warriors and was found surrounded by a number of the enemy, he was on foot, his horse having been killed, he was fighting hand to hand with the bunch and giving good account of his prowess, when his warriors charged in and relieved him. He succeeded in getting away with two scalps of which he was very proud. A short time after this Major Frank North while scouting near the Crazy Woman's Fork of the Powder river with his Pawnees, ran into a war party, which they chased through the hills. The Major in the chase became separated from his men and ran into a bunch of hostiles, who killed his horse, and was doing his best to stand them off, when he had about given up hope, one of his Pawnees, Bob White, a sergeant and one of his scouts, came to him. Frank told Bob to hurry and bring some of the other scouts to his relief. Bob instead of obeying jumped off his horse and lay down beside Frank saying: "Me heap brave, me no run, you and me killen plenty Sioux, that better." They were having a warm time when found and relieved by some of his scouts. Two or three days later a Pawnee scout was running into camp yelling Sioux! Sioux! He reported that he had seen a war party come to the river from the east, ten or fifteen miles down the river, north of the fort. Captain North thinks this war party was the

same Indians who killed Caspar Collins a few days before at Platte Bridge as the many scalps found in their possession was mute evidence that they had successfully attacked and killed a number of soldiers and that the age of the scalps would tend to verify the time as being of the date of the Lieutenant's death. General Connor ordered Major North to go after them, in fact his scouts were going without orders as fast as they could catch their horses. A. C. Leighton who was an intimate friend of Major North received permission for himself and I to accompany them. Charlie Small, his lieutenant, being unwell. We left the fort about three P. M., and rode hard in our endeavor to overtake them, the Sioux, before darkness came, but it came too soon, and Major North called a halt and held a council with his scouts. He thought it best to go into camp, and wait until daylight, but the Pawnees persisted that it was best to follow on, as the Sioux thinking it was white soldiers who were following them, and that we would stop and wait for daylight, would travel a while after dark, and thinking themselves safe, and out of reach of us would camp and rest until dawn. We marched slowly on down the river for several hours and finally the scouts came in and reported that they had located the Sioux camped in the timber a few miles ahead of us. Major North ordered the Pawnees to surround them, and wait until early dawn before attacking them. They were surprised and fought manfully until the last one was killed. There were forty-two of them, and two of them were women, none of them escaped. They had evidently been raiding along the Overland trail as they had a number of white men's scalps, among them was one which we took to be from a light curly-haired girl, they also had a lot of clothing, both women's and men's. They also had a number of Ben Holliday's horses, they were a fine lot, all branded B. H. There was one Sioux that they had been hauling on a travois who had been shot through the leg, he would in all probability have died, as his leg was in bad condition, the bone being badly crushed. I do not remember how long the expedition remained in camp at Fort Connor, but I do remember that a short time before leaving two companies of the Eleventh Ohio regiment who had been on detached duty, arrived and brought the news of Lieutenant Casper Collins' death, he having been killed July 26, 1865, with a number of his men in a fight supposedly with Cheyennes near the Platte Bridge.

The stockade having been completed at Fort Connor, the expedition started on its march to Crazy Woman's Fork of the Powder river, and as we were leaving camp seven Indians rode into view southwest of the fort, they evidently had seen the smoke from our camp, and thinking it a camp of their own people. On seeing their mistake they made a hurried retreat. One

of the California companies was ordered to overtake them; I think it was Captain Brown's company. The Indians started across the divide towards Crazy Woman's Fork. There was a plain lodge pole trail leading across the divide which the expedition followed, we found all the seven Indians one after the other lying alongside of the trail, the first was a fat fellow, dressed in a sergeant's uniform, none of the seven succeeded in reaching the river, the distance between the rivers being approximately twenty-five miles. Such occurrences as this were frequent. The Pawnees had a white horse which they used as a decoy. They would take this horse out at night a short distance from the camp, and secrete themselves around it. All Indians pride themselves as being expert horse thieves. This characteristic and this white horse caused a number of gallant horse thieves to lose their top-knots during the expedition. The Pawnees never took prisoners, but manifested great pride in exhibiting scalps, horses, guns, bows and arrows, clothing or anything captured from an enemy.

After leaving Fort Connor we never remained in camp, but marched every day until we reached the Big Piney river. Here Fort Phil Kearney was established the next year, 1866. We rested two days, the feed being excellent, this being done to give the stock a chance to rest and gain strength. We marched from Crazy Woman's Fork to Clear Creek, and from Clear Creek to Rock Creek, and from Rock Creek to Big Piney. We crossed the Big Piney (losing one man who was drowned), and went over the divide to Peno Creek, and along the ridge between Peno and Prairie Dog creeks. This ridge is the location of the Fetterman massacre which occurred the following year, 1866. We followed down Peno Creek to its junction with Tongue river. On our next day's march, Jim Bridger informed us that we would cross a small spring stream which he said was poison, and cautioned us not to drink of it, nor to allow our stock to drink from it. About noon the next day while traveling down Tongue river, Major North and Major Bridger came in and reported that they had discovered an Indian village about thirteen miles south of us, on or near the river, and that they had also found Colonel James A. Sawyer's outfit surrounded by hostile Indians, and that they had been fighting for three days. We were ordered to stop and camp. Major North informed us that General Connor proposed to surround the village at night and attack the Indians at daylight the next morning. Mr. Leighton obtained permission for himself and I to accompany them. We left our camp after dark guided by Bridger, North and the Pawnees. I remember that there were two ambulances, the Seventh Iowa Battery under Major Nicholas J. O'Brien. Captain Conrad's and Captain Brown's companies of the Second California Volunteers and a part of the Eleventh Ohio. The Winnebagos and others were

left to guard camp. We traveled slowly, and cautiously up the valley and on reaching the vicinity of the village the troops were deployed so as to practically surround it, and at dawn the bugle sounded the charge. A. C. Leighton and I, with General Connor and his staff, General Connor leading the charge, and in the confusion we found ourselves out in front and between the fire of our own troops and the Indians. General Connor ordered us to lie down on our horses, and just as we did this a shot struck the bugler just below his cartridge belt, and the ball was afterwards located under the skin between his shoulders. This boy was between seventeen and eighteen years old. He was a member of the Second California Volunteers. I do not remember his name. He was known as Little Dick by his comrades. He was a brave little soldier, and refused to go to the ambulance under the doctor's care, making light of his wound. I remember that he was riding a small nervous cream-colored horse which caused him a great deal of trouble and pain. He carried dispatches back and forth over the field during the day, and at night, during our return to camp, thirteen miles down Tongue river, and refused to ride in the ambulance with others who were wounded. I remember another soldier who was shot in the mouth with an arrow. The point of the arrow penetrated the tongue and stuck in the jaw bone. The shaft of the arrow came loose from the point which could not be extracted until we arrived at our camp thirteen miles down the river. I do not remember how many of our men were killed and wounded. The Indians lost between sixty and seventy killed. All their lodges, buffalo robes, furs and provisions were burned. Twenty-five or thirty women captured, and a great herd of horses. I think there were over two thousand horses. Major Nicholas J. O'Brien killed a woman. It happened in this manner: There were a number of Indians in the brush along the creek who were firing at the men who were at work destroying the village. Major O'Brien was ordered to drive them out of the brush, and he and his men were skirmishing along the creek driving the warriors ahead of them, when two women came out of the brush, the old one with her left hand extended saying How! How! and approaching the Major. A. C. Leighton came up behind the two women and called to the Major to look out as the old one had a hatchet in her right hand behind her back. The warning came just in time to save the Major's life. The woman threw the hatchet just as Leighton called, and it grazed the Major's head. He had the pistol in his hand and shot before he thought. When he realized what he had done he was sorry and said: "Great God, boys, don't ever tell that I killed a squaw." We never did tell on him until he had passed away to the far land beyond, where he could apologize to the old lady for his discourtesy.

The day after the destruction of the Arapahoe village, General Connor ordered two companies of the Second California under Captain Conrad and Captain Brown to escort Colonel Sawyer's outfit until they crossed the Big Horn river. Jim Bridger was ordered to guide them. Bridger afterwards told me that they escorted them to Pryor Creek, where he instructed them to cross the Big Horn Mountains by way of Pryor's Gap, and from this on they were in the Crows' country, and out of danger from Sioux, Cheyennes and Arapahoes. The squaws and children that were captured in the Arapahoe village were given what horses they claimed as their own out of the captured herd, and were escorted by a company of the Eleventh Ohio regiment, on their return to their people. This was done to protect them from the Pawnees and Winnebagos who wished to kill them and take their scalps, saying that it was not right to let them go as they would produce more bad Indians. From this camp we followed down the valley of Tongue river by short drives, the range feed being very poor on account of the great herds of buffalo and elk. The valleys and hills being literally overrun with them. They afforded us an abundance of excellent meat, but it was difficult to find sufficient grass for our horses and mules, and as we were short of forage the horses and mules soon became thin and weak. General Connor to get in communication with other divisions of the expedition had scouted the country both east and west of the river thoroughly day after day. The Eleventh Ohio regiment was mounted on eastern horses, and their horses became practically useless after our grain was exhausted, and this necessitated the Californians and Pawnees to do all the scouting. When we were about sixty-five miles from Tongue river, Major North, Jim Bridger and the Pawnees located a large hostile Indian village north of us on a tributary of the Tongue river. About this time a company of the Second California, and the Pawnees under Major North, located the eastern and central divisions, which had become united on Powder river. They found them in bad condition. They had lost most of their horses and mules and were on foot and ragged, having abandoned many of their wagons and thrown their artillery in the river, and were marching south up the river to Fort Connor. I do not know what orders they received from General Connor, but it was generally understood that they go to Fort Laramie. Our division never overtook them. General Connor's plan was to attack the hostile Indian village, and destroy it as he had destroyed the Arapahoe village. He with North, Bridger and the Pawnees had counted the lodges in the village and estimated the number of warriors, in fact the Pawnees had kept in touch with the village, and reported every move that they had made for several days. The Eleventh Ohio regiment's horses were in such poor condition that

General Connor thought it best to let them rest for two or three days on good grass that they would gain strength to stand a good day's battle, and in the meantime keeping in touch with the scouts who were watching the village of the hostile Indians. All was in readiness to attack the village, when, the next morning when about dark two companies of the Sixth Michigan regiment came into camp with orders from headquarters for General Connor to cease hostilities and to return to Fort Laramie. Connor and all his officers and men were greatly disappointed. They realized that the expedition had been hampered from the first of April until the fifth of July, before they were allowed to start on the expedition, and I am convinced that this power or what it was or whoever it be, thought that he would be unable to move as they had taken most of his transportation for use of the Eleventh Kansas regiment which had been ordered back to Leavenworth, Kansas, to be mustered out of the service. We had been marched up to the Platte Bridge, and were camped on Garden Creek four miles southwest of the present city of Casper, then in June we were ordered back to Fort Laramie, and then ordered to move southwest up the Laramie river to the mouth of Chugwater. In the meantime General Connor had been ordered east several times for what cause none of his subordinates knew. He had just returned when we received orders to be ready to move on the fifth of July, and I am convinced that General Connor sneaked away from the higher ups who had been obstructing his movements and delaying him, as we marched to Fort Laramie and forded the North Platte river at Bridger's Crossing, which is also called the Mormon Crossing, and in this way succeeded in getting away from the obstructionists. General Connor was angry when he read the order to cease hostilities, and vowed that he would disobey it and attack the village the next morning, destroy it and suffer the consequences; but his officers pleaded with him not to disobey the order, warning him that he would be cashiered and dishonored if he disobeyed the order. What a pity, what a misfortune that he did not disobey it. If he had he would have ended the Sioux war, there would have been no Fetterman massacre, no Custer battle, no eleven years of Indian atrocities, thousands of lives would have been saved, and the settlement of the West would not have been retarded for years. Whoever, or whatever power it was who opposed him, continuing their nefarious work until they broke his heart, and finished their underhand work by destroying his records, so that the traitors who did the work could never be found.

They ruined the life of a fine brave officer, and defeated the finest organization of veteran Indian fighters that had ever been organized in the West, and caused our government to expend

millions of dollars, and was the cause of the death of many brave pioneer men and women and children.

I was with the Western Division of the Powder River Expedition from April 1st, 1865, until October of that year when it returned to Fort Laramie. I helped to construct Fort Phil Kearney in 1866, and am the only survivor of the Hay Field fight which occurred on the first day of August, 1867, about three miles north of Fort C. F. Smith. I remained in the country until 1868, when Forts C. F. Smith and Phil Kearney and Reno were ordered abandoned. Respectfully, F. G. BURNETT.

The following letters, or excerpts therefrom, received from F. G. Burnett during the writing and completion of his History of the Western Division of the Powder River Expedition under the command of General Patrick E. Connor in 1865, may be of value and interesting to students of the history of Indian warfare in the West:

Thermopolis, Wyoming, April 23, 1931.

Mr. Albert W. Johnson,

Marine-on-St. Croix, Minn.

Dear Friend and Bro.:

Your dear and much appreciated letter came to me at Cody on my 87th birthday. I received many letters of love and congratulation from my children and friends on that day, which afforded me much happiness and pride. One from our mutual friend, Mr. W. H. Jackson, and a lot of kodak pictures of old forts, monuments and trails taken in his travels through Wyoming and Montana last year.

I am in good health and am endeavoring in my poor way to write the History of the Western Division of the Powder River Expedition for you and Mrs. Beard. I have sixteen pages written. It conflicts with other stories of the expedition, markedly with Capt. Palmer's whom I am satisfied was not with the expedition. He makes it appear that he was the most important individual of the expedition, practically ignoring Jim Bridger, Frank North and others who did wonderful deeds of heroism day after day. I am writing the history truthfully as I remember it with the idea of vindicating General Connor and others who formed the Western Division of the Powder River Expedition in 1865.

Yours truly, F. G. BURNETT.

Also the letter accompanying the manuscript as follows:

Fort Washakie, Wyoming, May 5, 1931.

Mr. Albert W. Johnson,

Marine-on-St. Croix, Minn.

Dear Friend and Brother:

Enclosed I am handing you what I remember of the Western Division of the Powder River Expedition under command of General Connor in 1865 ————— After looking over it, if you

find it is worth correcting and typing, send a copy of it to Mrs. Beard and one to me. I have been careful to write nothing but the truth, as I remember what occurred from day to day.

Yours sincerely,

F. G. BURNETT.

Supplemental to the foregoing, on request for more detail, F. G. Burnett sends the following letter:

Harding Court, Rock Springs, Wyoming,
Care of A. F. C. Greene, June 17, 1931.

Mr. Albert W. Johnson,
Marine-on-St. Croix, Minn.

Dear Friend:

————— I have been thinking that in your last letter you wished to know the date of the Western Division of the Powder River Expedition's arrival on Powder river at the site of Fort Connor, afterwards called Fort Reno. As near as I can remember, counting the days march from our camp on the Laramie river at or near the junction of the Chugwater, it was not later than the 15th of July, 1865. I remember that after the stockade had been finished, and the garrison had moved inside two companies of the Eleventh Ohio regiment came into camp at night. The sentinel hearing them approach thought we were being attacked, fired his gun, the long wall was beat, and every one turned out, thinking we were being attacked by Indians. The men turned out without taking time to put on their boots, and as the ground was covered with cactus, the air was blue with oaths, when it was found to be a false alarm. These two companies had been on detached duty, and had not been with the expedition up to this time. I remember that they reported the fight at Platte Bridge in which Lieutenant Caspar Collins was killed.

The Arapahoe village was attacked and destroyed about the tenth or twelfth of August, 1865. I remember that on the sixteenth of August there was a hard hail and rain storm and a number of the men had discarded their boots for moccasins which they had captured in the village, consequently, the sutler sold all of the boots and shoes he had in stock that day.

With best wishes for you and your dear ones.

Your friend,

F. G. BURNETT.

That the originality of F. G. Burnett's manuscript might be saved and become a distinct contribution to the Annals, and the history of Wyoming, no changes or alterations have been made on the subject matter, so that what he has written has been faithfully preserved for historical reasons.

ALBERT W. JOHNSON.

GEORGE W. FOX DIARY

(Mr. Fox was an early day and prominent resident of Laramie; he was a member of the Constitutional Convention)

January 1, 1866—New Year found me at a Methodist Chapel, Davis Co., Iowa, attending worship. Came home to Uncle I. M. Brown's, had a cold and rough sleigh ride. Went 2 miles to take the sled home—slept 3 or 4 hours. This morning I went over to Uncle Saml. Orrs dined on roast turkey; met a couple gents of the neighborhood.

April 17, 1866—Weather fair; done no trade much, sold a drum. Raymond came over today. I notified him that I should quit his employ the end of the month. He offered me a position to clerk in a sutler store at \$125.00 per month or take an interest in the store at Fort Cassiday, 150 miles west of Ft. Laramie; supposed to start the institution in about 30 days.

April 19, 1866—I went over to Omaha this morning in the coach, came back with K's express, in the rain. Seen Mr. Kinney, he wanted to hire me at \$40 per month to go with Col. Sawyer's expedition from Sioux City to Virginia City, Montana. I promised to consider the matter.

May 5, 1866—I went over to Omaha again this forenoon. Came back on the Express, done nothing. Met Mr. Bernard this eve. He is going to Montana with ox teams, said I could go; think I will. Terms, I furnish my own provisions and pay for hauling them.

May 7, 1866—Raining. I had a good opportunity to start for Denver City this morning with Mr. Davis and another young gent. They go with a mule team. I telegraphed to Raymond to come over and settle so that I could go but I heard nothing of him.

May 15, 1866—It has been a very warm day. I dusted off the goods and had a dish of ice cream to wash down the dust. Got a dinner coat. Maj. Gen. Sherman was in town today. I had the distinguished honor of eating dinner at the same time and place with him, viz. Pacific house. Some of the boys got out an old brass cannon and barked a few times. Read an invitation to Mr. Morse's party. Mr. Eicher and I called on a couple of young ladies on the square and spent the eve.

May 28, 1866—Bernard put his teams in camp this morning. He and I went down a couple of times. Raymond came over this eve.

May 29, 1866—I bought a bu. of onions; tried my gun, didn't shoot right, bought a lot things for my outfit. Went down to camp this eve.

May 30, 1866—Raymond came over and settled with me this morning. Bernard went down and brought up the teams and we

loaded up the goods this eve. I went over to the ice cream saloon and met some young friends.

May 31, 1866—This morning we were busy getting ready. I called on Miss W——; she gave me her photo; also called on Miss L——. We pulled out this afternoon. One of the teams didn't go well, came very near upsetting; went down on the bottom near the river and camped 3 miles. Afterwards went back to town and then left it for good with some bread under my arm. Bound for "Montana."

Friday, June 1, 1866—Rained nearly all night. I laid under a wagon. The mosquitoes didn't let me sleep much. Today we spent in tinkering and fixing little matters. Our crowd consists of A. Bernard, the proprietor; Geo. W. Schlicht, Joseph Lewis, James Blacketon, F. Clause, Henry Rabe, drivers; John Wagner, cook, and myself. Bernard dismissed the Herder yesterday.

June 2, 1866—We yoked up this morn. My first experience in the biz. Pulled out at 8 o'clock. Crossed the river in good style, went up in Omaha and purchased a few fixtures; pulled out from there at 12:30; drove to Little Papillion, 5 miles from Omaha and 9 from Council Bluffs. I left Omaha on the mule but had to drive part of the way out, one of the drivers getting sick; my first experience in ox driving. Mr. Leroy and his driver, Patterson and 2 wagons are in our train; also Mr. Bowers with 12 wagons at camp. No wood, one stick 40c, size of post; good pasture and water.

June 3, 1866—I was wakened up to breakfast this morn. I bunk with Bernard. The boys brought in the cattle and yoked up; we left camp at 7:30, drove to Reed's Ranch 7 miles. Have good pasture and good spring water. Fine day, don't seem like the Sabbath. I stopped a few minutes at the ranch formerly owned by Messrs. Abbotts of my native town.

June 4, 1866—We left camp at 9:20; came through Elkhorn City, population about 40, also Bridgeport at the crossing of Elkhorn River, population about 30. We came to and stopped at Rawhide Bottoms. Just after getting in camp we had a heavy rain. Had a view of Platte river at a distance. Plenty of grass and water; distance today 13 miles.

June 5, 1866—It rained steady and part of the time hard until 6 o'clock p. m. We went to the house of Mr. Fuller and cooked our grub. Cooler, the mosquitoes nearly ate us up last night.

June 6, 1866—We left camp at 9:45. The roads were very muddy. Our mess wagon stuck once, had to double team, partly unload to get out. We came through Fremont, population 300. Came to the railroad and camped at the Dale house. Distance today 12 miles. Mr. Bernard's pony ran off this eve. He and I

went to town after it; could not hear of it, so we stopped at the hotel and stayed all night; a gay institution. I got supper.

June 7, 1866—I got up this morning at the tavern and walked out to camp $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles, there found the pony. Mr. Bernard came on and we yoked up and pulled out at 9 o'clock. We went to North Bend. We camped on the bank of the Platte. I took a wash in the river—the river is high. We crossed the railroad several times today, distance 14 miles.

June 8, 1866—We had a very heavy rain last night. I went on herd the latter part of the night and this morning. We pulled out at 9:40; came to Shell creek ranche and camped, 12 miles. Have spring water and good grass, camped at 5 o'clock. I wrote a letter to Sister Cal. and home this eve.

June 9, 1866—A beautiful day; we made a drive of 8 miles before breakfast; left camp at 4:30. Stopped at Russel's opposite Shinn's ferry. Started again at 1 and drove 6 miles and camped on the bank of the Platte. Have plenty of pasture and water. We pick up wood along the road to cook with. I put some fish lines in the Platte this eve.

June 10, 1866—This morning just as we were driving up the cattle there came up a heavy rain so we turned them back. It rained all day. We cooked and eat at the house of Mr. McPherson this eve. Mr. LeRoy's man got drunk and the cattle could not be found.

June 11, 1866—This morning the cattle were all right. Patterson left, started back with his carpetsack and Leroy coat. I went after him and got his coat. We hitched up; B trade for a couple of oxen, one of them was never before worked. We drove to Columbus and the Loup Fork; was too high to cross. There was a pontoon bridge across the main stream; I went on herd this eve. We saw some Pawnee Indians today. Columbus is a small place of about two or three hundred, well represented in saloons.

June 12, 1866—It was raining this morning; we concluded to cross the river. I took my gun and went up the river but didn't see any game. We pulled out at 10 and crossed the river by 1 o'clock; had to double teams and wade waist deep, had some trouble but got over safe. I rode over on the mule; came one mile.

June 13, 1866—We pulled out this morning at 5:35, went to Prairie Creek and camped; 13 miles. Got to camp at 1 o'clock. Have good water and pasture. We had some good roads and some very bad. A couple of teams stuck and we double teamed. The creek came to the wagon's bed. Fine day.

June 14, 1866—We left camp this morning at 5:30. Had the hardest day's drive yet; stalled several times, had to put as much as 17 yoke of oxen to the team to get through. Went about 6 miles and camped on the bank of the Platte. Silver Creek was

too high to ford so went through a back road which made us some bad road. Saw an Indian on his war horse. The Great Pacific R. R. is completed this far, 100 miles. They are pushing the work ahead one mile per day.

June 15, 1866—The cattle was not herded last night. This morning Bernard and I rode about 10 or 12 miles before finding them. The boys got things together and we started at 1:45, leaving Leroy with his two teams, one of them sticking in the mud. This was against my principles but I could do nothing. The boys were anxious to help him out but Bernard wasn't. Our traveling together is at an end. We came 10 miles and camped at 6:30 near a ranch on the Platte. We saw some 40 teams across the river on the south road going west.

June 16, 1866—This morning and eve I go on herd. Bernard's pony was gone again this morning. Rained some last night. We pulled out at 6:45, drove 14 miles and had good roads excepting one place where we doubled teams to go through the water. B went back and got the pony.

June 17, 1866—I drove the cattle in early, got breakfast and left camp at 5. Drove 8 miles and had an oyster dinner. Bernard settled with Geo. Schlicht, our chief driver. He has been dissatisfied for several days. We drove again this P. M. 7 miles and found a good camping place.

June 18, 1866—Bernard was on herd last night. He came in at 12 and sent out another man. We left camp at 5 and drove to the O. K. Store 6 miles. Stuck with the mess wagon. Started at 2 and drove to Wood River, 9 miles. Found good camping ground. Bernard hired another driver today, one that left C. Leroy Nathan Kimbal.

June 19, 1866—We left camp at 5, drove about 10 miles; camped on Wood River. Excellent water. Started again at 1:20 and drove 10 miles. Camped on Wood River. We had the best roads today I ever saw. Bernard had a fuss with another of his drivers this eve and discharged him. I rec'd a letter from C. Sheaffer.

June 20, 1866—We pulled out at 5:35 and drove to the river 5 miles above Fort Kearney, distance 18 miles; got to camp at 4 o'clock. Have good pasture and water. The roads were excellent. I saw some prairie dogs today, the first. There are camped here now 15 wagons besides our 5 making 20 which will leave this place together. Saw the flag at Fort Kearney at 12 o'clock. I drove a team of 4 yoke today voluntarily. B wants to hire another hand. The train has unanimously chosen Mr. Barton captain of the train, the same I took dinner with last Easter. He is a good man for the place.

June 21, 1866—We left camp at 6 o'clock. The emigrant part of the train left first, came near having a fuss about it; con-

cluded to start together afterwards, drove about 7 miles and stopped on the prairie without water. Stopped at 11 and started at 2 and drove to Elm Creek, where we got water by driving out the snakes and toads.—8 miles—15. I helped to kill 2 rattlesnakes today; one had 6 and the other 9 rattles. I saw some antelope at a distance this eve. Heard the wolves barking and howling.

June 22, 1866—We got ready to roll out at 6 o'clock, when one of the emigrant wagons was found to be broke—the sand board. They made a new one. While at work on that an antelope came close to corral. We fired half a dozen shots but none hit. Pulled out at 9 o'clock, drove about 6 miles, stopped to water at 11:20; had poor water in a slough and poor pasture. We started again at 1:30 and went to the river about 12 miles. There was some dissent about the gait of travel; our teams in front we went too slow for the emigrants. They tried to pass us but couldn't. I went off of the road after antelope but could not get close enough to shoot; seen 8 or 10 tonight. We have good pasture and water, no wood.

June 23, 1866—Bernard and I were on herd the latter part of last night. Pleasant night, cool and dry. The dissatisfaction between our trains and the emigrants were such that we dissolved. Bernard dictated too much to please the captain or the emigrants. We lay by and wait for a freight train and they go ahead. I would rather risk it alone. I went out after antelope but couldn't get close enough to shoot. Done some washing too; got out my clothes and aired them.

June 24, 1866—Today about noon a freight train of 25 wagons and 4 or 5 emigrants wagons came up, the men we expected to cross the plains with. Mr. Benjamine is one of the principal men; he has 8 wagons. Mr. Bowers has 12 wagons, part of them loaded with a quartz mill. Benjamin was chosen captain. I like the appearance of him and all the crew. We have now 34 wagons and 49 men, 12 women and 10 children and 80 head of cattle. This eve while after the cattle I saw a jack rabbit, fired 6 shots at it with a navy revolver and killed it with a vest pocket pistol.

June 25, 1866—We left camp this morning at 6:20. Our teams in front drove about 6 miles and stopped at 10 o'clock. I took the gun and went after antelope, started 2 young ones, killed one and shot at and missed the other. Carried the one to corral 2 or 3 miles. This was the hottest day of the season. I brought in the first game. Left corral at 2 and drove about 7 miles. A storm of wind and rain forced us to corral about 5 o'clock. Have good pasture and water in the Platte. We traveled in a few hundred yards of the river. Bernard hired another man, Mr. ———. Cool this eve. Came 15 miles.

June 26, 1866—Cool and pleasant. I was hunting antelope all day. Had the mule this forenoon. Could not do much with him. Benjamin killed 2 antelope, came in and to dinner. This P. M. I went a foot, wounded one, saw 3 wolves and not many antelope. Came in to camp at dusk. We started this morning at 6:15, drove until 12, about 10 miles; started again at 3, stopped at 4; 10 miles making 20. Have good pasture and water. No timber. I killed a large rattlesnake today.

June 27, 1866—Left camp at 6:40; drove over the sand bluffs that extend to the river about 10 miles; had some bad roads; stopped 11:30; started 4:10; stopped at 6. Benjamin's brother went a hunting and didn't come in at noon. He went to hunt him. The lost came in first this P. M. The roads are good; camped at good water and pasture, no wood. This eve while corraling, an antelope came in gunshot; he was fired at but not hit.

June 28, 1866—Left camp 6 o'clock. I took the gun and walked but didn't see any game. It took us some time to cross Skunk creek, 30 feet of mud and water. Camped after crossing, 10 o'clock. Started again at 3:30 and drove 7 miles; stopped at a good spring of water 7 o'clock, the first I have seen in the territory. The spring makes the Pawnee swamp extending down the river to Skunk Creek. We also have good pasture and no wood. Cottonwood was in sight on the opposite side of the river today.

June 29, 1866—Left camp 7:20; had some bad sandy roads for a couple of miles while passing the junction of the North and South Platte up the North Platte we have the best of roads. The ground is covered with alkali. Drove to the river 9 miles this P. M. drove 6 miles—15. Passed the grave of Mr. Manning killed by Indians in 1864. I carried the gun most all day but didn't see anything but a couple of sand hill cranes. We have no wood but use *tame buffalo chips*.

June 30, 1866—Left camp at 6, drove 10 miles, camped near the river at 12:15. I went after game; was about 2 miles off of the road; shot at and wounded a sand hill crane, 200 yds. Walked up within 12 feet of it and it got away. I came to corral tired. This morning we had some trouble crossing a small muddy creek. Some of the wagons stuck. Left corral at 3:15 and drove to North Bluff Fork, a clear stream 5 or 6 rods wide, 1 foot deep, bottom quick sand; some of the wagons stuck. We crossed the stream and camped in a storm of wind and rain at 4:45; no wood. Came since noon 2 miles—12. Killed a rattlesnake, 3 rattles.

Sunday, July 1, 1866—We yoked up and left camp at 6:40. Doubled teams and crossed the sandy bluffs that extend to the river opposite the lower point of bluffs between the North and South Platte. From the height of these bluffs we could see far

up and down the river, also the South Platte and trains on the opposite side. Went about 3 miles and camped at 10 o'clock. Laid by the rest of the day. I took a good sleep. Have good pasture, no wood and poor water. Some of the boys were back in the bluffs and found some dead Indians had died.

July 2, 1866—Left camp 6, in one mile we crossed a sand bluff, had to double teams $\frac{1}{2}$ mile, came 4 miles, stopped at 11:30, started at 3. I took the gun and went back in the bluffs a couple of miles but saw no sign of game; found a good spring as I started. The teams came to another sand bluff one mile or more across; had to double teams most of the way over; got across at sundown and went into corral, 6 miles—10 miles today. weather cool; camped on the Platte.

July 3, 1866—Left camp at 6 and stopped at 11:30. Had some sandy roads. Came 5 miles this P. M. We traveled from 3 to 6 and camped on Rattle Snake Creek. A good campground for water and grass. Came 7 miles—13. We had some excellent roads this afternoon. We camped near the river also. Tomorrow we lay by for independence day and rest.

July 4, 1866—Got up late; was wakened by the firing of guns in camp; helped to get breakfast then took the pony and gun and went to the bluffs after game. The air was hot. Mr. C. LeRoy was with us. He shot at a wolf. We both shot at and wounded an antelope; didn't get it. Seen several but couldn't get near them. Was out 6 or 7 miles. Found the head of the creek. There had been Indians there to water stock a few days before. Came to camp about 6 P. M. The first thing told us was one of the men was accidentally shot, Mr. Canovan of Flanagan's outfit. A lady handing him the pistol it went off, hit his hand and went into his side. They don't think he will live. Bernard gave an excellent 4th dinner to the proprietors of the train. Yet it ends in sorrow. I was thinking today how they are at work in the harvest field at home.

July 5, 1866—The wounded man seemed better today. The train lays still on his account. We done our washing today, had my hair cut off short. The air is oppressively hot, 114°. One of Mr. Murray's work cows turned back today. Two of his boys followed her but didn't catch her. They got back at 1 o'clock this night.

July 6, 1866—Left camp at 6 and stopped at 11:30. I took the gun and went over the bluffs; seen 4 antelope; came in to dinner. Left camp at 2 o'clock and stopped at 6:40 near Wolf creek. Came about 14 miles today. Weather cool; roads tolerable good but some places sandy.

July 7, 1866—Left camp at 5:40; got up to breakfast at 3, drove about 6 miles, camped near the river on a wet piece of land. Some of the wagons stuck while driving into corral. Alkali

is plenty; some of the cattle got some. We pulled over some steep sandy bluffs this morning $\frac{1}{2}$ mile, doubled teams. I went a hunting this morning, seen one antelope. This P. M. we drove 4 miles and camped $\frac{1}{2}$ mile from the river. Have good pasture.

July 8, 1866—We had breakfast at 3. I drove up the cattle; some of them strayed off a couple of miles. Started 5:15. We drove about 8 miles; good roads, crossed one very nice creek 30 feet wide, 1 deep. Stopped at 10:30. Bernard saw some Indians' ponies this morning while hunting cattle in the bluffs. Started at 1:45 and drove 9 mile; camped $\frac{1}{2}$ mile of the river; plenty of grass. I rode in the mess wagon; good roads, 17 miles.

July 9, 1866—Left camp at 5:30; drove 9 miles and camped at 10:30. Started at 2:15; passed some high bluffs. I went up on them, saw Chimney rock 46 miles distant to the west. Stopped at 6 o'clock near the river; have poor pasture. The cattle came near stampeding this eve; we headed them. I killed a large rattlesnake, 8 rattles. 8.

July 10, 1866—Left camp at 5:10 eve; came over Cobbs hills and past the ancient ruins or bluffs. I went up on them with my spyglass. The bluffs resemble old solid buildings crumbling down. They are part stone and clay and sand. In front of the principal one is a grand plaza or gradual slope down towards the river. They are about 60 to 80 feet high. A noise gives my echo around the walls. I left my cards there on a white stone. I could see chimney rock very plain, also bluffs beyond distance 50 miles. We stopped at the river. Came 9 miles; had very poor pasture; drove this eve from three to 6, about 6 miles—15. Bernard took up a Mormon cow that was left on the road. I went after some antelope this eve.

July 11, 1866—Left camp 5:20; drove about 9 miles. I rode in the mess wagon. Have poor pasture. We can pick up wood enough now along the river bank to cook with. This P. M. we started at 2:15 and drove until 7:01, 10 miles—19. We came to the road that runs from Laramie to Julesburg this afternoon. We saw a mule train on that road this P. M. of 50 wagons. The road is on the south side of the river. We passed the court house bluff this P. M. At a distance it resembles a large square building. It is on the south side; saw a ranche on the other side.

July 12, 1866—We left camp at 5:20. Passed Chimney rock. It consists of a pyramid shaped pile of earth and rock about 50 feet high and in the center is a rock resembling an old chimney about 40 feet higher. Today is extremely hot; the roads dusty and not very good. The land yesterday and today abounds in alkali. Bernard settled up with another of his hands this morning, Kimble. We stopped at 11; came 10 miles; laid by this P. M. Very hot, mercury 105. I wrote part of a letter to Clem Sheaffer. Had a little rain this eve.

July 13, 1866—We left camp at 6 and drove until 11:30, 10½ miles. The roads were excellent; had good pasture. The first Indian we have seen out here came to camp today at noon; could see their camp up the river; several Indians came to camp begging. We drove from 5 to 6—15, 2½ miles—13. Corraled in 1 mile of the Indians' camp; about 50 of them came down to camp; they have made a treaty June 28. They showed us their paper. They run a horse race with Leroy and beat him. One of them at noon had 2 antelope he killed; they have new shotguns and went to get sugar & c. They look tolerable clean; their salutation is how and shake hands.

July 14, 1866—I was on corral guard the latter part of last night. This morning the cattle were strayed off; I got 4; 1½ miles found 3, killing 2 snakes—5 miles. Left them while I went farther. Mr. Ferbar came down; we went 7 or 8 miles. Couldn't find. Coming back we met the Indians on the march; looked like 1000 horses and Indians. Their manner of packing was a novelty to me; saw them run down an antelope; one Indian got throwed. They told us they took the three home. Went back to corral. Mr. Leroy came in; he found one of his oxen butchered by the Indians in the bluffs. Started at 2 o'clock, 6 oxen out. The Indians brought in 2 and a gun they stole. One of the oxen wounded by shooting through the head. Gave them some bacon. They said they would bring in the other 3 live ones. Said papoose stole the gun and killed the ox. They had a white girl 7 years old. We went 8 miles and camped on spring creek at rock. Good road and pasture. Saw Laramie Peak this eve from camp.

July 15, 1866—We left camp at 6:20. Soon after starting there were about 15 Indians came up to settle for the missing cattle. The train stopped; they formed half of a circle and commenced smoking a pipe passing it from one to the other. They talked a good deal. I couldn't understand. *Spotted Tail*, a chief of the Brules had a signed treaty 28 (?) They said the Indians eat the cattle. They gave the captain a No. 1 buffalo robe and Leroy a pony for his ox and Ferber 2 ponies for his 3. They gave them for bringing these, 2 sides of meat and ½ sack of flour. The Indians were perhaps afraid of the government so soon after the treaty. We corraled at 10:20, started at 3:15 and stopped at 6, came 7 and 5—12. Camped on the bank of the river; good pasture and wood on the islands. One light wagon broke a wheel to pieces. Hot day. One of the chiefs today had a medal dated 1801 and another had one 1866.

July 16, 1866—We laid by to make a new wagon wheel and set 12 other tires. Mr. Bernard is sick with a pain in the back I am doing his work. We had some rain late this eve. The boys overhauled the mess wagon and reloaded.

July 17, 1866—We left camp at 5:20 and drove 11 miles. Weather cool and roads excellent. Stopped at 11:15; find good pasture, water in the river and plenty of wood. We passed 2 creeks on the south of the road. Came past a government barracks on the largest creek; they were out of use; had been used by soldiers. There were plenty of fish in the creek. Left camp at 2 and drove till 6; have not very good pasture. There is quite a grove of cottonwood close to camp and the river also. Had some good roads and some sand. From Omaha to Ft. Laramie 510 miles—522 by Campbell's guide.

July 18, 1866—This morning we left camp at 6 and drove 9 miles. Had some bad sand roads; camped 10:30, 6 miles of Ft. Laramie. Poor pasture. Cap. Benjamin, P. Canover, Flanigan and I went ahead to Fort Laramie. Passed a ranche kept by a man equal to an Indian; bought of him a buckskin. Crossed the Platte on a ferry which runs itself by the current. Laramie has no fortifications except a ditch. There are 30 or 40 houses, barracks, officers' quarters, warehouses, a blacksmith and suttler, etc., such as is seen at such posts. This post is well fixed. There are some Indians camped about here, loafers. Got one letter for Bernard. Wrote a couple of letters for him and also telegraphed. At camp 1:30 and lay by, have to drive 6 miles above—12; too far of afternoon drive. Saw an Indian buried in the air on poles.

July 19, 1866—I went to Ft. Laramie again this morning. The cook went along to get the horses shod. The ponies were gone this morning and the train got a late start and stopped late. Drove 10 miles and stopped 5 miles above Laramie. I saw the major commanding the post *VanVost* and the adjutant or provo marshal. They had to know the number of everything in the outfit of wagons, had to have 20 or 30 men well armed. Traded some with suttler. The major showed me some dispatches from N. York 17th and Europe. There is war in Europe. About noon the Indians had a brush. Utes and Sioux I guess; didn't amount to much. A sergeant came over to the train and inspected it. Our captain went over and got his pass.

July 20, 1866—We left camp at 4:20 before breakfast. Four miles we found good pasture on the river; then we left the river and went into the Black hills. Traveled 8 more miles—12. Stopped at 11 at a small spring and coming out of the bluffs, the highest bluffs. We watered most of the cattle in a bucket; had no pasture. Started again at three; went 4 miles; stopped at 4; had to go down a very steep and rough hill, then up a very long and steep hill. Had to double teams; corraled on top of the hill and drove the cattle down the ravine to the river 2 miles. I took the mule and stayed with the cattle. Seen sage brush today. We should have come 4 miles farther yesterday and drove through to the river stopping at the spring for lunch. I went on top of

the hill at noon, could see down the river to chimney rock. The hills are rightly named; look black dark stone. We saw our first pine this morning; there is pine and cedar on the hills.

July 21, 1866—I had no trouble last night on herd. Came in with the cattle this morning. We left camp at 8:20 and drove to the river at 10, 3 miles. Roads not as rough as yesterday; hills not large. There were some tire to set in the train. Left corral at 4:15 and drove until 7. Intended to make a dry camp but I found plenty of water at the foot of bluffs in a creek; come from rain and stood in holes. Have very good pasture.

July 22, 1866—Fine morning. We left camp at 6 and drove to alder clump, 10½ o'clock. Found a good spring of water; 9 miles. Had good roads, a little rolling. There were 6 graves near the spring. Left camp at 2:30 and stopped at 4 at a good cold spring and very good pasture but no wood. The water is the coldest I have seen on the trip. At noon Flanigan lost an ox; died. I left my name on the rock near where we camped last night, also on a bush on the top of the highest hill near the spring in the Black Hills.

July 23, 1866—This morning there were 12 horses gone. They got them in about 7 o'clock. The captain got dissatisfied and we came near having a bust-up in the organization of the train. Finally they quieted down and lay by for today. Mr. Ferber and I took a ride up the road 4 or 5 miles. While in Laramie the other day I saw men going into the Black Hills to prospect for gold. I understand that Phil Cameron was appointed assistant to the captain.

July 24, 1866—We left camp at 5:20. Crossed a small creek 4 miles. Drove to the river, distance 17 miles; had a good place to camp but no pasture much; camped at 2 o'clock. Had a good road today. I went on top of a sugar loaf peak on the road, had a good view of the surrounding country.

July 25, 1866—We left camp at 5:25 and drove 7 miles. Passed a ferry on the Platte. Bridgers, as usual, the proprietor, has some Indians around him. The road was good but some rolling this afternoon. We left camp at 1:25 and drove 11 miles. Stopped at 6. Good watering place in the river; no wood, but sagebrush; no pasture; roads good. We passed this eve some steep points and bluffs.

July 26, 1866—We left camp at 6 and drove 7 miles. Had sand most of the way. Passed over a steep hill, looked like iron ore, and camped on the river. Have a nice camping ground, wood, water and grass. Some of the boys caught two young eagles and I called the camp Eagle Camp; wrote the same on a tree in the corral. Some of the crew mended their wagons this p. m. I shot at mark with the captain this eve. There was a

dance in the corral this eve; the ladies took part. I drove a team for one of the boys.

July 27, 1866—We could have got an early start this morning but the cattle crossed the river while watering them. Some of the boys swam the river and drove them back. Left camp at 6 and drove until 11; 10 miles. Had the hilliest road yet, none very large. The roads were solid; we had to go a long distance to get a few miles. Just as we were yoking up this p. m. at 4 o'clock there were two men came ahead from the camp we left this morning for help. The Indians (6) dashed in there at 1:30 and stole 12 head of horses, leaving 4 wagons without team. Some of our men went back to see their train up with ours. We wait. They came up at dusk. Met W. McFadden from the C. Bluffs; they lost 8 horses and 4 mules; lost all except their cattle. They have 18 wagons and 32 men. The boys found stone coal here on the river bank. I drove.

July 28, 1866—We left camp at 5:35 and drove 8 miles. Left the river a few miles and camped at 9 o'clock near a sulphur spring on the left of the road. The other train followed and camped close by. This p. m. we left camp at 12:45 and drove 8 miles. Camped in a hollow; found water in pools, some grass and sagebrush for fuel. The other train corraled with us this eve.

July 29, 1866—Last night some of the cattle got sick, about 12 of them. They brought them into corral and gave them some whisky and fat meat. Supposed they ate some poisoned weeds. We left camp at 7. Four miles we found a little pond of water. We stopped, watered the cattle with pails. Drove all day, crossed the dividing ridge between the Platte and Missouri waters. I quit driving about noon. The roads were rolling but good. About 4 o'clock we came to where there had been a fight on the 24th, between a train and the Indians. Saw where they had been corraled; saw blood and 4 graves—W. H. Dearborn, H. R. Cambell, Wm. Bothwell, S. C. Carson. I suppose they were the train we dissolved with at Fort Kearney. This begins to make things look "skaly." We went into corral 2 miles beyond; found water at a spring in a dry creek, also wood; pasture scarce. Came today 20 miles. Camped at 6. Laramie Peak passed from view today.

July 30, 1866—We watered the cattle with pails this morning. Kept them in corral last night. Left camp at 8 and traveled until 2 o'clock p. m. Came 10 miles; had good road but hilly or rolling. Bernard tied behind a wagon belonging to a man that had his mules stole at Eagle Camp. We had a shower of rain about 5 o'clock. Found plenty of water in the hollow in a creek; a springs, good pasture. There is plenty of petrified wood on the prairies.

July 31, 1866—We left camp at 5:20. Kept the cattle in corral last night. Traveled 5 miles; camped at Wind creek; good pasture and muddy rain water. Crossed a high divide between two camps. This p. m. we started at 2. Five miles we passed a dry creek, water by digging, where there was brush and timber. There had been a train corraled on the side hill; I think in a fight. It was a good place for an ambush. Some of the train picked up a paper today saying they had been attacked on the 22d and 23d. On a buffalo skull "Look out for Indians." We came to another creek in 2 miles, water by digging, and camped 1 mile beyond on top of the ridge; dry camp; good pasture; 13 miles. Can see the table mountains to the right—mountains.

Wednesday, August 1, 1866—We left corral at 5, without water or pasture. Traveled until 3 p. m. steady. Made dry—creek, 20 miles. There we found wood, pasture and but very little water and that in stagnant pools. Tried to water the cattle in pails, some of them got some and some none. The roads were good but rolling. We had scouts on either side of the road. Saw some antelope and while coming over a hill with a party of men we came on 2 black-tailed deer. They shot and killed one buck, 3 prongs; had some of it for supper. We came in sight this morning of the Big Horn mountains, the tops being covered with snow. They looked like clouds. This p. m. I was appointed assistant to the captain. I go on guard tonight. We passed some points today covered with stone, round as cannon balls.

August 2, 1866—We left camp at 8 o'clock. The cattle had some grass and but few of them any water. One mile we went into the bed of dry creek and traveled down it. Went about 10 miles and camped to let the cattle rest and dig wells for water, got but little. Started again at 5:30 and drove until 9. I went out over the hills. About sunset I got in sight of Powder river and Ft. Reno. Went back to the train and came on with it. Came 7 miles—17 the road left dry creek about 3 miles back. The creek has high square banks, timber in the bed of the creek. Camped 1 mile of the river, the fort is on the opposite side. *We were the first train that has come through without being attacked by Indians.*

August 3, 1866—We pastured the cattle and crossed the river this p. m. Camped near the fort, which consists of posts set about 8 feet high and 8 inches through; enclosed about $\frac{1}{2}$ acre; soldiers quarters made of logs, covered with dirt. One company stationed here under Capt. Proctor. The sutler seems to be doing well. There was a government train came from the west this p. m. They report the Indians not very troublesome ahead. The men were badly scared this morn but feel in better

spirits this p. m. I wrote a letter to Mother this p. m. The mail starts east tomorrow. The train all goes under Cap Benjamin with Malden assistant. Had to leave the No. and names of all the men at the fort and also of wagons, guns, etc.

August 4, 1866—Rained last night. I run some bullets. Bought a pair of shoes. I helped to bring up the cattle and we left camp at 3:30. A missouri family had a drunken quarrel just as we were starting; drew revolvers, etc. We went to dry-creek 10 miles and camped at dark. Have poor pasture and no water. Powder river was so muddy it looked red and the cattle would hardly drink it. The stream was about 50 feet wide and 18 in. or 2 feet deep, sandy bottom.

August 5, 1866—We pastured the cattle before daylight. Left camp at 3:30 and traveled 16 miles. Had excellent road, not very rolling. Camped 1:30 on Crazy Woman's fork, a stream of water running over gravel, about as muddy as the Platte; 20 feet wide and 18 inches deep; no pasture. Here was where there had been a good deal of Indian troubles. We pulled out from here at 6 and drove until 8—4 miles—20. Camped on a high knoll for the night. Just as starting this eve the air was oppressive hot and in a minute it changed windy and so cold we had to put on thick coats. We pastured the cattle after dark; no water.

August 6, 1866—We left camp at 5:50. We passed through some rough country. Near the foot of the Big Horn mountains the road was not very bad. Saw where there had been a fight with the Indians a few days before. The snow on the mountains looks but a little ways off, the peaks are not covered but it lays in the ravines. We passed the junction with the Bozeman road. Stopped at 2 o'clock on a dry creek with a little water, enough for the cattle; good pasture. Came 14 miles. Left camp at 5:30 and stopped at sunset on clear creek—3 miles—17—40 feet wide, 1 foot deep, rocky, swift and clear as a spring; good pasture; comes out of the mountains a short distance from the road, also from the snow. Weather warm part of the day and cool part of the day—17 miles.

August 7, 1866—We left camp at 7:50. Crossed rock creek in two miles, and going on up the divide I had a good view of Smith lake. I went on down to the edge of the water. The water is clear and looks like it was not more than a couple of feet deep. Seen some wild geese and ducks. The lake is about three miles long and one wide, surrounded by bluffs, making a nice place. The whole of it can be seen from the top of the bluffs. The train camped about 2 o'clock 1 mile opposite the head of the lake near a little run of water. A picket from Fort Philip Kearney came down and told the captain where to camp. Came 12 miles. Two miles of the fort some of the men went

over, Bernard stayed. I think all that went got drunk. I saw my first buffalo this morning.

August 8, 1866—I was on guard last night. We left camp at 8. Pulled over to the fort; 2 miles mountainous road good. Crossed Little or 1st Piney fork, 1 foot deep and 2 wide. Stopped below the fort. I was up to the parade ground. They were mounting guard. They have a good band, 30 members. The music sounded well; something like civilization. Bernard gave me a buffalo robe, a very good one. A captain went down and saw the men and guns, and we were permitted to go on. Had to have 60 armed men. The fort is just building; the garrison is in tents; been established 6 weeks. Situated between 1st and 2nd Piney forks in a mountainous country. Water, timber and grass plenty. They tell us there is a good prospect of gold here. We left the fort at 11, crossed 2nd Piney fork, 50 feet wide, 2 feet deep, swift and rocky. We drove 8 miles—10 and camped on a little stream 2 feet wide, 4 in. deep. Had the most mountainous country we have come over. The road good, except hilly and sidling.

August 9, 1866—Left camp at 7 and drove 10 miles. Camped on a small stream, but very little water. I was on the high hills and saw some buffalo, also a train ahead. I went ahead at noon to the train, 4 miles, 200 wagons—several trains consolidated. I had quite an audience when I first came up. They had all had Indian troubles. Found out that my friend Barton was killed. Our train came up and camped where they left, 4 miles—14 miles. We traveled up the creek all the way nearly; could camp anyplace. *Reno creek*. The big train was 2 miles long.

August 10, 1866—We left camp at 7, crossed the divide and came up with the large train before they all got out of corral at Goose creek, branch of Tongue river, 60 feet wide, 2 feet deep, current swift and clear. We went behind their train. Sixteen miles more crossed another stream. Middle fork of Tongue river, 20 feet wide, 1 foot deep, clear and swift. I saw a front one of the men caught. Came most of the way from Goose creek up a ravine. Two miles farther we came to another creek, fork of Tongue river, 60 feet wide, 2 feet deep, clear and swift. Plenty good pasture all the way. One of Malden's wagons upset; didn't do much damage. Came 20 miles. Camped with the large train which made 5 corrals. The road was good but very rolling, two or three steep hills to go down. I saw some buffalo at a distance. Weather cloudy.

August 11, 1866—This morning we put the best foot forward to get in front of the other trains. One corral beat us. Left camp at 5, soon discovered buffalo, about 6 miles. The boys surrounded some and drove them towards the train, we after

them. Some on foot, some horseback, the horsemen could not run them. I shot at them, but too far. Out of about 20 these men 6 killed buffalo; very large. Got plenty of meat. It was exciting sport. They look like lions. We camped 11 miles. Very poor watering place, not much of it. Left camp again 3:30—4 miles. Crossed two little creeks near their junction, each 10 feet wide; good water and well dammed by beavers. I would call them beaver creeks. I went over the bluff for buffalo, shot at one with a spencer but missed 6 shots. Hit one long range. Afterwards took a Henry rifle, shot a buffalo bull, 130 yds. and killed it. Shot it the second time, the 1st shot cut out the tongue, let the rest lay. Came to another creek 50 feet wide, 2 feet deep in 4 and camped—8 miles—13 Little Horn or a branch of it.

August 12, 1866—We lay by today, got up late. Went out to where I killed the buffalo. Fine day. Some of the men set wagon tires and some went a fishing.

August 13, 1866—This morning we started at 5, without breakfast or pasture. I took my little rifle and went ahead and killed a big bull buffalo 1st shot. Hit the heart. Shot another and wounded him badly. Flanigan broke a wagon wheel and tongue. I took the buffalo tongue, liver and heart and a saddle blanket off of the shoulder. Drove to a small creek 10 miles, 15 feet wide and 1 deep. Sloughs, swamps and thick bushes along the creek. Could call it Brush creek. They fixed the wagons and we left there at 4 and drove to another mud creek 5 miles—15, 6 feet wide and 1 deep. The road has been good but a little sidling in places; bad crossing at the last creek.

August 14, 1866—Yoked up at 2 o'clock and got started at 4. Had quite a race for the road with another corral; we beat. Drove to a creek 8 feet wide, 18 in. deep, 9 miles. Ferber upset his wagon, didn't break anything. The road was long hills. I saw a spring on top of the hills. After dinner we left camp at 2:30. Had another race and beat them. Went over a high hill and down on the same creek and camped for the night—7 miles—at a small branch 4 feet wide and 4 in. deep. The roads today were bad. After starting this morning I had a view of the country for 50 or 60 miles.

August 15, 1866—We yoked up this morning at daybreak; some grumbling about getting up so early. Left camp at 5, just in time to get ahead of another train. Went to the Big Horn river; 3 miles of good road. Camped 6 miles below Fort C. F. Smith. Good pasture, water and wood. Cattle and men tired out. We stop for rest. Most of the men put in the time sleeping, some went a fishing, caught some fine fishes. The river is

6 to 10 rods wide, water muddy, current swift. Too deep to ford.

August 16, 1866—I went down the river to look for a ford. Failed in finding one. Came back and took a nap. This p. m. Bernard and I went up to the fort and ferry. The ferry is run by Mr. Layton. Five dollars per wagon and swim the stock. It is a rickety boat made out of hewed plank, leaks some and will hold one wagon. They run it with oars, the crossers doing the work. There is 150 wagons to cross before ours cross. The fort is just established, having a very good position on the second table land above the river and under the edge of the mountain. The garrison is in tents. Two comp. of the 18th reg. Lt. Col. Kinney commanding. They say there is good prospect for gold here and up the river. Bernard stayed with his friend the sutler, Layton. I came back to camp at sundown.

August 17, 1866—Last night we had a heavy rain. This morning I went down to the river with Blacketer to prospect for gold. We washed out a couple of panfuls of gravel and sand at the edge of the water and found an amount of colors, very fine but plain to be seen. The first I ever seen washed out. I picked out some specks of gold to save as specimens.

August 18, 1866—Foggy morning. Was on guard last night. Today is my birthday, 28. We left camp at 9 and pulled up to the ferry and past the fort 6 miles. We commenced crossing our teams at 3 and crossed 19 before dark. Swam part of the cattle.

August 19, 1866—They commenced crossing teams early this morning; also swam the stock. I herded the cattle until noon. Our cook John flew the ranks; nothing lost. I went down to the river and helped to cross some wagons. The quickest trip made was 10 minutes. About the time they were through a number of men were getting tight. Had the wagons all over at 2:30 and put in corral before night.

August 20, 1866—I got breakfast this morning. Left camp at 7. Drove 7 miles from the fort or ferry. Stopped at a running spring. Came up a long hill, when on top we could see the Wind River mountains to the west. The Big Horn mountains cease here. P. M. We found a creek in 2 miles, 4 feet wide, 4 in. deep. Four miles more found a spring below clump of standing rock, 14 rods to the right of road. We camped here. Drove the stock $\frac{1}{2}$ mile farther to a small running stream or spring. I went ahead hunting this p. m. but didn't see anything. P. M. We left camp at 2 and stopped at 5. Came today 13 miles.

August 21, 1866—Left camp at 6. Creek $\frac{1}{2}$ mile, 2 feet wide, 3 in. deep. In 2 mile more found another creek 4 feet wide and 4 in. deep. One mile more creek 2 feet wide, 4 in. deep.

One mile more creek, 3 feet wide and 4 in. deep, steep banks. One mile more another creek, 3 feet wide, 4 in. deep. We camped on this creek for noon and here we divided the train, Mr. Malden taking his old train and going ahead. We have now 34 wagons. P. M. We left camp at 4:45. In 1 mile we found another creek 4 feet wide and 4 in. deep. We camped after crossing. Came today 7 miles road and country mountainous.

August 22, 1866—We left camp at 6:15. Creek in one mile, 4 wide, 6 in. deep. About a mile more one of Flanigans wagons upset Malden's train, stampeded, broke 3 or 4 wagons, 5 or 8 oxen. Three miles from the creek we found another, 8 feet wide, 8 in. deep. Crossed the divide or Wind River mountains. Camped at the creek. P. M. Left camp at 3. Passed through Pryers Gap. A wagon track with Barren Bluffs on either side came to another creek 4 miles, 8 in. 4 deep. Saw some fresh Indian huts. Archy Murry and I started for the highest peak of the Wind River mts. Made the top just at sunset. In the valley it was sultry hot. Up there it was chilly cold. Was farther to the top than I expected. Could see the Rocky Mountains and a region of country for hundreds of miles around. Coming home we killed a large buffalo at the base of the mountains. Shot him after dark, 7 or 8 times. He showed fight, but we mastered him. Got to camp at 8:30. The mt. was $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles high. Came this p. m. 8 miles—12.

August 23, 1866—Left camp 6:35. Drove to 10:45; came 9 miles; good roads. Could see the Rocky Mountains from the road. Stopped on a creek 1 rod wide and 1 foot deep. P. M. Started at 4 and drove until 7. Came 4 miles. Stopped at beaver pond. I went ahead with W. Benjamin hunting. I shot and killed 6 fine buck antelope this p. m. Saw some buffalo. Benjamin broke a wagon tongue. Came today 13 miles. This afternoon we came up a ravine towards the divide east of Clark's fork; 1 mile beyond the pond there was the same rim or campground.

August 24, 1866—We left camp at 6:25. Crossed a run 1 mile, came up hill 3 miles. On the divide we had a splendid view of a mountainous country and 3 or 4 streams of water. Clarks Fork. Came down hill 6 miles, dry creek 10 miles more or 10 this morning. Water to the right; no pasture. We went on to Clarks Fork, 6 rods wide. The stream raises in the afternoon and falls at night. Fordable in the a. m. We came in at 1 p. m.; too high to cross. Came today 12 miles. W. Benjamin and a couple of more hunters killed 4 cinnamon bears, 1 old, 3 young. They took a light wagon back and got the three young ones. We all had bear meat, very good, tastes a little porkish.

From the divide the Yellowstone mountains were in plain sight, snow-capped.

August 25, 1866—Left camp and crossed the river (Clarks Fork). At 9 o'clock the creek was lowest then. It rises in the afternoon and falls in the forenoon. Crossed in good style and drove to Rock creek at 1 o'clock. Came 6 miles. Rock creek is fordable, clear and very swift; rocky; 4 rods wide, 2 feet deep. Plenty of good cottonwood timber on either side of the creek. P. M. Left camp at 4 and camped at 7. Came 4 miles. Crossed one tolerable bad hill. I acted wagonmaster today.

August 26, 1866—Left camp 6:15. Went up the creek, passed the junction with the north fork, crossed the north fork in 4 miles. Camped at 10 o'clock. Came 7 miles; some rocky road. P. M. Left camp 1:25. Crossed the creek again in 3 miles. Drove to where the road left the creek and corraled at 4:40. Came this p. m. 6 miles, today 13. Came up the creek 17 miles. I forgot today was Sunday and went a hunting; shot at and wounded a deer (buck). The north fork of Rock creek is about 2 rods wide, 1 foot deep.

August 27, 1866—Left camp at 6:35 and stopped at 11:30 at Elk Horn spring; bad roads. Came 8 miles. Archy Murry and I went a hunting and killed 2 antelope and wounded the third one. He wounded them both and I shot one, and he the other. I killed a young one and he the old one. Carried them part of the way in and some of the men came out on horseback and took them in. Afterwards shot at a deer and missed. P. M. We left camp at 3. Made the top of the big hill at Rosebud creek at 5 o'clock; 4 miles. The wagons all got down at dark. Took a new road down the creek $11\frac{1}{2}$ miles and camped. Came today 13 miles. Mr. Gum saw three Indians this morning where we camped last night. Malden's train. Lost one man yesterday. Sent him out on picket and never saw him afterwards.

August 28, 1866—Left corral 6:35. Two and one-half miles we crossed Little Rosebud, good roads; 4 rods wide, 3 feet deep. Went up the west bank of Rosebud 4 miles and corraled for noon 11:10. Came this forenoon 7 miles. There was plenty of trout caught in the creek at noon. P. M. Left camp at 3. Rained a little. Crossing of Rosebud, 3 miles, 6 rods wide, 3 feet deep; the water clear as crystal, cold as spring water. Drove 2 miles from the creek and camped on a little stream 2 feet wide, 6 in. deep. Came this p. m. 5 miles. Today 12. From the big hill down to the crossing near the junction of the creek 4 miles, from there the crossing of the Rosebud 7 miles.

August 29, 1866—Left camp 5:50. Started ahead with the gun. Didn't see anything. Caught up with another train. Got in sight of the Yellowstone river at 12:30. Made the top of

Big hill 1:30. Roads good, rolling, mostly down hill and some places loose rocks. Good road to make time on. Descended the big hill and camped on a little creek 10 feet wide, 6 in. deep, at the foot of hill near the Yellowstone. Came 17 miles; camped at 2:30.

August 30, 1866—We left corral at 7:45. About 4 miles up the river we came to good pasture and half of the train proposed to pull out and stop for the cattle to recruit. Bernard and Benjamin went on, also Mr. Hyde. One wagon and 3 men making a train of 14 wagons and 22 men. The balance corraled. We drove to a small creek 8 feet wide, 6 in. deep, and camped at 12; came 7 miles. Stormed a little most all day and got cooler this p. m. We left camp at 3, drove until 7, passed two corrals and camped at Sardine creek, 5 rods wide, swift and rocky; fordable. The boys saw where there had been a fight with Indians this forenoon and 4 men killed. We saw it snowing this afternoon on top of the mountains. Had good level roads in some places, some rocks.

August 31, 1866—Left camp at 5:30. Crossed the creek (Big Boulder), rough crossing. Very cold this forenoon; the boys put on overcoats. The mountain tops are covered with snow. We drove to a small creek 2 feet wide, 4 in. deep, and camped at 10 o'clock. Came 10 miles. P. M. We left camp at 1:25 and drove to the ferry owned by Boseman; not very good concern; runs with rope and pulleys. We passed another train this p. m., and there is about 40 wagons ahead of us at the ferry. Came 3 miles this p. m. Twenty-eight miles back to the big hill.

Saturday, September 1, 1866—We went up the river this forenoon to look for a ford, but failed. Blacketer and I went up the river 6 miles, saw 4 animals, didn't know what they were, ran like buffalo, looked like they were the size of sheep. Suppose they were young elk. Came back to camp and laid around loose. The wind blew too high to run the ferry this p. m. There is an old ford here but dangerous to cross.

September 2, 1866—We prepared to ford the river this morning. Put half the wagons across at a time; chained them together. Some chains broke both trips but we got across all safe and sound. The water came nearly to the beds; was swift. Forded up stream and $\frac{1}{4}$ mile across. I helped on mule back. The other portion of our old train came up and crossed the same time. We passed some of them in the river. Left the bank after getting dinner. At 5:30 came to a small creek $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles, 8 feet wide, 6 in. deep. Two and one-half miles more we came to a warm running spring 3 feet wide, 6 in. deep. Camped here at 7:30. Crossed the river between 9 a. m. and 3 p. m.

September 3, 1866—Rained all this forenoon. We left camp at 7:30. In crossing a small run, 1 mile, Isloam upset one of Bernard's wagons; broke a reach. We fixed it up; drove on all right. In about $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour drove across a range of bluffs and camped on the river bank at 12:20; came 8 miles. Most of the boys fished the balance of the day.

September 4, 1866—There was plenty of frost this morning. We left camp at 5:10. One and one-half miles to the foot of big hill. We pulled up without much trouble. Doubled in one place some teams. Drove a cross a range of bluffs and down a large hill to 25 Yard creek and the river; $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles. Moved three miles more, creek 4 feet wide, 3 in. deep and camped for noon—8 miles. Afternoon left camp 1:30. Creek 4 miles, 6 ft. wide, 6 in. deep. We then left the river towards the north and for Gallitan valley. Mountains all around us. I saw 3 teams hauling lumber for flatboats this p. m. Came to another creek, 4 miles, 4 feet wide, 6 in. deep, and camped. Came 8 miles—16 miles. After coming up big hill this morning the roads forked; we took Jacobs, the left-hand one, the right was Bosemans.

September 5, 1866—Left camp 7:35. Wal Benjamin went up on the mountain slope to hunt; seen several antelope. I wounded one, missed one and killed one young buck. We swung it on a pole and carried it to noon camp, most all up hill, 5 or 6 miles. Train camped at 10:50. Came 6 miles. Crossed good many gullies. P. M. Left camp at 2:10. Crossed a large hill; creek 8 feet wide, 8 in. deep; 4 miles; water runs to the Gallitan. Crossed the summit at 6 and had good view of Gallitan valley. Saw some trains ahead. Went on to the top of another hill and camped at 7 on top of it. Came this p. m. 8 miles, today 14. Saw several men today teaming and traveling.

September 6, 1866—Left camp at 8; came mostly down hill. Came to a ranche or farm in 3 miles. Can see several houses; looks like civilization. They are cutting wheat. Saw a reaper running and men stacking wheat. Came to Bridger creek, 2 rods wide, 1 foot deep, in 1 mile more and Boseman town in 3 miles more on the East Gallitan, 2 rods wide, 1 foot deep. The town consists of about 1 doz. cabins, a couple of stores (small ones), blacksmith shop, a grist mill. A short distance they irrigate the land. I saw Boseman, the man that laid out one of the roads; don't like his looks. P. M. Left camp 2:20. Drove to Middle creek, 2 rods wide, 10 in. deep—6 miles. Here some of the emigrants that came over the plains with us settled down.

September 7, 1866—Left camp at 8. Crossed West Gallitan 2 miles, 6 rods wide, 2 feet deep; fordable. There is some good farming on this stream. We bought half bushel of new potatoes, 10 cents per pound. Greenbacks 85 cents on the dollar. One lb. butter \$1.25. Bernard, Benjamin and Bamer went ahead to Virginia. I have charge of the train. We drove to a spring, head of a creek, and camped at 1:45. Came 11 miles. P. M. Left camp at 4 and drove to a small creek 2 feet wide, 6 in. deep—5 miles. Camped at sunset.

September 8, 1866—Left camp at 6:30. Drove to Madison river, 6 miles; ranche there. The river is 12 rods wide, 2 feet deep. Crossed; splendid stream. Traveled up the river 3 miles more and camped for noon at 11—9 miles. P. M. Left camp at 2:10. Had one mile rough road. Left the river, drove up 8 mile more and camped on Hot Spring creek. Came today 18 miles. Saw a quartz lode today staked off; the first.

September 10, 1866—Left camp 7:45. Benjamin returned to the train from V city this morning. Had level road. Drove to a small creek 6 feet wide, 1 foot deep, camped for noon. Came 9 mile; had poor pastures. P. M. Left camp 3:45 and drove to the 8 mile house at the foot of big hill. Poor pasture; water in a run. Came 4 miles, making 13 today. We met this p. m. one or two hundred men starting back to the states. They give a poor report of this country. They go to the Yellowstone and go down in boats. I go on guard the fore part of tonight.

September 11, 1866—Left camp 6:45. Drove over the big hill; doubled in one place; had a rough hill down in one place. Arrived at Virginia City at 11 o'clock. Not much business at the place; looks dull. We took the teams in town, met Bernard, unloaded the wagons at grocery and commission house. I helped to open goods this afternoon. Tonight I sleep in the store.

September 12, 1866—Helped to open goods today. Got breakfast at the store, saloon. Opened most of the goods. Got supper at the planters house. Had my picture taken in my dirt. Got two letters today, one from Col and one from Hattie.

(This diary is continued through to the end of that year, but from September 12 on it is Montana history. There is also an expense account, giving his expenses from January 22, 1866.)

Sharp Nose visited the school the other day and he said it was now 20 years since he first asked for a school house. He said he always helps the Agent and Superintendent. He has, he said, always been a friend with the whites since his visit to Washington in 1881.—(The Indian Guide, Vol. 2, No. 6, Shoshone Agency, Wyoming, November 1897.)

ACCESSIONS

October, 1931—January, 1932

Museum

Burnett, Edward—Picture of Bozeman Trail marker near Buffalo, Wyoming.

Williams, A. R.—Twelve photographs: seven of old Fort Laramie, three of Custer Battlefield Cemetery, two of Guernsey Cliff.

Corbridge, W. J.—One Oregon Trail Historical set of twelve pictures.

Lovejoy, Fred—Ox shoe found by Mr. Lovejoy near South Pass, Wyoming.

Ashby, Mrs. William H.—Group photograph of Roy Robinson, Shockey Hall, Newt Albott, Bartlett Richards, William H. Ashby, John Harris, taken in 1882. Newspaper clipping, giving history of picture, attached.

Vorhees, Mrs. Luke—Picture of the first meeting of Wyoming State Pioneers held at the State Fair, Douglas, Wyoming, September 12, 1912. All members of this group came to Wyoming prior to 1890. Names of pioneers listed.

Henderson, Paul C.—Two calendars, 1909 and 1912, kept at the Hunton Ranch. Dated for the years 1878 thru 1888 used at Fort Laramie. Whiskey case found in the attic of the old post office building at old Fort Laramie. Stirrup and bullets found at old Fort Laramie.

Carlisle, Wm. L.—Printing press dated 1873 used by convicts serving time in the State Penitentiary. Secured thru the efforts of Mr. Rosecoe Alcorn.

Masters, J. G.—Three kodak pictures taken by Mr. Masters on August 26, 1931: (1) Oregon Trail Crossing at Deer Creek, Wyoming; (2) Graves a mile west of Burnt Ranch, Wyoming (on second bench 100 yards south of Sweetwater). These graves were discovered in 1930. Left grave, 1844; right, 1845; (3) Headstone of North grave—one mile west of Burnt Ranch, Wyoming.

Stevenson, S. P., Jr.—Box of matches carrying the stamp of the Tivoli Mercantile Co., Cheyenne, Wyoming, Carl Muelrausen, Mgr. One of the earliest electric light switches which were used. Taken from the Supreme Court room in the State Capitol Building, November 6, 1931.

Haas, Miss Minnie—Steatite bowl found by W. G. Haas about 20 years ago in the Wind River mountains. These bowls were made by the Northern Shoshone Indians.

Warn, Jack—One steel helmet used in World War.

Burnett, F. G.—Photograph of himself.

Original Manuscripts

Wilson, Col. R. H.—“Stage Ride in 1896 from Rawlins to Agency School.” This was the Wind River Boarding School at Shoshone Agency, Fremont County.

Burnett, F. G.—“The History of the Western Division of the Powder River Expedition under the command of General Connor in 1865.”

Durham, Mrs. H. B.—“State Historical Department and Museum.”

Documents

Barry, J. Neilson—"General B. L. E. Bonneville, U. S. A." This manuscript includes annotated copy of General Bonneville's original report. Brig. General B. L. E. Bonneville U. S. A. from Army and Navy Journal, 1878. This is a photostat from Library of Congress and procured by J. Neilson Barry of Portland, Oregon, who is a member of the Executive Board and Secretary of The Trail Seekers Council. Extracts of Letters of Washington Irving compiled by Mr. Barry.

Governor's Office—Diploma for silver medal awarded State of Wyoming for collection of Wyoming woods consisting of 22 varieties at the Lewis and Clark Centennial, 1905 and American Pacific Exposition and Oriental Fair, Portland, Oregon.

Henderson, Paul C.—Ten old account books and large collection of documents consisting of letters, bills of merchandise, cancelled checks, from old Fort Laramie.

Meehling, J. S., Chairman of Natrona County Chapter American Red Cross, Casper, Wyoming.—Records of 4th Liberty Loan Subscription for Natrona County, Wyoming. Kept by L. F. McMahon, of Guaranty Registry Corp., Casper, Wyoming. Letters written by J. Davis of Lost Cabin, Wyoming, dated February 7, 1919; Burlington Railroad, Casper, Wyoming, November 7, 1918, list of Liberty Loan Subscribers for Burlington employees; Lucy R. Taliaferro, State Chairman, Woman's Liberty Loan Committee, Rock Springs, November 2, 1918; Mrs. R. A. Clark, October 30, 1918, Casper, Wyoming; Mrs. George W. Fuller, Chairman Woman's Committee Federal Reserve Dist., Kansas City, Missouri, October 28, 1918.

Carter, Hon. Vincent—"History of the Three Vessels of the Navy that Used the Name U. S. S. Wyoming."

Haas, Miss Minnie—Letter written to Herman Haas, Cheyenne, Wyoming Territory, September 22, 1869, by Edward M. Lee, Secretary of the Territory. Two certificates of election issued to Mr. Herman Haas (1) dated October 1 1873, Cheyenne, signed by J. A. Campbell, Governor of Wyoming Territory; (2) dated October 2, 1877, Cheyenne, signed by John M. Thayer, Governor of Wyoming Territory.

Chapman, Mark A.—Photostat of the first Telephone Directory of Cheyenne 1883; and of Weather Statistics from 1871 to 1882 inclusive, compiled at the Signal Service Office, Cheyenne.

Books

The McCormick Family—"Cyrus Hall McCormick" by William T. Hutchinson, Assistant Professor of History, The University of Chicago.

University of Michigan—"The Youth of Erasmus" by Huma; "Royal Forests Sheriffs and Smuggling" by Cross; "The Senate and Treaties, 1789-1817" by Hayden; "The Color Line in Ohio" by Quillin.

David, Robert B.—Author's copy of "Malcolm Campbell, Sheriff" written by Mr. David.

Pamphlets

Burnett, Edward—"Live Stock Markets" containing Mr. Burnett's story, "The Buffalo and Early Buffalo Hunters."

Henderson, Paul C.—Six copies "Mines and Minerals Journals;" five "Monthly Weather Reviews;" one copy "Annual Reports of the President and Treasurer of Harvard College, 1890-91."

Henderson, Kenneth A.—"In the Tetons" by Mr. Henderson, article reprinted from "The Canadian Alpine Journal, 1930."

Fryxell, F. M.—"The Green Tree" by Dr. Fryxell.

Magazines

Carroll, Major C. G.—“The American Legion Monthly,” December, 1931—a history number.

Newspapers

Henderson, Paul C.—Guernsey Gazette, July 28, 1905, October 13, 1905, April 12, 1912; Wheatland World, September 29, 1905; Bill Barlow's Budget, August 14, 1907. These papers belonged to John Hunton and were found at old Fort Laramie.

“Bill” Hooker Collection

Books: “Indian Creek Massacre 1882.” “The Lady Elgin Disaster, 1860,” autographed by the author Charles M. Scanlan. “Malcolm Campbell, Sheriff,” by R. B. David. Pamphlet: “Report of the American Bison Society,” 1927-1930, inc. Photographs: Mr. Hooker in the office of the Milwaukee Journal, 1929; 2 recent pictures of Mr. Hooker; Picture from a painting of W. H. Jackson, artist and photographer—discovered Jackson Canyon in the 60's, explored Box Elder Canyon with a government party in 1870. I followed him there in 1874 to cut cordwood for the commissary at Fort Fetterman and helped haul it to the fort as a bullwhacker for John Hunton. Harry Young was in one crew. He shot and killed an Indian. They were always taking pot shots at us. Mr. Jackson took the first photographs in Yellowstone Park and they are owned by the U. S. Government. (Bill Hooker) Kodak views of Diltz ranch from Bill Hooker's cabin site on LaBonte Creek; scene near his cabin, July 1930; 4 pictures of the Covered Wagon Centennial at Independence Rock, July 3, 4, 5, 1930; picture of D. W. Greenburg in 1930; picture Frontier, Cheyenne; Teapot Rock, 2 views of business district in Casper; picture from “the viaduct to my farm in Wisconsin”; one “of a corner of my ranch.” Photostatic copy of page in an account book kept by John Hunton in 1874-5. This page contains the date—I remembered the provisions we picked up at Hunton's on the Chugwater (May 1874) especially the dried apples. I was a bullwhacker in the Hunton outfit, Nath (Nathan) Williams was Hunton's wagon boss. There are other historical names and items on this picture. “The last heard of Nath Williams he was living at Hot Springs, S. D. I failed to find him in 1921. Mr. Hunton wanted an affidavit from him relating to the running off of 30 head of our bulls (oxen) so he could collect on a claim made to the government. The oxen were stampeded while being herded on LaPrele Creek, a few miles south of old Fort Fetterman, and not far from Natural Bridge, which was then in a very wild part of Wyoming. We of the Hunton crew visited the bridge frequently against the advice of Mr. Hunton who knew, as we did, that the “bridge” was a favorite spot for Sioux hunting parties.

(Signed) Bill Hooker, Dec. 11, 1931.

In explanation of the account sheet Mr. Hooker gives the following:

“(1) It will be noted that buckskin pants had two prices. Probably one pair were fringed and of extra quality.

“(2) Sam Young was also called Harry: (Author of ‘Hard-Knocks.’

“(3) We picked up these provisions at Hunton's fortified cabin on the Chugwater, en route to Fort Fetterman.

“(4) The ‘order to Hall’ items means that I owed Hall \$35 lost to him in a ‘shut-mouth’ poker game.

“(5) George Powell owned a bull train.”

Annals of Wyoming

Vol. 9

JULY, 1932

No. 1

CONTENTS

Sketch of the Life of Dick Parr.....	By Louise L. Parr
A Pioneer Bride.....	By Harriet Knight Orr
Medicine Bow, Wyoming.....	By Mrs. Chas. Ellis
Cope, Master Naturalist.....	Reviewed by William Harper Davis
Wyoming's Marvels	
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CHAPTER 96

STATE HISTORICAL BOARD

Session Laws 1921

DUTIES OF HISTORIAN

Section 6. It shall be the duty of the State Historian:

(a) To collect books, maps, charts, documents, manuscripts, other papers and any obtainable material illustrative of the history of the State.

(b) To procure from pioneers narratives of any exploits, perils and adventures.

(c) To collect and compile data of the events which mark the progress of Wyoming from its earliest day to the present time, including the records of all of the Wyoming men and women, who served in the World War and the history of all war activities in the State.

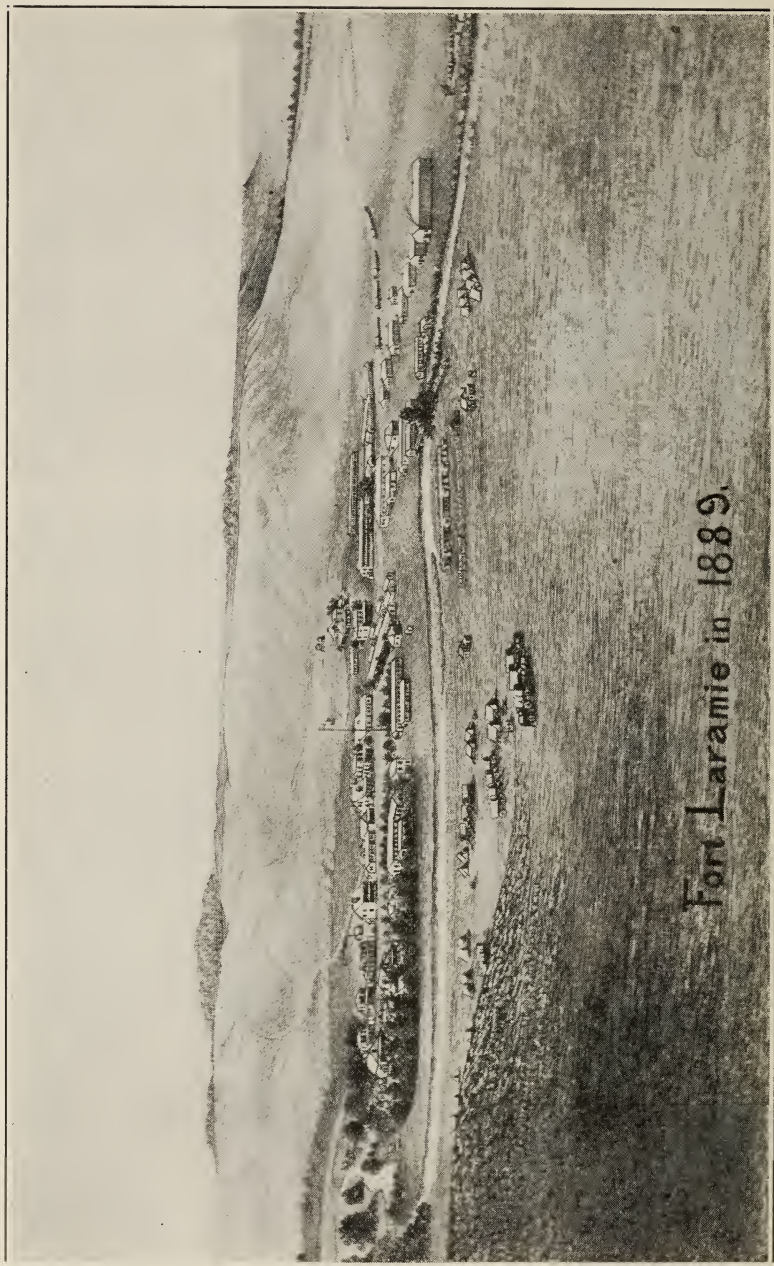
(d) To procure facts and statements relative to the history, progress and decay of the Indian tribes and other early inhabitants within the State.

(e) To collect by solicitation or purchase fossils, specimens, of ores and minerals, objects of curiosity connected with the history of the State and all such books, maps, writings, charts and other material as will tend to facilitate historical, scientific and antiquarian research.

(f) To file and carefully preserve in his office in the Capitol at Cheyenne, all of the historical data collected or obtained by him, so arranged and classified as to be not only available for the purpose of compiling and publishing a History of Wyoming, but also that it may be readily accessible for the purpose of disseminating such historical or biographical information as may be reasonably requested by the public. He shall also bind, catalogue and carefully preserve all unbound books, manuscripts, pamphlets, and especially newspaper files containing legal notices which may be donated to the State Historical Board.

(g) To prepare for publication a biennial report of the collections and other matters relating to the transaction of the Board as may be useful to the public.

(h) To travel from place to place, as the requirements of the work may dictate, and to take such steps, not inconsistent with the provisions of this Act, as may be required to obtain the data necessary to the carrying out of the purpose and objects herein set forth.



Fort Laramie in 1889.

Original Drawing by Houghton in Wyoming State Historical Department

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SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF DICK PARR

By LOUISE L. PARR (His Wife)

* Of the many noted frontiersmen whose heroic names brighten the pages of our country's border history, none can claim so unique a place within its annals of written biographies as does the life of the renowned hero of the plains—Dick Parr. In keeping with the established fact that nearly all our sturdy frontier characters are natives of the west we find that Cephas (Dick) Parr was born in the town of Alton, Madison County, Illinois, (English Descent) on March 16th, 1843. His father an English clergyman, came to this country early in the thirties, and by his zealous labors became noted among pioneer preachers of the day. He died in the year 1850 while serving in his pastorate at Keokuk, Iowa. The clergyman's widow then removed with her family to the city of St. Louis, Mo., selecting a residence on fourth St. near the dwelling of Gen. Wm. Harney, the celebrated Indian fighter of two generations ago. Neighborly intercourse subsequently ensued, and young Dick Parr became the school playmate of Gen. Harney's youthful sons, Albert and John.

Up to the age of twelve years, which period of his young life marked the opening of his strangely eventful career, he was afflicted with extremely delicate health. Because of her son's frail condition and fast-waning strength, the widowed mother embraced General Harney's kind offer to take her boy with him on his extended trip to California, whither he had received orders to move his command.

It was in the early part of the month of April, 1855, that the illustrious commander, accompanied by his staff officers, and young protege, entered the awaiting ambulance and was driven rapidly in the direction of Jefferson Barracks. A military garrison situated four and one half miles below St. Louis in a settlement known at that time as Wheat Brush—Everything being in readiness Gen. Harney, with his command, immediately took passage on a Missouri river steamer for Fort Leavenworth, Kans. The seven days sailing trip up old Missouri gave interesting pleasure and marked physical benefit to a frail boy over whom the Gen. exercised a father's care. Dick was made to share the same state room, a small cot having been ordered to be placed up against the General's Berth for the occupancy of his

ward. Arriving at Fort Leavenworth preparations were immediately instituted so as to be in readiness on receipt of orders to take up the long march across the Plains to California. "Where are all the wild Indians, General?" asked Dick during the second day of their stay at the Fort. "I was sure we'd get a sight of them out in this far country." "Well, well, my young man *or adventurer*, you have made plain to me my long neglected path of duty," returned the General, with a hearty laugh "And we shall be off early tomorrow morning in search of the noble red man!" Little did this innocent boy dream of the measure of fulfillment of his wish regarding the red men which destiny had in store through the future years of his life.

Breakfast over the following morning, the orderly brought around the horses for Gen. Harney, his aide and *Dick* to mount for their proposed ride, when they quickly set out for what is at the present time Leavenworth City, then a wild tract of country that boasted of only one habitation—the Indian Agency—which occupied two log-houses connected by a roofed passageway. All expectancy the youngest member of the visiting party accompanied the officers into the rude frontier store, where the Indian Agent was found busily dispensing government annuities to some of the Delaware Indians.

At the expiration of the week—the command was moving on the line of March, Westward toward its distant destination. General Harney's command consisted of seven companies of Second Dragoons (cavalry), under Major Howe, six companies of Sixth Infantry, Major Cady commanding; one company Tenth Infantry Mounted—each mule laden with a six pound cannon. The supply train of one hundred wagons, controlled by about one hundred and twenty-five men completed this efficient outfit. After reaching Fort Kearney, Neb. former orders were countermanded and General Harney received instructions to lead his command on a campaign against Sioux Indians. From Fort Kearney, the march was continued to the North Platte River, following up that stream by way of Chimney and Court House rocks, which finally brought them to Ash Hollow. Here camp was formed on a small tributary, to which Gen. gave the name of Rose Creek.

The cavalry were held in the canyons until ten o'clock that night, thus leaving no opportunity for the Indians to calculate upon the real strength of the invading Army.

The infantry were accordingly encamped on the south side of the Stream the enemy being located opposite, three or four miles up creek on the north. At two o'clock the following morning, May 15, 1855 Major Howe was ordered to go twelve miles around back of the hills to gain the Cavalry a desired position in the direct rear of the army. "On no account," charged the

General in his orders to Major Howe, "Allow the horses to water in the creek, as the sudden shrinkage of the stream may prompt the Indians to scout the trail for lurking foes." During the previous long journey across the plains, Dick learned to handle the ambulance team with the expertness of a veteran teamster. Begging his guardian for a place in the field of action, during the impending conflict, Gen. Harney assigned his youthful charge the duty of driving the surgeon's ambulance. The morning of that memorable day May 15, 1855 that was to give young Dick Parr his first baptism of fire, broke brilliantly fair, and when he emerged from the tent succeeding a healthful night's rest, he found the General already astir, busily perfecting his plans. Dick's heart was filled with admiration for his hero—General Harney—as he watched the tall distinguished-looking-commander standing six ft. four inches—in height, conversing with his staff, dressed in the resplendent uniform of his rank, which set off to advantage the clear, florid complexion, and heavy auburn hair, that curled tightly over his shapely head. It was about six o'clock in the morning when Gen. Harney had led the infantry across the fordable river, and proceeding up the creek, halted before the Sioux encampment.

The Indians were taken by surprise, and commenced making hasty, futile attempts to prepare themselves for war. Several lodges were stripped of their hide coverings and fastened between the naked tepee poles were long lengths of sinew, upon which were strung buffalo hearts that, as was afterward learned had been strongly poisoned with strychnine. Prior to discharging their arrows, the warriors inserted the points of them into these hearts thereby wreaking certain destruction upon their foe. The interpreter was sent out to invite Little Thunder head chief of the Sioux nation, to hold a council. While Dick was interestingly watching the novel proceedings going on around him General Harney, during the consequent interval of the interpreters mission, placed his arm about his young wards shoulders and pointing to the enemys position on the opposite side of the stream, trimuphantly said: "Do you see yonder encampment, my boy? That will be mine before Sunset—Watch me take it!"

Through the eager gaze of youth's bright eyes we behold a wonderously novel sight. Hundreds of gaily painted warriors resplendent in their native brilliantly feathered headdress bearing the same fashioned shield, lance, bow and arrow that their ancestors had borne centuries before, were gracefully mounted on spirited war ponies whose manes and tails were gaudily decked out for battle with feathers of various hues all of which contributed, with its brilliant luxuriant setting of the encompassing wilderness, a matchless scene of wild, barbaric beauty.

Succeeding the customary peace smoke and talk, Little Thunder signified it was impossible for him to give up those Indians who might have been the principal perpetrators in the massacre of the Army lieutenant and forty men which had been committed the year before, near old John Bauves' (Beauvais) trading post, situated seven miles northeast of Fort Laramie on the Platte river.

"Tell him," commanded the General, in fierce raging tones, "I will give him but five minutes to join his followers." With the fleetness of a deer the defiant warrior sped toward his waiting braves, when suddenly, amid the shower and noise of a volley from the soldier's guns, he fell dead before them.

At the fall of their chieftan the Indians dashed forward with war-whoops and yelling rage. At the sound of the bugle charge Major Howe and cavalry surged up from the rear and over the summit of the hills behind the enemy, completely surrounding them by the advancing charge of the infantry. The Indians made a desperate attempt to break through at the General's right, but by a concerted movement of the bodyguard were fiercely cut down by the slashing sabres, complete decapitation in some instances resulting from the enforced blows. Young Dick, all the time, was enthusiastically watching from the seat in the ambulance the exciting scenes before him, while his slender arms, at the frequent plunge of the mules, seemed as if they would be drawn from their sockets at every pull of the lines made by the frightened team.

While pursuing the savages up the hills, an arrow darted from the mouth of a cave in which knelt an Indian squaw with bow and arrow ready aimed at the advancing soldiers. Corporal John White, of Company H sixth Infantry, who bravely sprang forward to seize the dusky Amazon dropped dead at her feet, his heart pierced with a poisoned arrow. Her shrieks blended with the instant report of guns and tottering forward, she fell across the lifeless form of the young Corporal, her breasts bathed in blood which flowed from many bullet wounds.

After a continued firing into the cave the return volley of arrows gradually ceased, General Harney had then requested Dick to look into the cave and report observations. Kneeling down before the entrance which measured about five feet in height and four in breadth, Dick carefully crept in the unexplored cavity. The General followed up close to the cave and with a body of soldiers ranged up into line behind the undaunted boy intently waiting for the little explorer's report, naturally, upon turning his eyes from the bright sunlight without to peer through the darkened aperture he could not readily distinguish any object. As his vision became gradually accustomed to the interior gloom, the cave appeared crowded with lifeless Indians

lying as they had fallen, scattered and in heaps. Venturing a little farther within he saw several dead warriors ranged in a sitting posture against the walls of the cavern. With their glassy eyes fixedly turned upon him; their bows and ready arrows still clasped in the nerveless fingers. A slight stir made by two Indians from behind a feathered heap of prostrate forms caused the plucky young explorer to start violently backward on all fours while making a hasty exit to the deafening tune of his wildly beating heart. Scrambling to his feet when safely out side he breathlessly told all he had observed to the General. Orders were instantly given to fire again into the cave. And as no sound of life was evidenced, the command to enter and make investigations was immediately carried out. After the Indians death trap had been emptied of its ghastly contents, nine squaws and eleven warriors were found to have been secreted and killed. Nearly two hundred Indians of Ogallala and Brule bands of Sioux nation were slain, and fifty one prisoners, consisting principally of young bucks and squaws captured during the battle. The loss to General Harney's command was seven brave men.

The spoils of the victorious siege were collected and conveyed to camp in wagons. They consisted chiefly of innumerable decorated moccasins, fine robes of otter, mink and beaver, exquisitely embroidered in beads of bright porcupine quills. It took six days for Gen. Harney's soldiers to reduce the entire Sioux camp with its huge store of dried buffalo meat to ashes. Upon resuming the march toward Fort Laramie General Harney commended his officers and men for their valorous bearing throughout the late conflict, and not forgetting his youthful ward, duly praised his "Casabianca for sticking so determinedly to his mules."

The winter encampment was finally located seven miles above Old Fort Pierre, South Dakota. From the soldiers sole subsisting diet of bacon and beans throughout the long suffering winter the garrison derived its name Camp Bacon.

During the time spent at this Far Western post, Dick played and hunted with the youthful Indian prisoners and rapidly acquired their language. Because of his exceedingly kind treatment of them, notably in the way of purchasing at settler's store with the spending money indulged him by Gen. Harney, generous repasts of dark brown sugar, sweet cakes and costly preserves, the Indian children conceived a deep attachment for him through this sweet road of friendship. They loved to call their pale-faced play fellow, Pa-ha-za-ze-a-ta-ca, which in Sioux parlance signifies "Brave little White haired boy."

The following spring, in April 1856 Gen. Harney went up to Fort Pierre to hold treaty with the Sioux. When the presence of every band was accounted for the Sioux represented a nation

of thirty two thousand souls. Their encampment at this great treaty stretched for a distance of nine miles down the river and two and one half miles in breadth. While the rugged chiefs were holding councils between themselves Dick and his young Indian companions would frequently mingle with them about the camp fires and by his acquired knowledge of Sioux tongue, Dick would often return to headquarters, bearing some secret intelligence to Gen. Harney that was deemed extremely useful.

While the treaty was thus being perfected, General Harney assented to his ward's request, which had, by the way, been previously proposed to Dick, by his designing playmates to take a few days hunt with the Indian boys and return before their people started away for their homelands. So it happened through a simple strategem, conceived by the youthful Indians, that Dick Parr insensibly stepped across the threshold of the enlightened world and entered the wild, natural realm of barbarism.

Gleefully mounting their respective ponies the merry hunters galloped off together taking a northeasterly direction, going through the Black Hills, thence across the bad lands and finally took up camp on the Raw Hide River. Having hunted three or four days, leading a boy's ideal camp life, Dick was surprised early on the morning of the fifth day while making ready with his companions the needful preparations for a venison feast, in observing a vast number of Indians coming over the hills directly toward their camp. The youthful Indian hunters eagerly awaited the approach of their bands, who on reaching the boy's camp made Dick the recipient of each chieftain's native embrace. They had all learned of the white boy's kindness to their children, and gladly welcomed him into their nation. When the great caravan slowly defiled itself into the rugged, winding trail, which stretched like a serpent over and beyond the surrounding hills young Dick Parr felt his heart grow heavy within him—he was a captive.

It was computed that nearly half the Sioux nation accompanied the Ogallala and Brule bands down to the boy's hunting camp. Among this vast gathering of red men were many chiefs prominent in history, there being Little Thunder, head chieftain of the Sioux, who had succeeded to the rank and title of his brother, killed in the battle of Ash Hollow, under whose protection the captive boy afterward remained, also Chiefs Sitting Bull, Red Cloud, Rain in the Face, and Thorny Bear, all of whom became equally proud of their Pale-faced warrior. In frequent tribal battles on the warpaths and visits in times of peace, Dick always accompanied his captors and so associated with renowned Kiowa Chiefs, Satanta and Powder Face Cheyenne Chiefs, Medicine Wolf, Black Kettle and Roman Nose, together with other notable warriors of Comanche, Arapahoe and

Apache nations, thus gaining an otherwise unattainable knowledge of the tongues, customs and respective tracts of country of the unsubdued plains Indians. Conspicuous among the youthful prisoners taken by General Harney at the battle of Ash Hollow, and who devised the scheme to capture their white playfellow, was a niece and four nephews of Chief Little Thunder. In later years the niece, Wachema by name, figured interestingly before the civilized world in a Wild West Exhibition, accompanied by her husband, John Nelson, the veteran stage coach driver; while her brothers evidenced themselves with several hundred warriors under Sioux Chief Thorny Bear. At the future Forsythe defense on Arikaree Fort of Republican River, Kansas in 1868, when their Pa-ha-za-ze-a-ta-ca was to act as guide for that celebrated expedition against the Sioux Indians.

The first tribal battle engaged in by Dick's warring captors on the first season's war paths was with the Flat Heads. Also known as Sioux Mountain Climbers, as Chief Little Thunder's bands—Ogallala and Brule—wended their way in the summer of 1856 into that part of Wyoming now known as Yellow Stone Park. In one of the bold charges Pa-ha-za-ze-a-ta-ca (Dick)—cut off sixteen of the enemy's horses and, aided by one of Chief Dull Knife's sons turned them toward the Sioux Village. The White Captive having taken four scalps in that engagement, fastened them on the tail of his war horse as was customary to bear these gruesome trophies from the battle field. The Indians were very proud of his achievement and prophesied him their some-day great White Sioux brave.

Succeeding the Jubilant War and scalp dance indulged in by the victorious Sioux Warriors, the march was resumed in quest of more scalp-locks and leaving the Big Horn Country they traveled to the Little Horn River, which trail led over the very ground made memorable twenty years later by the lamentable massacre of Gen. Custer and his men, all of whom were mercilessly slain by our young hero's captors, the Ogallala Chief, Sitting Bull and associating bands.

Before the feet of the conquering white race roamed over the magnificent realm of Yellow Stone, the young captive boy accompanied the Sioux on their yearly pilgrimage to this locality for the purpose of having their venerated infirm braves and ancient mothers of warriors bathe themselves in and imbibe of the healing mineral waters of this, one of Nature's wonderful dispensaries.

Prior to the setting in of the fall season, the youthful captive's native cloth costume became insensibly reduced to tatters, so that he was compelled to don the robe and breech-cloth of his red brothers. Because of the limited quantity of ammunition for his gun he soon learned the use of bow and arrows, and in a

short time became a skilled marksman in the rush of battle or hunting the huge bison.

By reason of his unrelenting watchfulness for a sign of deliverance from his captor's hands during the first season of his captivity, which hope gently whispered might at any time loom up in the shape of an invading army bearing the starry banner which would restore him once more to his dear mother's arms, he gradually became reduced to a very weakened condition. One of Chief Little Thunder's wives tenderly cared for the captive boy in her own rude way, by having him recline in a wicker swag, fastened on the dragging tepee poles, drawn by the patient lodge pony on which she rode with her papoose. Under the skillful treatment of the medicine woman, Pa-ha-za-ze-a-ta-ca was finally restored to health again.

Owing to a scarcity of game in Sweet Water Mountains, summer quarters of the Ogallala and Brule Sioux, in August 1860 after Dick had been held captive nearly five years by these nomads of the plains, Chief Little Thunder requested his white brave to interpret their needs for them at the nearest fort to relieve the starving bands.

As the delirious truth thrust itself upon the joyful heart of the Sioux brave captive, he joined the Indian cavalcade and with them turned his pony's head in the direction of Ft. Laramie—and liberty.

Escorted by Chief Little Thunder, Sitting Bull, Thorny Bear and several hundred warriors, our hero entered Fort Laramie at the head of his aboriginal army. Like his companions he was innocent of any covering save the breech cloth and moccasins, his long, fair haired-scalp lock being ornamented with bright feathers and silver shields—at the same time bearing the same primitive weapons of his red brothers—the shield, the tomahawk, the bow and arrow. He was received at headquarters by General Albert Sully, in whom Dick recognized Captain Sully, of the Tenth Infantry, Gen. Harney's command, when, after a few words of explanation, Gen. Sully learned that in the tall, robust youth before him he beheld his old commander's sickly protege of nearly five years ago restored to the protecting care of his garrison, Dick found himself instantly embraced by the General's strong arms.

Before the Indian trappings were removed he was enrolled into the Service of the United States Government, as Chief of Scouts, Indian Interpreter and Guide, on the staff of General Albert Sully, with an attached monthly salary of one hundred twenty five dollars. Thus far a few of the thrilling incidents belonging to General Harney's Indian expedition of 1855 and our hero's captive life with the Indians have been briefly touched upon in this limited volume, but which nevertheless serves to

reveal the remarkable circumstances attending his young life, all of which so ably qualified him for the duties awaiting him in the field of Indian warfare on the frontier of the West.

The chief evidence by the Indians at the loss of their former captive was remarkable in its way. For six weeks they remained encamped about the fort and stolidly refused to move their village until General Sully threatened to use force upon them.

In the summer of 1860 pilgrims were massacred by Ute Indians, near Sweet Water Mountains beyond Fort Laramie their mutilated bodies being suspended from trees and telegraph poles along the Government trail. A scout was instantly instituted by Gen. Sully, commanding a detachment of soldiers aided by Chief Scout—Dick Parr. It was the first time in history that United States troops were ever taken into the hitherto impenetrable Sweet Water Mountains, as inevitable death had always overtaken the pale face wanderer within the fastness of this rocky realm, either from torturing thirst at not finding the hidden mountain springs, or from the fatal attack of lurking savages. Thus from the knowledge acquired through the wanderings in that region with his captors, Gen Sully's young guide led his commander in many successful expeditions through these formerly impenetrable mountain strongholds.

During the period of his six year's service at Fort Laramie he established a flourishing trading post near Ponca Reservation, and furthermore, identified himself with the founding of the present City of Niobrara, Neb.: the original company being formed by Major Gregory, Ponca Indian Agent; Joseph Smith, of the St. Louis Fur Co., Benj. A. Harris, Benj. Wilson and Dick Parr.

Leaving the employ of Gen. Sully of Fort Laramie in 1866 he went down to Fort Leavenworth, Kans. and was immediately engaged by Gen. Easton, Chief Quartermaster, Dept. Missouri to select government horses for Indian campaign service, and as wagon-master, managed the Government freight from Fort Riley to Fort Leavenworth, Kansas.

The same year—Winter of 1866-7 he was called to Fort, Harker and on arriving at that military post was informed by Major Yard—the post commander, that his services were required by Gen. Hancock, who would reach Fort Harker early in the Spring. During the interim of the General's arrival, who should Dick run up against one day in Harker City but Bill Hickok (Wild Bill), whom Dick had not laid eyes on since the day, four years before, when he assisted Bill both stratagetically and financially out of a serious difficulty at Rock Creek for which Bill's life was at stake. Bill's chief service to the government was in the capacity of deputy Marshal, in which roll he was very successful in tracing looters of Government property.

Early in March, Gen. Hancock came to Fort Harker with the artillery and six companies of infantry augmented by four companies of Seventh cavalry. General George A. Custer commanding. Dick was immediately installed into the service on General Hancock's staff as Chief of Scouts, Indian interpreter and guide. An appointment was made with the principal chiefs and head men of the Cheyenne, Arapahoe and Kiowa nations to hold a council at Fort Larned, at which treaty Dick was to act as Chief Interpreter.

A severe snow storm set in, which caused much suffering to the troops and stock the guards having to pass the night moving along the picket lines with a whip in order to keep the horses constantly moving that they might escape being frozen to death. The Indians, however failed to keep their promise, and the commander moved his troops in pursuit of them that they might be brought to terms. In the early grey of the morning Dick located the Indian camp on Pawnee River. Stealthily through the deep snow General Hancock, advanced with his army on the sleeping Indian's camp, where a close engagement quickly ensued. Several of the unprepared red men were killed and taken prisoners.

Field headquarters was later moved to Fort Hays. General Custer subsequently assumed command of that fort. Dick was employed on Gen. Custer's staff in the same capacity of Chief of Scouts, etc. rendering invaluable services to that commander in notable Indian treaties and wars with hostile red men.

At the council camp, Medicine Lodge Creek, Kansas, in October, 1867, Dick attended Gen. Custer, as interpreter, for the assembled chief representatives of the five Indian nations, namely, Cheyennes, Arapahoes, Kiowas, Comanches and Apaches. Prominent among the several peace commissioners appointed by congress to perfect the treaty was Major-General William Harney, which event afforded an unexpected joyful meeting between Dick and his former guardian, it being the first time they had seen each other since Dick's capture by the Sioux nearly twelve years before.

While guiding General Custer and command on a scouting expedition up the Saline River, a bunch of Indians was suddenly sighted a long distance to the Westward, which by the aid of their field glasses, appeared to the guide as a Cheyenne war party, with orders to approach. Dick swiftly charged ahead riding in a zig-zag manner, as is the ordinary way of inviting communication with parties known or supposed to be hostile, coming up to a convenient signaling distance, the Cheyenne Chiefs Roman Nose and Medicine Wolf, with their small band of warriors, advanced forward with the war sign, which is given by charging around in a complete circle, and then again half

the distance, when with a wild ringing war-whoop the entire band of warriors bore down upon the now boldly advancing Seventh Cavalrymen and their spirited leader, General Custer. A sharp, swift encounter ensued, which routed the Indians, whose fleet-footed ponies finally distanced the pursuing soldiers after a chase of thirty miles. Two cavalrymen were seriously wounded and three Indians were killed in the engagement.

Succeeding the foregoing event Dick, acting as guide for Colonel Benteen and detachment of Seventh Cavalry on a search of hostile red men, were attacked from ambush at a sharp bend of the creek by Cheyenne Chief Black Kettle, and his party of over one hundred warriors. One of the scouts, known as Charlie Cadara, who had accompanied Dick ahead of the command fell dead from his horse under the Indian's fire, while Dick received a bullet in his right arm severely shattering the bone. With his arm hanging limp and nerveless by his side the blood flowing freely from the deep rifle wound, our undaunted hero spurred his spirited charger into the rush of battle, fighting determinedly until, overtaken by weakness from loss of blood, he was escorted back to Fort Hays by a small party of soldiers, while Colonel Benteen and troopers pursued the retreating savages for several miles.

Throughout his extended service on the Plains the famous guide would visit the different Indian camps, during the times of peace and gather whatever information possible as to their future plans for the coming season's warpath, or perhaps, serve as detective for apprehending the guilty perpetrators of some recent depredation. He was most frequently detailed to this special duty while on the staffs of Generals Sheridan and Custer, thus affording these commanders much valuable information for anticipating the movements of the hostile red men.

While the Seventh Cavalry scouting Party, under Major Joel Elliot, were making an extended tour in the Soloman River Country in August, 1867, the little Army were confronted in their march by a severe water famine, the small springs and creeks having suddenly dried up, causing much suffering to the men and stock while pursuing the long march to the Soloman River. To their dismay, on reaching this stream, the river bed spread hot and dry before them. Seemingly equal to any emergency Dick Parr performed a notable feat by causing the river bottom to be excavated for water. At the depth of ten feet enough water was procured to relieve the suffering men, while the horses on pressing up to head waters of Turkey Creek, were saved from succumbing to the throes of unquenched thirst in the sparkling living waters of the stream.

In May, 1868, Gen. Phil. Sheridan came up to Ft. Hays attended, by his aide-de-camp, Colonel John Schuyler Crosby. On

Gen. Custer departing from Fort Hays, Dick was sent over to Fort Dodge, and had just returned to his ranch near Hays, when Gen. Sheridan sought out the renowned guide and immediately retained him in the special service on his staff as Private Chief of Scouts, Indian Interpreter and Guide. Desiring to secure a competent guide to take him to Ft. Wallace Captain Kimball, then Quartermaster at Ft. Hays (now present Assistant General Quartermaster, U. S. A. 1901), who so ably conducted the transports during our late war with Spain, assured Gen. Sheridan that the Chief Scout Dick Parr, was the plainsman who could render the ablest service in the office of Guide, Scout and Interpreter.

With given orders Dick started out on a tour through the Indian camps, in the summer of 1868, accompanied by his frequent comrade of the Plains, Lieutenant Frederick Beecher. Later, on coming to Buffalo Station, Kansas and Pacific Railroad a telegram awaited the guide that Gen. Sheridan would meet him at Coyote Station, then terminus of the railroad. Duly arriving at the point Dick found Gen. Sheridan, and the latter's guests, Generals Grant and Sherman, waiting for him in their special car. Succeeding an introduction to the illustrious visitors, they together boarded the train for Leadville, Colo. at which place the party stayed over night.

Generals Grant and Sherman proceeded the following day to Deadwood City, while Gen. Sheridan and Dick returned to Fort Hays.

Some most remarkable feats of endurance in rough riding and deeds of daring mark the famous guide's service under Gen. Sheridan. Space permits of but referring to one of these wonderful rides, which occurred early in Sept. 1868. A report came in that Ellis Station, twelve miles above Ft. Hays had been attacked and burned to the ground by Indians the employees massacred and all means of telegraphic communication cut off, the wires being dragged over the surrounding plain by infuriated buffalo, whose horns had become entangled in the same. None would risk their lives to bear a dispatch to Ogalla Station, twenty miles farther on, that an order might be wired to move an army from Ft. Wallace against the warring savages. Unattended through that memorable moonless night, the young scout (Dick) dashed on, away several miles inland from the water courses and Government trail, where the wily Indians always laid in wait for his prey, the intrepid guide spurred his faithful charger over a route no white man dare pursue, until Ogalla Station was reached just in time to deliver the message. Little Raven, his beautiful war horse, was incurably broken down, having made this journey of thirty-two miles in two hours and ten minutes. The record of these marvelous feats of horsemanship are duly chronicled on the rolls of the Government.

When the organizing of a band of fifty scouts was finally agreed upon, General Sheridan intrusted his Private Chief of Scouts with the duty of selecting those hardy frontiersmen who were most eligible in the way of experience for this special service. Colonel Geo. A. Forsythe was given command of the outfit with Lieutenant Beecher, nephew of the eminent divine Henry Ward Beecher, as subordinate and Dr. Moore, surgeon. After an unsuccessful search for Indians on their initial expedition, Dick Parr, by permission of Gen. Sheridan, acted as guide on the fateful second trip, bringing the little command in sight of the Indians they had previously so vainly sought, on reaching the Arickaree Fork of Republican River Kans. As the fast increasing war-whoops for the charging Indians revealed the mighty strength of the now advancing enemy the pack mules were instantly shot. And the little band had scarce time enough to get behind them for breast works, when the swelling horde of Sioux warriors under Chief Thorny Bear, Dick's former captor, came surging over them. Colonel Forsythe was instantly shot in both legs. Lieutenant Beecher mortally wounded and Dr. Moore killed outright in the first charge of the battle. Every morning Chief Thorny Bear, from his position on the hilltops would talk to the guide of Colonel Forsythe's beleaguered command, and declare he would have the pale faces by high noon of the day, "Not you Pa-ha-za-ze-a-ta-ca" the chieftain would assuringly repeat, "but we want every other scalplock down there." For nine long days heroic Colonel Forsythe and his men bravely fought the savages, being finally relieved by a rescuing party from Ft. Wallace, through the trustworthy scout, John Donovan whom Dick at nightfall directed and set out on the trail, under most perilous conditions to get succor for the nearly exhausted command. Lieutenant Beecher lingered for three days in great agony and died in Dick's arms. Afterward the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher went out to Ft. Wallace for the purpose of recovering the remains of his martyred nephew.

Dick Parr with a party of his intrepid scouts repaired to the late battle field and duly returned with their sad burden to the fort.

Herein is shown a part of official copy of Cephas (Dick) Parr's Claim No. 15,266 for horses killed and abandoned, and loss of saddles in Forsythe's engagement against Indians in August and September 1868, furnished the narrator and officially signed by Samuel Blackwell, third Auditor, Treasury Department, Washington D. C. August 30, 1893. Which document proves Dick Parr's position under General Sheridan and as being the guide for Colonel Forsythe's expedition previously referred to—15,266—Filed by W. D. Blackford, Attorney, Wash. D. C.

State of Kansas,
Riley County, ss.

On the sixth day of May, 1869—personally appeared before me, Probate Judge, in and for the county and state above named, and by law authorized to administer oaths for general purposes, C. W. Parr, a resident of Manhattan, County of Riley, and state of Kansas, aged 27 years, who, being duly sworn according to law, declares that he is not indebted or accountable to the United States on any account what ever; and he further states that he is the identical C. W. Parr, who was a guide and interpreter for Gen. Phil. Sheridan, in the command of Forsythe on the Plains, that he was employed by General Sheridan as Private Chief of Scouts or or about the 18th day of May 1868 in the war with the Indians; that when in the service aforesaid, he was the owner of six horses; that upon the application of Colonel Forsythe, I let him the said Forsythe, have said horses for the use of his command. He, Forsythe, agreeing to pay me for the horses if any were not returned, at the appraised value thereof that said horses were all killed by the Indians when Forsythe's command was surrounded by the Indians on the Republican River; and that said horses afterwards were appraised in due form of the value of one hundred fifty dollars each; that he also lost two saddles. All of said property was lost when Colonel Forsythe's command were besieged by the Indians at Head Waters of the Republican River, in August 1868, and that his equipage lost, as stated, consisted of the following articles, separate purchase value of each annexed, viz:

One saddle.....	\$18.00
“ “	22.00
total value horses.....	900.00
total value equipment....	40.00

Amount Claimed—\$940.00 (980)

That the time of the loss aforesaid he was under the immediate command of General Sheridan; that he reported to Sheridan that he had let Forsythe have the horses. The General replied: “All Right,” and approved of the appraisement that was afterwards made; that he never received from any officer or agent of the U. S. any horse or horses or equipage, in lieu of that lost by him, or any compensation for the same, and that the said horses and equipage lost, as aforesaid, were obtained and purchased of various parties and were

rode and in care of six of Colonel Forsythe's party when they were lost, and that the loss of the said horses and equipage occurred without any fault or negligence on the part of this declarant and I do hereby constitute and appoint W. D. Blackford of Washington City, District of Columbia, my true and lawful attorney Irrevocable, with full power of substitution, to prosecute this claim for horses and equipage lost in the military service of the U. S. My Post-Office address is Manhattan, County of Riley, and state of Kansas.

C. W. Parr, Claimant.

Two Witnesses Required—

R. J. Harker—

Joseph Clary—(Witnesses)—(Stamp).

The horse ridden by Wilson, the property of Parr, was abandoned on the second day out from Ft. Hays, being too weak to travel farther; whether under the circumstances it is proper that he (Parr) should be paid for said horse is a question to which the attention of the Quartermaster-General is respectfully called.

Geo. A. Forsythe.

Major Ninth Cavalry

Brevet Brig. Gen. U. S. A.

(A true copy of the original on file in this office) Sam'l Blackwell, Third Auditor Treasury Dept. Aug. 30th, 1893.

Names of fifty scouts selected for employment by Chief of Scouts—Dick Parr for Colonel Forsythe's command, by order of General Phil. Sheridan—Sept. 1868.

W. Armstrong, Thos. Alderdice, Martin Bourke, Wallace Bennett, Barney Day, Alfred Dupont, A. D. Entsler, Hudson Farley, Richard Gant, Geo. Green, John Haley, John Hurst, J. H. Vetterer, Frank Harrington, John Lyden, M. R. Lane, Joe Lane, C. B. Nichols, Geo. Oakes, Wm. R. Mapes, Thos. Murphy, W. H. H. McCall, T. M. Culver, G. B. Clark, James Curry, John Donovan, C. C. Pratte, A. J. Pliley, Wm. Riley, Thos. Rarahan, Chalmers Smith, S. S. Stillwell, S. Schlesinger, Ed Simpson, Wm. Stewart, W. H. Tucker, Isaac Taylor, Peter Truesdell, Fletcher Violet, Wm. Wilson, C. B. Whitney, John Wilson, Eli Zigler, Lewis Farley, Howard Morton, H. T. McGrath, Thos. O'Donnell, Lewis McLaughlin, Harry Davenport, Frank Espey.

Closely following the preceding event, Dick accompanied by Frank Espey, late Lieutenant Beecher's valet, visited Chief Big Mouth's Arapahoe Camp, located at mouth of Pawnee on Arkansas River, about 3 o'clock in the morning the chieftain's daughter suddenly awakened the tired scouts, giving them warning to save their lives; the Indians were on the war path. Couriers from the Kiowas had just run in telling of their raid on the

settlers living on Fisher or Pipe Creek. Dick, understanding the Indian girls words, hastily pulled Frank to his feet and ordered him to mount his horse. Without pausing to even cinch their saddles the daring horsemen made a swift rush from the late friendly camp, hotly pursued by the Indians for four and one half miles, where they turned the enemy at the toll bridge, near Walker Bros. ranch. In the bright moon light the scouts galloped their horses on past Ft. Lyon, thence pursued the long journey of seventy miles to Ft. Hays which they reached about half past ten A. M. Dick immediately telegraphed to Sheridan at Ft. Leavenworth, who came right up in a special car, arriving at 3 o'clock P. M. "Can you get an engine driver who doesn't care a rap for his life, to rush us down to Fort Harker?" inquired the General of his Private Chief of Scouts, on the instant of his arrival at Ft. Hays. Engineer Jim Curry, a daring off hand fellow, who had served as one of the enlisted scouts in Colonel Forsythe's command, quickly replied to the request made to him through the Chief of Scouts, "You bet I will, pard; ain't afraid to ride him to eternity!" Immediately the start was made, and as the "lightening" train sped along the distance of eighty-five miles to Ft. Harker, the telegraph poles, to the inmates of the flying passenger car, appeared to form a towering fence along side the railroad track. The journey was made in just one hr. 30 minutes. General Sheridan was elated over Dick's promptness in delivering the report before any news of the Indian raid had reached the forts. In a short time Dick, with Colonel Benteen and troopers, were at the scene of depredation.

In the meantime Mrs. Morgan a bride of a month and Miss White a school teacher had been carried off by the Indians. The narrator has held communication with Mrs. Morgan for the past few years and in the written words of her own statement relative to her capture, the lady says:

"On September 13, 1868, I was married. On October 13th, just one month from our wedding day my husband left home early in the morning to gather corn. I was alone. About 10 o'clock the horse came running back without his master. I knew there had been an accident, quickly mounting I rode as fast as the horse could go. In going around a bend of the creek, I ran right into a band of Indians not fifty yards from me. I turned and started back, but my horse was tired, seeing the savages were overtaking me, I reeled from my seat, striking hard upon the ground, rendering me unconscious for a time. On recovering consciousness, I found myself a helpless captive; with my fellow prisoner Miss White, we suffered a dreadful experience during the winter of our captivity (1868-69).

To rescue these unfortunate white women developed the undertaking of a winter campaign under General Sheridan. It

was in the battle of Washita that Dick Parr, for the first and only time, had the honor of fighting by the side of General Phil Sheridan. Gaining the commander's consent the famous guide entered Chief Black Kettle's camp and brought away that chieftain's raven scalp-lock. Major Elliot and Captain Hamilton Seventh Cavalry officers, under General Custer were killed in the first charge of the battle. Several Indians were taken prisoners, among whom was the celebrated Chief Satanta, who was Mrs. Morgan's immediate captor. On April 5, 1869 Dick Parr, with forty scouts, entered the Kiowa camp, and brought away Mrs. Morgan and Miss White, when they were joyfully received by General Sheridan's awaiting command. Thus was ended the Indian wars in the Southwest.

After these exciting scenes and daring exploits of his experience on the vast Western Plains, we find the faithful guide in subsequent years, hunting and traveling through Colorado and New Mexico.

Note: This account is verified by official records in Treasury and War Departments in Washington, D. C.

In later years Dick Parr spent much time providing a most elevating and instructive line of entertainment by appearing with his former Indian friends and foes in an illustrated lecture of his wonderful career, and graphic exhibitions of thrilling historic scenes of Indian warfare in the arena of his Historical Indian Military Wild West.

This scout, survivor of many battles and much exposure of the uninhabited west was stricken with paralysis and died, Oct. 18, 1911, at the age of sixty eight.

His death occurred in the small town of Clinton, Mo. There he is buried and is honored by the remaining soldiers of his day, with an American flag on his grave, they place there each Decoration day—(although he was not an enlisted soldier).

His last request was to have the American flag draped across his body, so true to his country, even in death, his flag was his pride. He was laid to rest, with military honors, Masonic honors and with Methodist faith.

(Mrs.) Louise Parr Blakeman.

Daughter of Dick Parr.

May 27, 1932, Kansas City, Mo.

A PIONEER BRIDE MEMORIES OF MARY HEZLEP KNIGHT

By HARRIET KNIGHT ORR

Court was not in session in the Third District, Wyoming Territory, on St. Valentine's Day, 1876. It had adjourned about two weeks before and resumed a few days later, but in the interval between terms there had been time for the young Clerk of the District to make the three-day trip from Evanston to Minnesota; there to woo, win and marry his boyhood sweetheart, with whom he had corresponded for seven years. There had even been time to win over a rather reluctant mother-in-law-to-be, inclined to regard the event as somewhat of a sacrifice. That her carefully educated daughter should choose the uncertainties of a frontier wilderness to an eastern home left the mother almost breathless.

We have a picture of "Evanston City" as it looked about the time Jesse Knight and his brown-haired bride stepped from the west-bound train that February day. There was a small "round-house", where engines, which had traveled at the extraordinary speed of thirty miles an hour, received needed repairs. There was the "Mountain Trout Hotel", serving excellent meals in "hearty western style" to overland travelers. Here, Mark Twain and General Sherman among many hundreds were refreshed; here too, must have lunched Robert Louis Stevenson, if he were able to leave his comfortless immigrant car, when he passed through Wyoming on that search for health, of which he gives so unhappy a picture in "The Silverado Squatters".

It was a gala day for Evanston when the bridal couple left the train; the word spread rapidly that a "charivari" was in order that night, and it was to be a big one, since no one in town had been more active in getting up such celebrations than Jesse Knight. Pans and kettles, cowbells and tin pails were collected, in Evanston and the nearby town of Alma and a regular mob gathered, determined that Jesse and his eastern bride should have a "suitable" welcome. It was not to be! With admirable forethought, the bride-groom hired a friend to feign sickness-to-near death; and, as the din began, the proprietor of the hotel appeared before the revelers, and with tears begged them to disperse lest the blood of the dying be on their souls. So Mary Knight's first evening in Evanston was as peaceful as those snow-clad mountains among which she was to spend more than twenty years of her life.

More peaceful it was, by far, than much of the little bride's life in the new railroad town, perched on the edge of Utah, then discredited as a law-abiding territory. Within the county of which Mr. Knight was later sheriff lay the Jackson Hole country

long the rendezvous of highway men and robbers, nearby lay the coal-mining districts and Indian centers, seldom free from disturbance. The rumble of the immigrant trains passing through and the rattle of gunfire as drunken cowboys raced thru the streets were ever familiar sounds. Uinta County then stretched from Utah on the south and west to the Yellowstone Park. The Third District embraced more than half the territory and life was full of adventure to officers of the law.

Fortunately, there was "Gummus", the "Bull Terror" as he was popularly, (or rather unpopularly) called. Brought from South Pass and "Miner's Delight", where he had been trained to guard gold from marauders, white and Indian, he had been trained never to permit anyone, even his master, to touch his head; a swift clinch of the hideous, drooling jaws being the penalty of such familiarity. Gummus was a "one-man dog" and cared much less than nothing for any member of the gentler sex. But he understood the English language and he had a shrewd head and a loyal heart for a winning personality. When Gummus was introduced to the bride by his somewhat anxious master, it was in words like these:

"Gummus, this is Mrs. Knight. She has come to live with us, and whatever she says to us, we must do. We must take very good care of her; never let anyone hurt or bother her. When she calls us to do something for her, we must do it. Do you understand all that, Gummus?" The dog raised his intelligent eyes to his master's and licked his hand.

"All right then, Gummus; go and make friends with her." Gummus went over and put his hideous jowls into the little bride's lap. Too late, her husband cried, "Don't touch his head!" her hand was already on it. The old dog winced but submitted to the caress. And from that time, she alone had the privilege denied to all others. One night, there was a soft knock at the door. When unlocked, a bleary-eyed man slipped his foot into the opening.

"Hello, Sweetheart!" he leered. "No, you needn't call your husband. I saw him leave a while ago. You are alone and I'm coming in." He pushed open the door with his knee.

"I'll call the dog," threatened the terrified woman. The ruffian laughed.

"That's what they all say. I ain't afraid of any d——d dog."

"Gummus!" she called. Like a bomb, Gummus was at him. Trained to spring at the throat, and with the killing of one outlaw to his account, Gummus was ready. Only a slim hand hooked into his collar, saved the bully. He did not hesitate. One look at the dog's contorted face and he was away. He cleared the fence at a bound, and when Mrs. Knight finally got the excited

dog under control, she could see far down the street, the man still running.

The barrenness of the sage-brush covered town appalled the nature-loving woman. She transplanted many wild-flowers from the hills and canyons, she sent east for slips of all the well-loved plants, shrubs and vines. Flower and seed catalogues hobnobbed on her living-room table with "Harper's Monthly" and "Scribners". Many of her importations died as everyone foretold they would. She had been freely warned that it was impossible to grow anything.

"It is the altitude," said one. "No eastern plants will grow 5000 feet above sea level."

"The winters are much too long." "Nothing will grow in this windy country." "Too dry," said others. But the plant-lover persisted. In a year or two, ivy, geranium, heliotrope, even violets and roses bloomed in her windows. In the yard, were flowers and vegetables. "If the Chinese down on the river can make vegetables grow," she smiled. "So can I." And she could; radishes and lettuce were rivaled by her pomgranate bush, which blossomed to the delight of all. Under her tender care, the most languid slip wearied by the long trip from beyond the Mississippi, revived and flourished. Irish ivy brought by a friend from Dublin Castle, climbed around the "bay window" and for years, her flowers went to deck the brides, cheer the sick-beds and lie on the coffins of Evanston.

As for trees, tradition says that the first trees planted in Evanston, were brought there as a result of the babble of the first child in the Knight family. She could just talk and on a walk out toward the old Chinese cemetery, she stopped to examine and admire a sturdy sprig of foxtail grass. She touched it gently, she leaned over to smell it; she looked up at her mother with eager interest.

"Mama, is this a tree?" This sad tale was reported with tears.

"Jesse, our child doesn't know a tree from grass. She actually hasn't seen a real tree." And the young father swore as young fathers will, that such a thing should not happen again in his family. Within a week, healthy young willows from near the river, waved their leaves around the Knight home, where some of them still stood, when last I was there. Under one of those trees, Gummus is buried where for hours he had kept watch over the baby he abhorred. He could not forgive her for absorbing the devotion of his adored mistress. The child never could reach him; when she tried to pet him, Gummus growled softly, deep in his throat had moved away. But with fierce loyalty, he protected her from all possible harm.

Except probably Christmas and Fourth of July, Court time was the most exciting time of the year in pioneer Wyoming. The roads were dusty with the coming in of wagons filled with families and food. Day after day, the court room in the fine new court house was full of eager listeners. The testimony might be lurid or it might be dull; the oratory of the counsel might be florid or merely stupid, but the audience remained, drinking in the sensationalism, sleeping through the dullness. To the District Clerk fell the duty of swearing in the jury. This ceremony is often performed in a hasty monotone, but Jesse Knight enjoyed the opportunity of making this a meaningful occasion. His good voice rolled out the solemn words, rising to a fine climax at the name of the Deity. This ceremony was greatly admired by Lawyer C. D. Clark, later Member of Congress and United States Senator.

"Why don't you and Mrs. Knight come over and hear Jesse swear in the jury?" he questioned his charming wife, one day. "The next time he is to do it, I'll send you word." The two ladies were delighted. Neither cared about going to court, although Mrs. Knight had been her husband's deputy at one time and many documents in her clear handwriting are in the records. But she had never heard her husband do so dramatic an act as swear in a jury, since he steadily neglected to notify her when it was to be done. This time the plot was secret. The notice came from Mr. Clark; the two busy mothers in their best velvet bonnets summoned a neighbor to watch their babies, left their unfinished housework and speeded to the Courthouse at the appointed time. By chance, the District Clerk met them on the stairs. Instantly, he suspected the plot and mischievously he prevented its success. He greeted them with his most charming deference:

"Ladies, this is indeed an honor! You do not often come to Court, but you will find almost everyone else here. Too bad!" he added reflectively, "Too bad that you didn't come a little earlier and hear the jury sworn in."

"Why Jesse Knight!" cried Mrs. Clark. "That is exactly what we came for. Clarence sent us word that you would swear in the jury at ten o'clock and it is only ten minutes to ten now."

"Well, it certainly is too bad I didn't know you were coming. I could just as well have waited until you got here. Won't you come in anyway?" "Oh no," was the disappointed reply. "If you have already sworn in the jury, there is no use our staying. We shall go back to the children." With further expression of "regret", Mr. Knight escorted them to the courthouse door and returned to his duties. At noon, Mr. Clark demanded,

"Why didn't you come over to hear Jesse swear the jury? He never did it more effectively." Told that they had reached the building too late, Mr. Clrak inquired what time they went.

"But that was in plenty of time," he exclaimed. "Jesse went downstairs for some papers about that time. Then he came back and swore in the jury at exactly ten o'clock."

It was not to be wondered at that the two ladies had not lingered. Court sessions were busy times for the wives of court officials and lawyers. There were distinguished guests from Ogden, Salt Lake, Denver, even Chicago. Formal dinners, informal luncheons, impromptu breakfast parties were the usual thing. It was before the day of caterers, ice-cream bricks or even bakeries. Everything from soup to coffee had to be prepared over coal stoves in the hot, little home kitchens. For young ladies, whose education had included more French than cake-mixing, more wood-carving than pastry-baking this entertaining presented difficulties. But Mrs. Knight was a genuine hostess. She became an excellent cook and her dinners were famous. The most welcome guest was he, who could fill in with sparkling wit the awful pauses, when something went wrong in the kitchen. It was Judge Peck, I think who, absorbed in the good story he was telling during such a pause, reached over and appropriated a bowl of delectable flavor. The hostess, wide-eyed with dismay, watched him consume this. Perhaps, she would have said nothing about it at the time if he had not remarked:

"Delicious soup, Mrs. Knight. May I have another serving?" This was too much, and she replied with cutting dignity,

"Unfortunately, Judge Peck, that was the gravy and there is no more." At another time, Judge Peck was carving, when the duck under his knife, flopped into the pink satin lap of the guest of honor. With admirable self-possession, the Judge exclaimed:

"Pardon me, Madam. Will you please hand back that duck?" Later, he sent the outraged lady a new gown. Among the honored guests in the Knight home none was more welcome nor more charming and sympathetic than Judge Joseph M. Carey who had been first to welcome Mrs. Knight to Wyoming, boarding the train as it passed the border from Nebraska. He used to tell, with a chuckle years later, of a chilly night, when he shivered between the bride's linen sheets, put on his bed as a sign of great honor.

Mrs. Knight had an unnatural horror of all Indians. When Rev. Sherman Coolidge preached in the little Mission Church, although she forced herself to go and had a real regard for the man, she could not be at ease. The sight of peaceful squaws, their moccasins in the ditch as they sat on the sidewalk caring in the most intimate ways for their papooses aroused in her a

shivering disgust. Her feeling dated from her early childhood, when the Sioux Indians of Minnesota, where she grew up, took the opportunity during the War for the Union, to stage a hideous massacre. She had seen a boy dying of tomahawk slashes. She had heard the blood-curdling war-whoops of the savages; had seen the flames of homes and towns fired by them. She had been awakened after midnight by a neighbor pounding on the window at her side, shouting:

"Get up! Get up! The Indians are upon us." Her naturally tender heart turned to stone, when she saw a painted face pressed against the screen. The pathetic cry for food and for "Minne! Minne!" although she well knew it meant only "water" reminded her of her childhood horror that they were calling her by her pet name, "Minnie," trying to lure her away from home to their filthy camps. Indians there were in plenty in pioneer Wyoming, moving from place to place, in and out of the Territory, begging, stealing, tenting just outside town, where their odorous camps and food were objects of fascination to the children of the household, but never to their mother.

The cowboys, on the other hand, looked upon her as their best and kindest friend. No matter how rough, ugly or even profane and drunken he might be, if he were sick or "broke", in need of help, money, doctoring or advice, he could confidently rely upon her gentle heart, and never did one of them abuse his privilege or fail in respect and devotion to her. At times, there would be on the Knight ranch on Bear River, near where the town of Knight now stands, eight or ten men several of them with families. At Christmas time, they would bring in the biggest tree they could haul, set it up in the carefully swept front end of the huge town barn*, decorate the place with boughs and festoons of pine and wait confidently for the lady of the house to cover the tree with gay ornaments, many of them made with her own hands, with strings of popcorn and cranberries, with sparkling "snow", wax candles and finally with gifts for every one of them. On Christmas Eve they all came, splendidly washed up and painfully attired in tight, new boots and celluloid collars, supporting their wives in trailing velveteen and bearing bashful babies, ready to burst into roars at crucial moments. They came, bearing gifts, gorgeous gifts, so full of sentiment and sometimes alas! so expensive, that no one with a tender heart (and whose was ever more tender than that of our heroine?) could refuse to accept and cherish them. Oh, the mustache cups, the scarlet plush sofa pillows, photograph albums, polished steer-horn chairs and hatracks! They preserved the memory of those Christmas

* This barn collapsed from the weight of snow, during the winter of 1931.

celebrations years after donors and receivers had passed into the Land of Eternal Christmas.

Following the Christmas tree came dinner; usually two or three turkeys were thoroughly demolished, together with plentiful accompaniment of other good things to eat and of many instruments, some musical some merely noisy. Then came the dance, with sleeping babies parked on the hay, while mothers and fathers waltzed, lanciered, schottisches and quadrilled until the sun sent them back to the ranch for milking.

Schools were new and poorly equipped in those early days and a mother jealous of her offsprings' innocence and mental progress preferred to devote her mornings to the double duty of housework and teaching rather than trust her children to the uncertainties of pioneer public schools. With the latest textbooks, selected from well studied catalogues, the little mother sat down each morning with her sewing and directed the progress of her class. She scorned the limits of the usual school and led the young students into the mysteries of Latin, French, biography and poetry. Ten cents was the reward for memorizing "I shot an arrow into the air, etc." "The Psalm of Life" brought a quarter, or "two bits" as it was popularly called. For learning the entire first canto of "The Lady of the Lake" the prize was, I think, five dollars. Mrs. Knight sent for the latest book on "Ballroom Dancing" by the famous Dodworth, and calling in the neighbors' children, conducted a lively dancing class. In return for help with cleaning and sewing, she gave music lessons, and the fact that all her own children have preferred Beethoven to jazz is certainly due to the numberless nights, when their childish eyes closed to the strains of the Master's lovely sonatas.

When there was no money in the Knight budget for new books, there was the dear friend with unlimited credit at McClurg's, who was accumulating one of the finest libraries in the west. These noble books loaned generously to appreciative friends made it possible for dwellers in a small, isolated community to develop a sound taste in literature and a well-balanced knowledge of the progress of the world. One wonders how many people today scattered over the country look back with gratitude to the hours spent in Mrs. A. C. Beckwith's wonderful library, and in communion with her books. These two friends, Mrs. Beckwith and Mrs. Knight often joined by others met more or less regularly for years to read and discuss good literature.

It was this broad outlook on life, this insight into the beautiful and the good that distinguished the life of Mary Hezlep Knight. She was so vivid, so full of humor and tenderness, so sensitive to truth, that her lovely influence reached far beyond the circle of her unassuming life. Said a friend, who knew her in the early days of illness, labor and anxiety,

"I never met Minnie Knight that she was not full of inspiration to me. She had read a fine poem, had learned a noble hymn, had written a humorous letter, making fun of her difficulties and trials. Perhaps, she had clipped an inspiring quotation, which she was eager to pass along. She LIVED not just existed; and she must pass on to others the richness of her own life. No matter how dreary the day, or how selfish the mood in which one found ones self before meeting her, we never failed to leave her with the feeling that our world is full of meaning and that the pettiness of our daily thinking is from ourselves and not a necessary part of life."

This pioneer bride knew her Shakespeare well. She had learned it on her father's knee, and I have heard her quote:

"The fault, Dear Brutus, is not in our stars, but in ourselves that we are underlings."

Pioneer life is hard; it is not as simple as is sometimes thought, but it calls out the strongest, finest qualities in human nature, self reliance, straight thinking and sympathy.

(Signed) Harriet Knight Orr.

MEDICINE BOW, WYOMING

Medicine Bow Station came into being when on its way to join the Central Pacific, the Union Pacific railroad crept across the vast plains of Wyoming, and neared an inviting bend in the Medicine Bow river. The object was a pumping station which would afford an abundance of water to be used in the engines which pulled the trains. The station was called Medicine Bow, after the river on which it was situated, and the river was named in honor of the mountains in which it headed, and they, in turn, derived their name from the Indians. Tradition says that the northern tribes repaired annually to the foot of these mountains for the purpose of procuring a variety of ash timber from which they made their bows. With the Indians, anything that is excellent for the purpose for which it was intended, is called, "Good Medicine", hence the locality was known as the place where they could procure "good medicine bows".

Oscar Collister, who had served as a telegraph operator on the Overland Trail at Deer Creek, fifteen miles east of where Casper is now located, was the first agent and telegraph operator at Medicine Bow station. Later, Mr. Collister was transferred to Carbon to act as agent, and operator there, and Randall Clay succeeded him at the Bow as agent, and Mrs. Clay, (his wife) was operator.

A few years later, when many herds of cattle had been brought into the country and turned loose on the range, stock-

yards were built at Medicine Bow and it became a shipping center for a great number of cattle that were taken to eastern markets.

Step by step the country became sparsely settled, and the pumping station grew from just that, into a thriving little village. As was the case with all other frontier towns, there were for Medicine Bow, more exciting days than uneventful ones. Murders and robberies occurred, and twice the village was attacked by Indians in a vicious attempt to destroy the depot and railroad, for the Indians considered the railroad their worst enemy. Both times the Redskins were driven away by the few citizens of the little town.

Two saloons were opened in the Bow and it was there that the thirsty cowpunchers went to break the drouth brought on by miles of sun-dried prairies and a hankering to be wild. Larry Quealy and Trabing Brothers were interested in the saloon business. Quealy was a one-time member of the Wyoming legislature and the Trabings owned the TB ranch, north of the Bow and thousands of head of cattle. Many characters whose reputation bore of the unsavory, visited the Bow often, and remained there for weeks at a time. Among these were Joseph Slade, who was hung by a vigilance committee in Montana, Bill Bevins, who later met a like fate in the same state, Deaf Charlie, Mexican Mike and Jack Watkins, who shot and attempted to kill Sheriff Brophy in Laramie. Needless to say they were the inspiration for many a brawl in Medicine Bow.

In the Medicine Bow mountains at the head of the river was a tie camp, where hundreds of thousands of railroad ties and mining props were cut every year and floated down the river to a "boom" a mile above Medicine Bow Station. This boom was made of strong chains, and here many men were employed in removing the pieces of timber from the river. Many men were also employed on the "tie drive", from the head of the river to the boom. This led them all into the Bow and these gatherings proved that when it came to staging untamed performances, cowboys had nothing on "tie hacks." On one occasion when the tie drive had reached the Bow and half a hundred tie hacks were thirsting for thrills, they went into town in the evening after their day's work was finished. Soapy Dale was drive foreman. He had derived the name from the fact that he had been in jail in a small town, and on being forgotten by the town officials had become so hungry that he had eaten a bar of soap which he found in the jail—hence "Soapy" Dale. A freight car was standing on a side track in the Bow on this particular evening and altho it was raining, the tie men "all lit up", decided to relieve this car of its cargo, and proceeded to do so. They pried the door open and began in earnest to unload the car. The depot agent hearing the noise opened the window and stuck his head out to see what

was going on, and he immediately received a barrage of mud balls which caused him to seek shelter safely within the depot. The tie men thinking it safest to leave the car, hastily retreated to the railroad eating house in the eastern part of town. It was almost midnight and time for the trainmen to come to eat. The smell of the coffee and beefsteak made the drunken tie hacks hungry and they ordered the cook to bring on the grub, while they noisily seated themselves around the long tables. The cook protested, but when a few bullets went whirling thru the coffee boiler, and coffee flowed freely over stove and floor, he reluctantly placed all the cooked food in the place before them. Some of them declared the steak was not dead as they had seen it move, and so they held it in their fingers at arms length and perforated it with bullets. The party grew wilder and wilder until the entire restaurant was topsy turvy, and bullet holes were much in evidence everywhere. During the melee the cook had made his escape and run all the way to the depot, where he reported affairs. A dispatch was sent to headquarters for assistance, which arrived several hours later in a special car. The tie hacks had hours before vacated the place and sobered up enough to realize the position they would be in when the Union Pacific officials took hold of the matter. Dale's brain worked as rapidly in this case as always, and dressed like a gentleman, all in borrowed clothes he went to the restaurant where he found a dozen angry men surveying the damage. Mr. Dale in a most obliging manner informed them that he was the owner of large bands of sheep in the vicinity of the Bow, and that he had just been informed that a number of his herders had last night been drunk and damaged the eating house and that he had come to make the matter right. A settlement was soon forthcoming and altho Mr. Dale had been one of the principal parties to the melee no one would have suspected as much, and he paid the damages with a friendly smile, with funds raised by the culprits, and the matter was settled indefinitely.

Owen Wister, famous novelist, spent several weeks in and around Medicine Bow, collecting data for his story entitled "The Virginian." In this book he brot a great deal of notoriety to the little town.

A general store was owned and operated in early days by J. L. Klinkenbeard, later by Judge Allen and John Pratley. Mr. Pratley was elected Treasurer of Carbon County and moved from Medicine Bow to Rawlins.

A hotel on a small plan was opened in a dwelling house in the north side of the town, and meals were also served to the public at the U. P. section house.

In August, 1909, Medicine Bow was incorporated according to the Wyoming state laws, and August Grimm was elected its first

mayor. Ed Walter, John Grooman, John Richards and George Self were elected councilmen, and Emil Grooman was appointed city clerk. The first meeting of the city council was held September 4, 1909. At this meeting Ed Walter was appointed city treasurer, John Kelley, city marshal, George Brimmer, city attorney, and Ed Walter was appointed chairman of the council.

The Medicine Bow Telephone Company and the Johnson-Cronberg Telephone Company were both granted franchises for building and operating telephone lines within the limits of the little city. The streets were graded, and some cement sidewalks were laid. A water and sewerage system were installed. The town arranged to light with electricity.

The "Virginian" Hotel was built by August Grimm, and formally opened to the public in September, 1913. The occasion was celebrated by a banquet served in courses, and an all-night ball. The hotel was then one of the finest in the state, with a truly western atmosphere. The picture decorations were drawings of western scenes, all by Russell. A few years later the O'Connor hotel was built and operated by Mrs. J. W. Graney and daughter, Miss Alberta O'Connor. This, too, is a modern hotel and an asset to the little town in which it stands. On account of failing health Mrs. Graney and daughter rented the hostelry and moved to Laramie, where Mrs. Graney passed away. A few years ago another hotel was added to the list, namely "The Brown." At present a part of this building is occupied by the Bow River Store, operated by Mr. S. A. Rennard.

The Medicine Bow State Bank was organized by Cosgriff Brothers in 1911. It was purchased in 1919 by a syndicate of ranchers and stockmen. The stockholders are C. F. R. Cronberg, sheepman, president; Charles Ellis, cattleman; J. P. Sullivan, sheepman; James Horne, sheepman; John Burnett, cattleman; John Richards, sheepman; Rasmus Cronberg, sheepman; N. H. Scott, merchant; and R. R. Finkbinder, cashier of the bank, and Brimmer & Brimmer, attorneys.

Three mercantile stores are operated in the Bow. The Medicine Bow Mercantile, which was the original Klinkenbeard store; the Bow River Store and the Cash Store. The only drug store in town is operated by Thomas Johns. The Southern Wyoming Company owns the only individual lumber yard in the town; it is operated by Cain Brunt. A meat market is run in connection with the Bow River store. The town has two first class garages, the Anderson Garage under the management of R. A. Cooper, and the Lincoln Highway Garage operated and owned by Werth Garretson, who is also a deputy sheriff.

There are four filling stations in Medicine Bow, and the Sunset Camp Grounds are on the east edge of town. Medicine Bow is on the Lincoln Highway, and many thousands of tourists pass thru the town every season.

There is a landing field for airplanes and a large guide light with many smaller ones on the south edge of town.

A large brick school building adds much to the beauty of the town, and houses both the grades and the three year accredited high school.

An Australian shearing plant handles thousands of sheep at Medicine Bow every year. Many thousands of pounds of wool are shipped annually from the Bow, for the surrounding country is adapted to stock raising, sheep far surpassing any other industry. Wool buyers flock to the Bow each season to purchase the gigantic clips which are first class wool.

Medicine Bow is trading center for the northeastern part of Carbon County as well as the northwestern part of Albany County and in this section are many well-to-do ranchmen and stockmen.

Two interesting holdups have been staged in Medicine Bow during the past dozen years. About midnight a lone bandit who was described as being a "fat man", entered the "Home Ranch" saloon and much to the astonishment of the half dozen inmates of the place, flourished a gun and commanded all hands toward high heaven. When it was realized that he meant business the men obeyed and the bartender was told to give him the money from the cash drawer. The robber took his ill gotten spoils and faded away into the darkness never to be seen again.

On the night of November 18, 1919, Union Pacific passenger train, Number 19 was held up at the Bow, by William Carlisle, who had escaped from the State Penitentiary where he was serving a life sentence for holding up two trains a year or so before. Excitement ran high, and for days afterward the little town was a seething mass of humanity, as dozens of officers, county, state, and Union Pacific, as well as a company of cavalry from Fort D. A. Russell, came to capture the robber. However, when he was finally captured it was at a ranch in the Laramie mountains several weeks later. He was sent back to prison where he is still serving his sentence.

The Medicine Bow river wends its way around the little town, and city water is pumped from the river into a high steel tank. Another tank near the railroad and belonging to the Union Pacific supplies water for the trains, and that water, too, as in olden days, is pumped from the river. Ben Dalvitt was one of the pumpmen many years ago, but for the past thirty-five years, Al Beery has operated the pumping station down on the bank of the Medicine Bow.

—By MRS. CHAS. ELLIS,
Difficulty, Wyoming.

COPE: MASTER NATURALIST

The Life and Letters of Edward Drinker Cope, with a Bibliography of His Writings Classified by Subject. A Study of the Pioneer and Foundation Periods of Vertebrate Paleontology in America. By Henry Fairfield Osborn, Senior Geologist, U. S. Geological Survey; Honorary Curator, Department of Vertebrate Paleontology, American Museum of Natural History. With the co-operation of Helen Ann Warren (and others). Illustrated with drawings, and restorations by Charles R. Knight under the direction of Professor Cope, 1931. Princeton University Press, Princeton, N. J. (London: Humphrey Milford, Oxford University Press). 74 Opp. \$5.00.

Reviewed by WILLIAM HARPER DAVIS

American biography and the history of natural science are both distinctly enriched by the publication of this extensive and really adequate life of one of the country's—and of the world's—greatest naturalists and natural philosophers. The idiosyncratic quality, variety, and abundance of the subject's genius is captured and exhibited for the reader with remarkable skill and gratifying success. The book is the outgrowth of years of knowledge and experience, of general and special studies, and figures against a uniquely suitable background of familiarity alike with Cope and with the field—or fields—of his labors. A labor of love and extreme care, it reveals the man directly, largely through his correspondence, also by happy just characterization and personal reminiscences. It is a balanced book, well systematized, picturesquely descriptive, frank and personal, sympathetic yet impartial, containing a vast deal of technical information, as a guide to the student, and many highly readable pages of dramatic narrative and the quotation of brilliant, meaty, or witty sallies by Cope himself. The preparation has been painstaking, co-operative, partly a polygenetic compilation, analyzed and synthesized *de novo*; and its inclusiveness is, on the whole, all that could be desired. Even its omissions leave the reader in want of nothing essential for a proper understanding of Cope and his work.

The career of Cope (Philadelphia, United States, and the world (1840-97)), his specialties, contributions, explorations, interpretations, personal idiosyncrasies, successes and trails, even his voluminous publications, must be here passed over without a word of summary.

Cope was a pioneer in exploration and discovery both in zoology and geology, especially in vertebrate paleontology, whose work in our state figures prominently in the history of American science and whose discoveries in the paleontology of the state throw considerable light upon its geological history.

Wyoming, with two or three other states, figures most conspicuously and epochally in the record of Cope's remarkable

career as a naturalist, a geologist and especially a vertebrate paleontologist. From Kansas he worked up into the state in 1872-3, returning now and again, notably in 1885. His work in the state centered principally in the Jurassic Morrison Formation of Como and in the Eocene Wasatch and Bridger formation. Marsh had preceded him in the Eocene Bridger Basin and was bitterly jealous of his entrance into this field; as subsequently he opposed a similar entrance of Scott, Speir and Osborn. Leidy, disliking the bitter competition, voluntarily abandoned the field in which he had been the real, that is the first pioneer; but Cope cultivated it with renewed and protracted vigor, first working in the neglected Washakie Basin. An amazing number of fossil animals of the greatest scientific significance was for the first time brought to light and swift and bitter was the warfare on account of them and their naming between the rivals, Marsh and Cope. Cope's family later met him at Fort Bridger, where his results were of the utmost importance. He worked for the Hayden United States Geological Survey. Of 100 Eocene species found, about 60 were new to science. Many highly interesting letters from Fort Bridger, Cottonwood Creek, Church Buttes, the Green River, and Ham's Fork are published. Not only the horns *Loxolophodon*, but the great elephantine "dawn emperor" *Eobasileus* belong to this period and region. Some birds and reptiles, including 17 turtles, were found. His work here, as elsewhere, contributed much to explain the Rocky Mountain Tertiaries, geologically. The year 1879 finds Cope again in Wyoming; and in 1882 he writes from the Lake Valley mines, in which he had investments, and from Cheyenne of the vegetation and scenery, "the Ochotilla" in bloom, etc." Cope's Wyoming work belongs to his Golden Decade in the West, at once comparing for importance and contrasting in character with his remarkable discoveries farther south in New Mexico and Texas. Wyoming looms large indeed upon the historic horizon of Cope and of vertebrate paleontology.

Dolls. 8514 49/100

Saint Louis 25th August 1854

Six months after date we the Subscribers Residing at Fort Laramie in Nebraska Territory Promise to pay to the order of R. Campbell,

Eighty five hundred & fourteen.....49/100 Dollars

without defalcation or discount, for value received,.....

Due

PAID

(Signed) Ward & Guerrier.

WYOMING'S MARVELS**GEOLOGIST AUGHEY COLLECTING THEM FOR A MUSEUM**

"I receive letters every week," said Professor Samuel Aughey yesterday, "asking where a collection of the minerals, fossils and curiosities for which Wyoming is famous can be found; and I am obliged to write the somewhat humiliating reply that there is none. The only collection of any value which has ever been made is in New Orleans, boxed up, awaiting the reopening of the exposition next winter. Therefore, I am commencing a collection of minerals, fossils and other curiosities for a museum. I shall make the collection as rapidly as possible and rely upon the next legislature to provide a suitable place for its exhibition."

Professor Aughey and his assistant, Mr. Knight, started last evening for the fossil beds in the Platte river, east of the Seminole mountains. Mr. Knight will remain there several weeks. Professor Aughey will return to Cheyenne in about a week.

There is but little doubt that the next legislature will find it wise to provide for the erection of a suitable structure in this city for the exhibition of the collected marvels of the territory. * * *

It is true that Wyoming is the collecting ground for the United States, and in a score of museums in the country may be found valuable curiosities which have been taken from the territory. It would appear that it is about time the territory should have something to show for itself.

Among the passengers who went east on Tuesday were Professor G. Hambach, and Professor George W. Letterman, of the Washington university, St. Louis, and Dr. Edward Evans, of Streator, Illinois. Two of these gentlemen, Messrs. Evans and Hambach, are celebrated paleontologists, and Mr. Letterman is a botanist of no small reputation. They left St. Louis on the 7th of July and first went to Colorado, where they spent some time in examining the peaks, mountains and canyons, after which they went to Salt Lake City and from thence, staged it 300 miles via Beaver canyon to the famous Yellowstone park, where they had the unusual good fortune to see fourteen geysers spouting in one day.

Among other specimens they obtained was the perfect fossilized skeleton of a crocodile, twelve feet long and weighing 800 or 900 pounds. This was cut into three sections for better shipment. A splendid palm leaf, four by four feet in size, was dug up, the veins and fibre of which were as perfect as when "millions of years ago," it fell from the tree upon the soil of Wyoming; fossil fish eighteen inches to two feet in size. These and

many other rare and valuable specimens were gathered near the Oregon Short Line track.

It is questionable if these two valuable fossils can be duplicated.—The Cheyenne Sun, August 13, 1885.

Mr. Knight, Prof. Aughey's assistant, has been on the Platte for several weeks collecting fossils and other curiosities of Wyoming soil, and he has succeeded in making a large collection which is now boxed and ready to be placed in the territorial museum whenever there shall be a suitable place provided.

It is the earnest desire of Prof. Aughey that the next legislature shall recognize the necessity of preserving some of the curiosities to be found on Wyoming soil for the territory's own benefit. A very handsome exhibition is already collected and in New Orleans. This will be sent back next March. Then there should be a place in which the fossils and minerals now being collected could be added to it and the whole displayed in a neat little museum. It would be valuable for reference to residents of the territory and would prove a great attraction to visitors.—The Cheyenne Sun, September 1, 1885.

Fallons Bluffs Apr 1 the 1859

Due S. P. Ashcroft or order the sum of three Hundred & Forty Six Dollars 40/00 100 Fore Survaives Rendered To April 1st 59

J. M. Hockaday & Co.
pr. J. E. Bromly Ag.

Written across face the following:

Chg. a to a/c F

Endorsed on back as follows:

Received on the within one company horse valued at Sixty Dollars. June 26th 1859.

J. M. Hockaday & Co.

Note \$346.40

S. P. Ashcroft

60.00

286.40

Proceedings of a Council of Administration which convened at Fort Laramie D. T. pursuant to the following order, viz:

Headquarters Fort Laramie D. T.

General Order) Oct. 30th, 1866.

No. 31)

Extract

LL . . . A Council of administration to consist of Capt. D. S. Gordon 2nd U. S. Cavalry, Bvt. Major U. S. A. Capt. W. P. McCleery, 18th U. S. Inftry & 1st Lieut. H. B. Freeman 18 U. S. Inftry & Bvt. Capt. U. S. A. will convene at 2 P. M. on the 31st inst. or as soon thereafter as practicable for the purpose of taxing the Sutler and transacting such other

business as may properly brought before it. By order of Major Van Voast.

Sigd) J. Keyes Hyer
1st Lieut. 18th Infy. U. S., & Post Adjt.
Fort Laramie D. T.

The Council met pursuant to the above order. Present, All the Members, and resolved to tax the Post Sutler 10c per average number of Officers and Enlisted men at the Post for Sept. & Oct. 1866. Average number of Officers & Enlisted men during the month of Sept. 366 at 10c per man gives \$36.60. Average number of Officers & Enlisted men for month Oct. 313 at 10c per man gives \$31.30 total tax—\$67.90.—

(Signed) D. S. Gordon

Capt. 2nd U. S. Cavalry & Bvt. Major U. S. A.

(Signed) W. P. McCleery

(Signed) H. B. Freeman

Capt. 18th U. S. Infy.

Bvt. Capt. U. S. A.

1st Lieut. 18th U. S. Infy.

Recorder.

Approved

(Signed) James Van Voast

Major 18th U. S. Infy.

Comd'g.

True copy from Proceedings of
Council of Administration.

W. S. Starring

1st Lieut. 18th Infy., Post Adjt.

Received of W. G. Bullock, Esq. (\$67.90) Sixty Seven Dollars and Ninety cents. Amt. of tax imposed upon Post Sutler for the months of Sept. & October 1866, by Council of Administration at Fort Laramie D. T. October 30, 1866.

W. S. Starring

Fort Laramie D. T.

1st Lieut. 18th Infy.

Dec. 8th, 1866.

Post Treasurer.

ACCESSIONS

April, 1932-July, 1932

Museum

Meyers, E. D.—Fossil thought to be a snake's head.

Carroll, Major C. G.—Portrait of George Washington.

Governor's Office—Finger print. (Steel cut).

Pease, Mrs. Vera Jane Edwards—(Nurse during the World War)—
1 bullet, 2 pieces of French money and 1 piece of English money,
3 World War insignia, coffee cup used by Mrs. Pease during the
War, uniform gloves, coif, cuffs, apron of Red Cross uniform, photo-
graph of Mrs. Pease taken in 1932, and card advertising the Sage
Brush Inn and Deaver Wyoming Camp Ground operated by Mrs.
Pease from 1925 to 1932.

Gautschi, Mr. Hans—Lusk, Wyoming. Specimens of stone, tools taken from the "Spanish Diggings" on June 12, 1932. These are hoes, spear points, arrow points and scrapers, and have probably been discarded because of some imperfection. Picture of Mr. Gautschi's own collection which he has found in the "Diggings" and which he has mounted in cement and keeps on display at his Filling Station in Lusk. This collection of more than six hundred arrows, blades and spears, is a fine collection and is well displayed.

McCreery, Mrs. Alice Richards—Eight photos, Wyoming Battalion, Spanish American War. They are Captain O'Brien, Cooks, Guard Mount at "Camp Richards", "Co. C. Mustering In", Co. C. officers; Co. C. Co. G. shows Major Wilhelm and Gov. W. A. Richards. One "Company formation".

The following pictures: One photo of the flag 1st Battalion Wyoming Volunteers; one photo taken in 1898, Mrs. W. A. Richards and Miss Alice Richards hold the flag "1st Battalion Wyoming Volunteers", with Mrs. H. B. Henderson first picture at left. Group photo of Big Horn County men, not one who was under six feet tall. They are Geo. B. McClellan, A. L. Coleman, W. A. Richards, L. C. Thomas, W. E. Taylor. One photo taken in Governor's office in Capitol building, in 1898, shows Gov. Richards and his three daughters, Captain O'Brien, and Harold D. Coburn. Miss Alice Richards was Secretary to the Governor.

One page of "The Wave." It carries the following pictures: Major Foote and Staff; Major Foote; Co. C., Captain Thos. Millar; Co. F., Captain J. D. O'Brien; Capt. J. D. O'Brien, Capt. Thos. Millar; Capt. D. C. Wrightler; Capt. E. P. Holtenhouse; Co. H., Captain E. P. Holtenhouse; Co. G., Captain D. C. Wrightler.

Original Manuscripts

Waldo, Mrs. F. H.—"Troupers and Tremolos" and "Dakota Hunting."

Fryxell, Dr. F. M.—"Thomas Moran's Journey to the Tetons in 1879", with the following illustrations: Picture of Thomas Moran on his way to Yellowstone country in 1871; Picture of Thomas Moran from portrait taken in 1882; Photostat of a page from Thomas Moran's journal; Beaver Dick, his Indian wife, Jenny, and their half-breed children. Camp in Teton Basin.

Hanna, O. P.—"Mr. Hanna's Reminiscences." Mr. Hanna came to Wyoming in 1868.

Documents

McCreery, Mrs. G. W.—Diary kept in 1874 by the late W. A. Richards, former Governor of Wyoming.

Treas. Office (J. A. Calverly)—Plat of Post Ft. McKinney, Wyoming, 1895. Collection of documents concerning the World's Fair of 1893 and the Louisiana Purchase Exposition of 1903. This collection includes correspondence, expense accounts, premiums awarded, scrap books, and United States Postal Service Bulletin, 1904.

Calverly, James A.—Souvenir, Second United States Volunteer Cavalry, Torrey's Rough Riders.

Wyoming State Highway Department—Map of Wyoming compiled and drawn by Julius Muller, 1931.

Governor's Office—Freehand drawing of Christmas Greetings. Resolution from Prospectors Alliance of America, San Francisco, California, dated December 26, 1912. Joint Resolution, 62nd Congress, May 17, 1912. Senate Bill 4016, Introduced in U. S. Senate March 2, 1898. (Ceding Public Lands to States) Senator Warren. Senate Bill 205, Introduced in U. S. Senate by Senator Warren, Dec. 6, 1899. (Ceding Public Lands to the States.) Act of Admission of the State of Wyoming July 10, 1890.

Dunder, Clarence J.—Architects plans and specifications of three residences in Cheyenne. 2 mail sacks and 2 boxes filled with papers and various sorts of files, ledgers, and books of several of the old cattle companies of this part of the State. Some of them are The Carrington-Brooks Horse Farm, Suffolk and Co., The Lance Creek Cattle Co. and Adams, Chate and Co. Most of them date back to the 80's and 90's.

Wills, Miss Olive—Twenty-two letters written by artists to Miss Wills which were used as source material by Miss Wills in her manuscript on Wyoming Art and Artists.

McCreery, Mrs. Alice Richards—Copies of four letters written in March and April, 1896, in regard to naming the Battleship Wyoming. These letters were from Senator F. E. Warren, Mrs. Di Me D. Van Voorhies. R. A. Hobert, and John D. Long of the U. S. Navy. Six pencil drawings by R. Swaim. Mr. Swaim was the artist for the Richards' party when they surveyed the South boundary of Wyoming in 1870. The diary by W. A. Richards during this survey was published in Annals of Wyoming, Volume 7, No. 4.

Books

Illinois State Historical Library—Brief Biographies of the 129 Figurines made by Mrs. Schmidt.

Fryxell, Dr. F. M.—"The River of the West" by Frances Fuller Victor. Illinois State Historical Library—Transaction of the Ill. State Historical Society, 1931.

Fryxell, Fritiof—The Teton Peaks and their ascent—By Dr. F. M. Fryxell. (Pub. 1932).

Pamphlets

Pease, Mrs. Vera Jane Edwards—"More Yank Talk," a Review of A. E. F. Humor, June 1919.

Univ. of Montana—Historical Reprint No. 18.

Music

Lathrop, Mrs. Jean Brooks—Three pieces of music, words and music original, and manuscript in the original draft. Mrs. Lathrop is the daughter of former Governor and Mrs. Brooks, and wife of Dr. Lathrop of Casper, Wyoming. Titles of music: "Modern Rustling", "Round-up", "Indians in Town."

Miscellaneous

Carter, Hon. Vincent—Slab taken from the United States Capitol Building shortly after the burning of the Capitol by the British Army on August 24, 1814.

Newspapers

Governor's Office—Virginia Souvenir Number of the Alexandria Gazette, which is in commemoration of the 200th anniversary of the birth of George Washington.

Pease, Mrs. Vera Jane Edwards—Camp Kearney Weekly News, Volume 1, Number 33, July 20, 1918.

Annals of Wyoming

Vol. 9

OCTOBER, 1932

No. 2

CONTENTS

Artists of Wyoming.....	By Olive Wills
Autobiography of Elling William Gollings, Cowboy Artist	
The Fetterman Massacre.....	By John Guthrie
From Fort Reno to Fort Phil Kearny.....	By A. B. Ostrander
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CHAPTER 96

STATE HISTORICAL BOARD

Session Laws 1921

DUTIES OF HISTORIAN

Section 6. It shall be the duty of the State Historian:

(a) To collect books, maps, charts, documents, manuscripts, other papers and any obtainable material illustrative of the history of the State.

(b) To procure from pioneers narratives of any exploits, perils and adventures.

(c) To collect and compile data of the events which mark the progress of Wyoming from its earliest day to the present time, including the records of all of the Wyoming men and women, who served in the World War and the history of all war activities in the State.

(d) To procure facts and statements relative to the history, progress and decay of the Indian tribes and other early inhabitants within the State.

(e) To collect by solicitation or purchase fossils, specimens, of ores and minerals, objects of curiosity connected with the history of the State and all such books, maps, writings, charts and other material as will tend to facilitate historical, scientific and antiquarian research.

(f) To file and carefully preserve in his office in the Capitol at Cheyenne, all of the historical data collected or obtained by him, so arranged and classified as to be not only available for the purpose of compiling and publishing a History of Wyoming, but also that it may be readily accessible for the purpose of disseminating such historical or biographical information as may be reasonably requested by the public. He shall also bind, catalogue and carefully preserve all unbound books, manuscripts, pamphlets, and especially newspaper files containing legal notices which may be donated to the State Historical Board.

(g) To prepare for publication a biennial report of the collections and other matters relating to the transaction of the Board as may be useful to the public.

(h) To travel from place to place, as the requirements of the work may dictate, and to take such steps, not inconsistent with the provisions of this Act, as may be required to obtain the data necessary to the carrying out of the purpose and objects herein set forth.



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ARTISTS OF WYOMING

OLIVE WILLS

Miss Wills studied in the Chicago Art Institute, New York School of Fine and Applied Arts and the Ecole d' Art Paris, France.

She has published a set of still life studies, and of California trees for schoolroom use.

She is a successful teacher of art in the Cheyenne Public Schools, a position she has held for sixteen years, and which position she feels entitles her to be classed with the Wyoming artists.

Miss Wills travels much and always uses the opportunity that travel gives to enrich her knowledge of art. —Editor's Note.

Do dreams come true? Surely out in this wide open country hopes and dreams soar higher than in the shut-in limits of the great city, where in the fine schools there is much to learn but not the inspiration that the vast prairies, the great

sweeping plains, and the majestic mountains stimulate. They give not only an inspiration for art, but a dream for many accomplishments, always a hope to attain success. We have many dreamers in Wyoming who are going to attain this end from the brave cowboy who lives near nature's heart to the artist who tries to put on canvas her wondrous beauties and thus pass it on to the world.

It is the writer's hope and dream that many of our Wyoming boys and girls will some day attain success in the art world and contribute their part to the building up of a more

beautiful Wyoming, beautiful cities, parks, buildings, and homes as well as fine pictures that they may do something that will be handed down in history as the achievements of the twentieth century and may tell the people hundreds of years hence that this country at least had high ideals for the beautiful.



This makes up stop to think, how will the centuries to come consider our work; no doubt it will be crude to them, but it will tell them of our life and our methods of living. Just as we now look back upon the art of the stone age of the Indians, Egyptians, and Greeks. History proves that all people have a craving for aesthetic pleasures which may be expressed in various ways.

These few notes will at least tell of a few Wyomingites who are making an attempt to attain the mark.

First we must take note of the stone age of Wyoming, for the art of such an age has recently been discovered and none can better describe these wonderful findings than has David Love, a student in the University of Wyoming who assisted in uncovering these petroglyphs in the following article.

**Taken from
"Petroglyphs of Central Wyoming"**

By DAVID LOVE

The drawings, all of which are incised, may be roughly classified into three groups. The first and smallest group contains the simplest drawings.

Deeply incised parallel lines, generally in groups of from three to eight, drawn vertically on the cliff face are very frequent. They vary in length from a few inches to several feet and may be tool grooves. Single drawings of large arrows, life size bear tracks, trees, and tepees are common. The trees drawn are similar to the pines growing in the neighborhood. There is one drawing of a plant greatly resembling corn. A few signs common to many tribes of American Indians today are found on the cliffs. The symbol for rain consisting of a horizontal line with many vertical lines extending downward from it, the zigzag mark denoting lightning and the wavy line indicating water are associated together.

The second group consisting of definite designs may be divided into two sub-groups—the designs enclosed in circles and those without circles. The latter and smaller group contains drawings which are usually bordered by straight lines on two sides or by rectangles. Alternating parallel and zigzag lines are the chief features of those designs bordered only by two straight lines, while the rectangles contain crosses, squares, triangles, "ladders" and zigzag lines in varying combinations. A symmetrical figure with the same outline as the "iron cross" of Germany occurs in several places. Some rectangles contain both horizontal and vertical parallel lines so the resulting combination is similar to a coarse screen mesh.

The designs enclosed in circles are by far the most carefully drawn and artistic of the glyphs. These circles rarely have a

diameter less than a foot or more than two feet. Many are colored varying shades of red, yellow and green. The red and yellow colors are probably derived from the hematite and limonite which abound in the vicinity but the green color is of unknown origin. Although the colors are unprotected from wind, water and sun, the oldest residents of the district say there has been no noticeable fading or weathering of the color during the last half century. Rock upon which the circles are drawn has been smoothed off previous to drawing and beneath the cliffs flat grinding stones, possibly used in this process have been picked up. Short rays about an inch in length and one half inch apart are common around the outside of many circles and often double lines have been drawn along the sides, are frequently divided into either bilaterally symmetrical halves or very similar fourths. Few circles contain pictures of people but many are adorned with pictures of animals, birds and a few reptiles. Elk, deer, antelope, and moose are found in several. Mice and other small animals, the identity of which is uncertain are common. Within one circle is a figure of a head with a human face, ears and horns like a buffalo and on each side of this figure is a small rodent in a vertical position. The birds represented bear a resemblance to sage chickens, hawks or eagles and vultures. The vultures are foreign to Wyoming but the other birds are common. Suns and crescents, most of which are colored red or green, are found in attractive and symmetrical designs. Among the most artistic circles are two containing turtles. One contains four small turtles, each in a fourth of the circle and separated from the other three by a green horizontal and a yellow vertical bar which radiate from a green ball at the center of the circle. The other circle encloses but a single turtle twelve inches high and nine inches broad. This is the finest individual drawing in the region. Though both sets of turtles are colored this single one is most carefully done. The shell is divided into seventy-two squares and triangles, each of which is carefully drawn and colored a different shade from the ones next to it. The color is in no case run over the section for which it was intended. On most of the divisions reddish purple, green and yellow have been used alternately. Each leg also is divided into the same number of scales and the corresponding scale on each leg is of the same color. The red head is triangular, the feet each have five claws and the long tail is in a position which shows the ancient artist must have had intimate knowledge of the habits of turtles.

Upon one very smooth light pink sandstone block there is a group of thirteen well preserved circles, most of which have been colored and all of which show a superior style of workmanship. They are nearly all the same size and most have short, closely and evenly spaced rays protruding from their outer edges. Animals and birds in pairs are drawn in several circles. One contains a

pair of birds similar to vultures, another exhibits a pair of antelope, another a pair of mice, etc. One circle divided into four parts contains characters which suggest the four phases of the moon. Another contains a very plain drawing of the sun, moon and lightning. Still another contains a sun located in the center of the circle, a ladder leading from the bottom up to the sun and a second ladder from the sun to the upper edge of the circle. Up on a high cliff isolated from the other drawings is a lone circle containing an upright figure of a man with two shafts of lightning striking his head and a spear in each hand. This is the only case in which blending of colors took place. Purple and green were blended together on this man's body in a very artistic manner.

The third group consists of realistic drawings, such as people, animals, birds and reptiles. The second and third groups overlap in many places for often animals, birds, or reptiles are found within circles, or circles are found inside animals. Numerous drawings are of animals which do not, now at least, live in the neighborhood. Drawings of moose, elk or deer, antelope, and mountain sheep or mountain goat, and buffalo are plentiful and those of porcupines, badgers, and small rodents occur. Several pictures of animals resembling coyotes or wolves, bobcats and one with plates on its back and a figure like an armadillo have been found. In one place are five figures of short-legged, long bodied animals with blunt horns or bumps on their noses. Most of the animals have certain features in common. Side views were always drawn although in many cases attempts were made to show both sides of the head. The profile of the head was drawn, then two eyes, nostrils and mouth divided by a vertical bar were drawn on the side of the head. The feet of the cloven-hoofed animals were shown just as the tracks of that animal looked. In no place do the pictures of horse and cow appear so it is possible these glyphs were made previous to their advent.

These ancient artists attempted a few drawings depicting the internal structure of animals. There is one very good picture of a large spiny nosed animal. The figure is 120 cm long and 53 cm high. Six coils of the intestine, the anus, duodenum, stomach, gullet and nine ribs are shown. The well carved feet displaying five claws resemble closely a street-cleaners broom. Some internal views of persons are shown but they are poorly made.

Drawings of several different kinds of birds in varying postures were found. They also show two eyes on the same side of the head. In one group of five a front view of the birds with wings outstretched was shown. These birds had long beaks and claws. One large one wore a pair of wattles on his throat and a tuft of hair on his head in the same manner as the wild turkey. Side views of some birds with their wings folded were made.

There are many drawings of people but all have certain features in common. Figures face directly to the front, the hands are upraised and fingers extended, and both feet point the same way. No profiles of the human face or side views of the body have been found. All figures are upright with one exception. Ten distinct types of the human figure have been described.

* * *

Many of the figures are drawn with bows, arrows, or spears in their hands and a few are shown in the act of shooting. Frequently people are shown with arrows shot through them, or about to pierce them. Few drawings of people are colored. In some the incision was slight but the coloring very deep. Now after considerable weathering only the color remains with a few faint traces of incision. * * *

These petroglyphs are unrelated to any of the Indian tribes in the vicinity. The oldest of the chiefs of the Arapahoe and Shoshoni tribes cannot tell who made them, what they signify, how old they are; in fact they have not even a legend about them. The Indians know of their existence—that is all. The Arapahoes tell a tale that when they came over from the old world to the new they found in this vicinity a race of pygmy cannibals living among the cliffs. The people who made the drawings were intelligent. They lived in tepees, used bows, arrows, and spears, were hunters and travelers.

These people were no mean artists as is evinced by their attractive color schemes of red, green and yellow; their symmetrical designs and excellent reproductions of animals, etc. They were entirely lacking, however, in a sense of the perspective. The drawings were not all made at once but long intervals elapsed between periods of artistic endeavors. This is born out by the fact that clear-cut incised lines are found superimposed upon very faint, crude, weather-checked drawings of another type. Since the glyphs occur at various heights, some time must have lapsed since they were made, as erosion and depositions take place very slowly due to the arid climate and porosity of the soil in this region. Some drawings are fifteen feet above the present ground level while others are found within six inches of the ground and may even extend beneath the surface.

Since our knowledge of the early history of Egypt and Greece is through their wonderful buildings, let us commence the survey of Wyoming artists with the architects, a few years ago we had architects of note who left marks of their talents in some of the old buildings and residences in Cheyenne; among whom are: Mr. Anderson, who designed the Hon. J. M. Carey, and the Hayes homes and the old school which is now used as the Administrative Building; Mr. W. S. Rainsford, the Hynds, Judge Potter, C. D. Carey and Van Tassel homes; Mr. Mathews, the Commercial Block on 16th and Carey. It is interesting to note

how these architects had their own particular style; each showing a trace of some early Roman, English or perhaps Dutch type.

The artists who are with us today, Mr. Wm. Dubois, and Mr. Frederic Hutchinson Porter, residents of Cheyenne, are doing much to promote the beautiful, not only in their home town but all over the state, in our artistic state, county and public buildings, schools and homes.

Mr. William Dubois had unusual advantages in his profession for his father was an architect who was educated at Beaux Arts in Paris. After coming to America, one of his big projects was on the engineering work of Panama Canal. Mr. Wm. Dubois was in Chicago and had his training at the Chicago School of Architecture with Patton and Fisher, architects and N. S. Patton architect of Board of Education, Chicago. Mr. Dubois designed the following public buildings: the east and west wings of the State Capitol, court houses in Cheyenne and Laramie; the Insane Asylum at Evanston; Reformatory group at Worland; Tubercular Sanitarium at Basin; the Lander Training School; the Hospitals at Rock Springs, Casper and Sheridan; Gymnasium, Normal Building, Hoyt, Merica, and Agricultural Hall at the University of Wyoming; Orphanage at Torrington; High Schools, Cheyenne, Rawlins, Casper, Lander, Teton and Riverton; the handsome Wyoming Consistory in Cheyenne, also the Masonic Temples, Cheyenne and Laramie; The Commercial buildings are the Hynds building, Lincoln Theater, Tribune Publishing Company and Cheyenne Apartments and now we learn his plans for the new Federal building to be erected in Cheyenne have been accepted by the officials at Washington and will soon be under way of construction.

Mr. Dubois is now chairman of the Zoning Commission. He also does much in promoting city improvements, planning, and landscaping. He tells an interesting story of how, when he came to Cheyenne, they had planted the first trees on Randall Boulevard and he used to carry water by the bucketsfull to help grow them so he has helped to build up Cheyenne in more ways than one.

While architecture is Mr. Dubois vocation, his avocation is music. He at one time was organist in the First Baptist Church in Cheyenne.

Mr. Frederic H. Porter's first work in Cheyenne was the Boyd building erected in 1912. Since that time he has planned many handsome buildings all over the state. A few of the outstanding ones in Cheyenne are the First Presbyterian Church, the Memorial Hospital, Percy Smith's Mercantile building, Christensen Jewelry store and the United States Air Mail Field hangar and shops. Letters from presidents of school districts in Encampment, Jackson, Egbert and Gillette express most graciously their appreciation of his designs in their buildings.

Before coming to Cheyenne, Mr. Porter helped plan buildings in Denver, Salt Lake City, St. Louis, Boston and Cleveland. His technical education was at Wentworth Institute, Boston, and design at Boston and St. Louis Ateliers. He was first winner in 1918 of the American Traveling scholarship. While architecture is Mr. Porter's profession, he gives much of his time and talents to painting portraits and stage settings—an all around artist. Mr. Porter has also started others on the path to achieve success. Eugene C. Burke, a Cheyenne high school graduate was one of his pupils and gives credit to Mr. Porter for his success in winning the Scarab prize in the University of Kansas. Later he attended the University of Pennsylvania, but returned to the University of Kansas to accept a position as instructor of architectural drawing. It was then he had the honor of winning a traveling scholarship and spent four months in Europe. In the summer of 1931 he was selected to assist Dr. Fulkerson of Harvard in conducting an architectural tour through Europe. Mr. Burke is now chief designer for the Grand Rapids Store Equipment Corporation in Chicago. He specializes in interior design. One of his latest achievements was designing the interior of the jewelry store in the Waldorf Astoria, New York City. He also mentioned several other noted buildings in New York that he helped to design.

Joseph Watts, another Cheyenne high school graduate, took up architectural work, but has now turned to designing big steel projects. He helped plan the steel structure of the bridge across the Mississippi river at Vicksburg.

Mr. Day Woodford of Laramie is now studying architecture at the University of Minnesota. He also paints landscapes; his water color sketches have been hung in the Art Gallery of the University.

Mr. Harold L. Curtiss connected with the University of Wyoming as Extension Landscape Architect is now in charge of the design and construction of the George Washington Memorial Parks which are being established throughout Wyoming. Mr. Curtiss is a graduate of the University of California. He was recently chosen as one of four western men to enter the American Academy in Rome competing for the design of a Memorial Park. He has also done many fine water color and pen and ink pieces of work; some of which were recently shown in our State Exhibit.

Where can we find a more happy setting for an artist than as a Forest Ranger and this is Mr. Alfred G. Clayton, (1) senior ranger on the Washakie forest with headquarters at Dubois. Mr. Clayton's achievements have been almost as versatile as was that of Leonardo de Vinci. Forest Ranger, author, painter and illustrator; he has made pen and ink illustrations for "American Forests" published in Washington, D. C., has written and il-

lustrated short stories and paints in oil, landscapes and figures. He writes "There has to be a horse and rider in a picture before it becomes interesting to me, particularly Indians." Mr. Clayton came to Wyoming from New York City when a boy and had his art training in Chicago Art Institute and American Academy.

Mr. Hans Kleiber of Dayton has been for a number of years in the United States Forest Service. His experience has been particularly interesting. He was born in Germany of Austrian parentage, came to Wyoming in 1906. In 1907, when but twenty years old, he went into the Forestry service from which he retired in 1924 and has since devoted his entire time to art, paintings and etchings. He has had several exhibits of his works in Boston and in California at the International exhibition in Los Angeles. In 1931 he had the honor of winning the silver medal and was elected member of the California Print Makers Society. The remarkable point in Mr. Kleiber's career is that he has attained these honors through perseverance and natural talent having had no art instruction. His work received much favorable comment at the recent Wyoming art exhibit as did also the work of Mr. Lin Hopkins (2) and his wife, Ruth Joy Hopkins of Casper, an ideal companionship both having the same interests.

Mrs. Hopkins attended the St. Louis School of Fine Arts and Mr. Hopkins studied in Chicago. They write "first of all we are interested in painting the story of Wyoming; the mountains, the Wyoming sky, the sheep and sheep wagons, the bigness of it all." They are now recording the early history of Wyoming in a series of very beautiful dry point etchings. Pictures of "Independence Rock", "The Old Platte Bridge", and "The Mormon Pilgrimage"; also a series of the old Forts. Both Mr. and Mrs. Hopkins also have exhibited fine oils and water colors.

Mr. J. R. Wilson, a merchant of Glendo and father of our State Senator Bayard C. Wilson is one of Wyoming's outstanding artists. At a recent exhibit in Cheyenne, a New York City writer said he felt sure if his painting of Platte River Canyon were exhibited in Grand Central Gallery of New York it would receive not less than third prize. Mr. Wilson studied in Chicago Art Institute and St. Louis School of Fine Arts. He does wood carvings as well as paintings of Wyoming scenery.

Mrs. Dorothy Dolph of Casper came west at the invitation of her uncle, Captain Henry Palmer, who served as scout with William Cody. She writes, "it was my uncle and the stories he has written of the early days that first instilled in me the interest and thrill the west holds, giving me the great desire to paint it on canvas." Mrs. Dolph studied in Minneapolis, Minnesota; Milwaukee, Wisconsin and Chicago Art Institutes. In recognition of her work she has received two scholarships and an Honorable Mention.

"Rags," do you know who that is? Mr. Ralph A. Giles for some twenty years a resident of Evanston not only well known all over Wyoming, but also all over the west for his clever cartoons. Mr. Giles studied in Chicago, first taking up sign painting. "Have painted everything from pictures on fifteen story buildings to road signs on the highway." He has been contributor to two National Trade Journals, also the Union Pacific magazine and at present is art editor of the Union Pacific shops and Employees Magazine. Mr. Giles now lives in Ogden, Utah, but being with the Union Pacific railroad we feel he is still a Wyomingite, and we are indebted to him for the interesting cartoon "All About Wyoming Artists."

Mr. T. E. Ronne, another commercial artist whose home is in Cheyenne, had his art training with private teachers in Minneapolis, Chicago and New York. Mr. Ronne has done some fine landscape painting. He recently had an exhibit at Young's Art Galleries, Chicago. Every summer he searches out the beauty spots of Wyoming, particularly Teton National Park. One of his pictures of the Tetons is now in the Stock Growers National Bank. His commercial art is sign painting and decorating public buildings. Of these he has done the Hill County and Philips County Court houses in Montana, the Masonic Temple at Havre, Montana. Several of his pictures have been used by the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy railroad to portray the beauties of that route.

James L. Condit, born in Iowa, came to Wyoming in the eighties when he took up work on a big sheep ranch. In the loneliness of his life as a sheep herder, his thoughts turned to art. He studied carefully his surroundings, the mountains, the prairies, sheep, dogs and horses. Giotto one of the earliest artists of the thirteenth century was a sheep herder and made his first drawings on stone, but Mr. Condit soon became convinced that his life work must be art so he went to Cincinnati and studied in the Art Institute there, then to Boston and later to the Pacific Coast where he established a studio. His works are landscapes and portraits in both oil and water color.

Mrs. Arthur Keays, (3) born in Buffalo, Wyo., has won two distinctive honors in the State; one the design for the Wyoming State flag which design was adopted by the State Legislature in 1917. The seal of the State of Wyoming is the heart of the flag. The seal on the bison represents the truly western custom of branding. The bison was once "monarch of the plains." The red border represents "the red men who knew and loved our country long before any of us were here also the blood of the pioneers who gave their lives in reclaiming the soil." White is an emblem of purity and uprightness over Wyoming. Blue which is found in the bluest of blue Wyoming skies and the distant mountains has through the ages been significant of fidelity. Justice and virility and finally the red, white and blue of the flag of the

State of Wyoming are the colors of the greatest flag in all the world, the Stars and Stripes of the United States of America.

Mrs. Keays' other honor was winning first prize for dining car decorations for the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy railroad. She received her art training at Chicago Art Institute.

Frank Joseph Vavra was born in Nebraska in 1901. His family moved to Cheyenne where he attended school. From childhood he was interested in drawing and painting, but his first art experience was as window decorator in a clothing store. Frank was one of the first two Cheyenne boys to enlist when war was declared. He took part in all major battles in France, was gassed and sent to a hospital. During convalescence he studied art under a pupil of Claude Monet. On his return from France, he took up art seriously and studied under several prominent artists. Mr. Vavra first opened a studio in Denver, painting portraits, landscape and still life. Later he moved to Bailey, Colorado, where he built a studio and residence which is said to be the most individual and artistic studio in the Rocky Mountain region. Mr. Vavra has had exhibits in many prominent galleries all over the United States and has indeed been very successful in his work.

Mr. J. E. Stimson, a resident of Cheyenne for a number of years, is a particularly successful commercial artist. His work is taking photographs and painting them, using both oil and water color mediums. Mr. Stimson brought out a most interesting point in a talk on his work. He told how difficult it was to select his views. He could not add a tree or a bush as other artists often do to make a better balanced composition nor could he eliminate inartistic objects. For fourteen years Mr. Stimson was with the Union Pacific railroad as official photographer. In 1904, he covered the State illustrating the industries and scenic attractions for the World's Fair Commission of St. Louis. Later, he was commissioned by the Bureau of Reclamation, Department of the Interior, Washington, D. C., to photograph all the industries and developments under different projects; in the mountains and the western states, including the Boulder Dam. Many of his painted photographs look like original landscape paintings. Of these his best are perhaps Jackson Lake and the Teton and three of Mount Moran from Elk Island.

Another very successful artist in this line of work is Mrs. Elsa Spear Edwards, (4) born in Wyoming, who attended school in Sheridan, also in Washington, D. C., and California. Several of her pictures of the Big Horn mountains have appeared on magazine covers and the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy and Northern Pacific railroads have used them for advertising.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Carrigan are both artists of Casper, specializing in photography. Mr. Carrigan made the official poster of the Cheyenne Frontier Days in 1927.

Mrs. Minerva Teichert of Cokeville, a native of Utah, studied at Chicago Art Institute and at Art Students League in 1914-16 working with Robert Henri. She has exhibited in the National Academy and Mrs. Henry Payne Whitney's private gallery. For two years she lived on a ranch far from neighbors. Here Mrs. Teichert received her inspiration for artistic expression. It was at that time she wrote and illustrated a historical novel "A Romance of Old Fort Hall." One of her mural paintings is in Newhouse Gallery, Salt Lake City.

Mr. Harold Curry at home now in Hillsdale, attended school in Cheyenne, then went to the University of Kansas and was graduated there in 1930. Mr. Curry paints in all mediums, but specializes in commercial art work such as business advertisements and Christmas cards—these last in very fine wood carving.

Mr. Thomas McKinley Wood of Big Horn has expressed his love of art in a very unusual medium, that of iron work. Of course back in early history, we see hand work in wrought iron, but of late years machinery has taken the place of hand craftsmen, but now Mr. Wood has made his own tools and has won marked success. The New York Herald Tribune published several illustrations of his work and they wrote "he revived the strenuous romance of old ranch life in his iron silhouettes."

Mr. H. K. Sweney of Casper came to Wyoming when a child and at one time was a rider on Bar V ranch. Quoting the Casper Tribune, "he was an experienced rider and roper and a hunter of big game on the Wyoming mountains and plains, therefore, in his pictures, he depicts with a true depth of meaning the life of the plainsman. "The Stampede" is one of his master pieces. His paintings of wild animals in their picturesque mountain surroundings are particularly true to nature and artistic in color, sunshine and shadow.

Dot Breckons now Mrs. Stanley Ladow of New York City, was born in Wyoming, and at one time lived in Cheyenne. She studied in Paris and has done some very outstanding art work, particularly in book illustration.

The Cody Enterprise writes of Mr. A. A. Anderson (5) owner of Palette Ranch and of Mr. Phil Sawyer as two prominent Wyoming artists. Mr. Anderson had an exhibit in New York City in 1927 and Mr. Sawyer painted a large picture of Buffalo Bill portraying the great scout as a showman during his appearance in Paris where Mr. Sawyer first saw him.

Mrs. Raymond R. Jones, nee Gladys Powelson, a Cheyenne high school graduate and a student of the University of Wyoming, also a pupil of Mrs. Evelyn Hill, paints landscapes in oil. Of particular interest is the setting she painted for the historical map designed by Dr. Grace Hebard in her "History and Romance of Wyoming."

The life of Mrs. Monona Van Cise of Laramie shows what perseverance and love of the work can do in accomplishing one's desires. The following is an outline of her career as given by her successful pupil, Mrs. Evelyn Hill. In 1879, Mrs. Van Cise married Mr. Olson Van Cise a Universalist minister. For a number of years she taught art and painted portraits. She attended the Chicago Art Institute and in 1897 sent two flower studies to the annual exhibition of Pennsylvania, both of which were sold during the exhibit. In 1899 they came to Wyoming for Mr. Van Cise's health. It was then she painted the Wyoming scenes making trips to the mountains on her bicycle. She sold many pastels, sketches and portraits and taught a class during the years she lived in Laramie. In 1911 they moved to Idaho where they spent the next ten years. When Mr. Van Cise died, Mrs. Van Cise became interested in breeding a fine strain of Leghorns and made such a wonderful success of it that she was the subject of many articles in the "Country Gentleman" and several poultry journals. The World War upset the market. She sold the farm, went to California so worn out that she thought she would never paint again, but the lure of the ocean led her back to her easel. It was then she exhibited in San Francisco and Oakland Art galleries. Mrs. Van Cise has now returned to Laramie and continues her art work.

Mrs. Evelyn C. Hill of Laramie has done much to promote art interest throughout the state. She recently made a collection of many of the artists' works of the state and exhibited them in Laramie. This project no doubt will soon be wide spread over the state and in every town more and more artists will be discovered. Mrs. Hill has had most interesting experience in her study; private lessons, then Wellsley College, Chicago Art Institute, Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts and Art Students League of New York. She specializes in landscape and has shown many beautiful Wyoming scenes. Mrs. Hill taught two years in a Fine Arts Class at the University of Wyoming; also two summer terms.

Mr. Clayton S. Price whose home is now in Portland, Oregon, writes: "Will always remember my twenty years in Wyoming. I arrived in that country near the old town of Buffalo about the year 1888. Was then eleven years old and for twenty years lived there and in the Big Horn Basin, most of the time one hundred fifty miles from the railroad. Those were wonderful days and I will always think of Wyoming as my real home." Wyoming will gladly respond to this salute wishing to show its appreciation of the success Mr. Price has attained in his chosen work for many art critics write in most complimentary terms regarding his work, not only in paintings, but also sculpture and wood carvings. When nineteen years of age a wealthy cattle man sent him to the St. Louis School of Fine Arts. This was his first study.

For some ten years he was a member of the Artists' Colony at Carmel-by-the-Sea, California. A Portland correspondent says "Mr. Price grew up in Wyoming where he had an active out-of-door life and when he began to paint he used the subjects which he knew best, such as cattle, horses and the western riders on the plains. His technique was the conventional kind of picturization and he used usual colors with good draftsmanship. As his technique became more facile Price felt as have other moderns, that to be even the most skilled painter of pictures which were nothing more than photographic likenesses was not the object of real art. He wanted to paint his subjects as they really were and not just as they seemed to appear. Mr. Price is a tireless painter. He uses vigorous brush strokes and strong coloring. In his pictures he uses color for emphasis and to explain forms rather than photographically. Mr. Price's works here have been purchased for the teaching exhibition of the American Federation of Arts and the California Legion of Honor Galleries.

Mrs. M. Hicks of Thermopolis has studied with several private teachers in both Iowa and Washington. She is not a professional artist. In her own words "Have painted for my own amusement and for my pleasure in giving to those I care for." She paints both landscape and portraits. One very large painting of Mount Tacoma and Rainier is spoken of as her best work.

While compiling this survey of Wyoming artists we have had the deep sorrow of losing one of our most noted artists, E. W. Gollings, whose home was in Sheridan; a man much loved as a cowboy as well as an artist, affectionally known all over the State as Bill Gollings. As his autobiography appears in this number of the Annals of Wyoming we will leave his story to be told in his own words.

Mrs. Helen Tyrold Carpenter, a native of Laramie and at one time art supervisor in the public schools there is now teaching art in the schools of Denver. Mrs. Carpenter studied at the University of Wyoming and State Teachers College, Colorado, and Columbia University from which she received her M. D. degree. She writes: "I have worked in nearly all mediums of pigments, but think I prefer water color to any of the others. I like to paint somewhat creatively and am inclined to emphasize color. I think I am more of a colorist than a draftsman."

Mr. Ed. Aragon, an interesting artist of Casper, has studied and lived in the mountains of Wyoming for some twenty-seven years. At a recent exhibit his picture of the historical "Old Goose Egg Ranch" received much favorable comment.

Mrs. J. Eula Wallis and Miss Lucille Snow of Laramie also exhibited some interesting paintings in this collection. Miss Snow studied at the University of California, received a B. S. degree at Columbia and taught in the University of Wyoming for two years. She is now in Colorado Teachers College.

Two Lives Span 200 Years

To the New York Herald Tribune:

As I passed by the bier of the late John R. Voorhis, lying in state on Sunday, my principal thought was that here lay a man born only fifty-three years after the Declaration of Independence. If we link his life span with that of Sergeant Andrew Wallace, born in 1730 and a soldier of the Revolution, who is credited with having rescued Lafayette at the Battle of Brandywine, we have slightly more than 200 years spanned by those two lives. *CRP*

I cannot say offhand what year Wallace died, but in 1835, when he was 105 years of age, he was a familiar figure in the region west of Philadelphia and often seen at one of the prominent taverns along what was then the Philadelphia and Pittsburgh Turnpike. That year a drawing of Wallace was made and sold for his benefit, and occasionally a print of it can be found among collections of Americana. The late John R. Voorhis was then about six years of age; so the two spans, joined together, go very far back into the Colonial period. It would be interesting to know of any two other lives of which as much could be said.

ROBERT BRUCE.

New York, Feb. 8, 1932.

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by the gradual filling of ballast tanks
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THE MAN FROM SING SING

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

LITTLE, BROWN

\$2.00 everywhere & CO., Boston

Mr. Stanley P. Hunt had a number of interesting paintings of Wyoming mountain scenery. Mr. Hunt is professor in the Engineering Department of the University of Wyoming. He writes: It was through his contact with the Department of Architecture while teaching at the Kansas State College that he became interested in painting. In 1931 he sent some pictures to the Spring Salon of the Society of Independent artists, receiving favorable comment in "Les Artistes d'aujourd'heri" a magazine published in Paris. He has studied at the Broadmoor Art Academy in Colorado Springs and with several prominent private teachers.

Ralph Graham, a Cheyenne boy, attended school here and at Kearney Military Academy in Kearney, Neb., then his love of art took him to Chicago Art Institute where he was an untiring worker from 1923 to 1928, winning many honors during this student period. In 1924 he won the Allerton Club prize, in 1930 the Union League prize and at this time he was not thirty years of age. He has been accorded prominent places in Chicago Artists' Exhibition at Art Institute; International Water Color Exhibit; Carson, Pirie, Scott Galleries, Chicago, and Seattle Art Institute. One of his paintings was purchased for the Chicago Public Schools. Ralph's portrait work is particularly outstanding, but he also does exceptional work in landscape and still life water colors, etchings and lithographs. In the recent Cheyenne exhibit three of his portraits received very high praise.

Julia Sherman, also a Cheyenne school student, graduated here. The family then moved to Los Angeles where Julia attended the Otis Art Institute and also studied in Paris, France. She does all kinds of art, work, but specializes in interior decoration. She writes: "After a few months of designing ornamental wrought iron, I turned to designing lighting fixtures for a year. Some months were then spent designing drapery treatments, etc., in the shop of an interior decorator. My next position was that which I still hold, working in the design room of a mural decorating company which has decorated many of the finest buildings erected in this section of the country in the past ten years. Throughout the time I have been working, I have continued my studies in sculpture, figure drawing and landscape."

Mr. John Hunton, a very outstanding musician of Laramie, is also an artist of much promise. Mr. Hunton is known throughout the west for his musical compositions of western spirit which are in rhythmic tune with his charming paintings of the prairies and mountains of Wyoming. Although he says he is self-taught, his work shows a remarkable ability in observation and study of the books he has read.

Mrs. A. E. Roedel, of Cheyenne, one of the most outstanding water colorists of Wyoming, paints solely for her own real

pleasure and not from a professional point of view. Her work is truly self expression with high ideals.

Mrs. Ada Branson, of Cheyenne, showed some fine landscapes at the late exhibit. Her study has been with private teachers both here and in California.

Mrs. J. O. Bradshaw, Cheyenne, is a landscape painter and also does very fine work in china painting and craft work. She has studied with several prominent private teachers and now has classes in Cheyenne.

Mrs. R. K. Greenwood, now making her home with her son, Mr. James Greenwood, Wyoming Attorney General, is also a lover of art and exhibited some lovely landscapes. She studied at Franklin Academy in Nebraska, and the University of Missoula, Montana.

Mrs. Enid M. Kelly, a newcomer to Wyoming, has exhibited some fine landscapes. She studied in Indianapolis and Los Angeles and now has private classes in Cheyenne.

Miss Rose Wallasen of Casper, had some particularly fine oils at the recent exhibit in Wyoming, and in 1931 she represented the Rocky Mountain Artists at Denver Art Museum exhibit.

Esta K. Dadisman, of Laramie, is now studying in the Exeter Art School in Boston and exhibited there this spring.

Miss Dawn Kennedy, head of the Art Department at the University of Wyoming, came from Washington State Normal School at Ellensburg having studied at Pratt Institute and Columbia University. Although she has not lived in Wyoming long, yet Miss Kennedy shows a real interest in promoting art in the State. She is chairman of the Laramie Art League and we hope she will continue to reside in Wyoming.

The following Cheyenne high school graduates who are specializing in art and give promise of a fine artistic career, are Miss Dorothy Roedel, also graduated from Colorado Springs College and now for three years a student in Chicago Art Institute. For a time, Dorothy was designer for a lamp shade factory in Chicago. Libbie Hoffman is studying at the Chicago Academy of Fine Arts. Sadie Allyn, graduated at Colorado State Teachers College, and is now teaching art in Slater, Colorado. Margaret McDougall was graduated at Colorado State Teachers College and is now supervising art in the schools of Las Animas, Colorado.

This is not the finale of the history of Wyoming artists; it is only one chapter. We hope and expect as the years roll on, to add many more names of those who have reached success in some line of art work. Ruskin says: 'Fine art is the use of the hand, the head and the heart', so there are many branches of art work open to the lover of the beautiful.

NOTES TO ARTISTS OF WYOMING

- (1) See Annals of Wyoming Volume 4, No. 2.
- (2) Mr. Hopkins presented to the State Historical Department one large etching of Independence Rock. Mrs. Hopkins gave one small etching of Platte Bridge Station 1865.
- (3) Mrs. Keays presented her original design of the State Flag with its legend to the State Historical Department.
- (4) Mrs. Edwards has contributed manuscripts and pictures to the Historical Department.
- (5) See Annals of Wyoming Volume 4, No. 4.

**AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ELLING WILLIAM GOLLINGS,
THE COW-BOY ARTIST**

**Written at the Request of Chapter B; P. E. O. Sisterhood
Sheridan, Wyoming, and Presented by This Chapter to
Wyoming State Historical Department**

My memory first took root about 1881 on a large farm in Michigan, near a little town called St. Johns. I was born in what was then the Territory of Idaho in the little mining-camp of Pierce City in 1878. My mother was injured by a fall from slipping and was taken to Chicago for surgical treatment, where she subsequently died and was buried in St. Johns, Michigan. Her maiden name was Tilla A. Howell. I do not know her birth-place, but her people were long residents of Kentucky. My father's name is Ellick H. Gollings, and he was born in Norway in 1842, coming to this country in 1844. There were three brothers older than I in our family. They were Howard M. Gollings, Oliver W. Gollings, DeWitt Clinton Gollings. After my mother's death we were taken in charge by my grandmother, who was then a comparatively young woman, and who was married to the owner of the large farm in Michigan. This was her second marriage, as her first husband died some years before.

All the spare time that my brothers had, and they seemed to have a great deal of it, they spent in teasing me. Naturally I did the crying for all four, but between tears, I found time to store in my memory a world of recollections well worth the trouble to carry around. I remember that there was everything on this farm — horses, cattle, ducks, geese, screeching guinea-hens, peacocks, pigs, and sheep. There were also hired men who took a hand in teasing me. On this very large farm, also, there was the most wonderful dog in the world. He could go off in the deep-wooded pastures and bring in the whole herd of milk-cows all by himself and never miss a cow. I have often used this dog for a pillow to take a nap on through the noon hour.

It would take pages to describe this farm and all that went with it and perhaps I would not mention it at all had it not been

the place where my memory starts. Nothing goes on forever, and so with this farm. My grandfather had met with business reverses through law-suits and underhandedness of some disreputable sons by his first marriage, and consequently the farm vanished in reality, but not in memory and a new vicinity loomed up—Chicago.

My recollections here in Chicago have never interested me, and how long I was in Chicago this time, is not clear. I do remember of entering school here but of not learning anything. Our stay here was short and ended with the death of my grandfather. Then my grandmother and my three brothers and I went to New York State to a little town about one hundred miles from Albany called Cooksoekie. We lived with an old maid relative of my grandfather's who had a farm a mile or more from the village and who was a spiritualist and heard rappings all the time. During the cold weather when the frost popped the trees and nails in the house, the rappings were continuous. My brothers and I attended school here. I remember the school and the country about, that we traversed, but do not remember learning anything except from my older brothers, who knew how to make figure four traps and to set them for muskrats which were plentiful on the streams. They occasionally caught some. They also could make bows and arrows and sling-shots and could shoot them. These things I learned and it was all at the time that I needed to know. They often told of their experiences in the west at the mines, and as they were old enough to read adventure books they kept me thrilled with possible adventures of the future. They often talked of guns and how they wished they had one, as there were plenty of foxes in New York, and one could see them running along the stone-wall fences in winter or crossing the fields.

Now it seems that our New York State visit was at a close. We had been there about a year, so, leaving the spirits with the old-maid relative we took the train back to Chicago. Some more schooling took place here at a boarding school, but not for long as my father had remarried and sent for his flock. My grandmother with many regrets and tears put us four in care of a man, who had invented some new blasting powder and was headed for the west to my father's mine to try out the explosive. This was a long trip in those days (the Northern Pacific had not been built yet as this was in the spring of 1886) in fact, it was so long that eventually the train seemed like home just as a covered wagon might seem like home after thirty days or more on the dusty trail. However, our train trip was only five or six days long. I do not remember any excitement during this trip, but events and surroundings were so new, I imagine my eyes and mouth were open a good deal.

Through western Dakota and Montana territories there was certainly a lack of settlements, compared to the present day

and even in 1898 when I once more roamed along the Yellowstone River, of which I shall write later, there were no settlers at all. The country was in a virgin state for miles and miles. There would only be section house or water tanks to tell one that he was in civilization. There was occasionally a herd of cattle or horses to be seen and once a dark object away off on a flat was said to be a buffalo. It no doubt was, for the last of the buffalo was killed as late as 1887 along the Yellowstone. This the settlers told me later.

I do not know to this day where we left the Northern Pacific train and have never inquired, but we landed at our destination, Lewistown, Idaho, at a steamboat landing, as we came up the Snake River by steamboat, a stern-wheeler, as she was called.

Lewistown, Idaho, lies at the junction of the Clearwater and Snake Rivers and was an old town then. It was full of interest for four boys from the East. If my eyes and mouth were open on the Northern Pacific train, I do not know what my expression was here, for there was surely more to see. The town was literally full of Indians of the Nez Percé tribe. At this time there was some kind of an adjustment through the Interior Department at Washington with these Indians. Probably a money settlement and they were either in town to spend it or get it. Which ever way it was it was a sight worth seeing. Not the unkempt poverty stricken Indians we see today, dressed in cast off white men's rags or the poorest working clothes, but bedecked in the most gorgeous colored blankets, faces painted, beautiful beaded buckskin garments and lots of their old time finery. They were mostly bare headed, but occasionally a war bonnet was seen or a buffalo horn head dress. Their ponies were the pure Indian pony as there had been no draft horse blood mixture with their ponies of those days. The only blood that might have been infused would perhaps be that of a race horse, brought to the coast by the early Oregon emigrant, who had come in numbers in the sixties and seventies. All of which would not have materially changed the build of the most perfect pony in the world—that of the Indians.

Besides the Indians in the town there were also Chinamen, Spaniards and white men. I mention the white men last as they were the least interesting. I had seen them elsewhere. All western towns at that time had a Chinatown and Lewistown was not forgotten, for they were everywhere to be seen in all manner of occupations. The Spaniards were not many in number, but were a distinct type and chiefly followed the "pack train" industry.

There were few wagon roads in the country and supplies to the mine and out of way ranches were packed in on mules. Seventy or eighty mules constituted a train and a train was usually owned by a man of affairs in town and operated by a couple of Spaniards. Chinamen were largely in this branch of

business, generally supplying Chinese miners and store keepers of other districts. The "train packing" industry was so extensive that it influenced the dialect of the natives for none used the word "carry" but substituted "pack" in all cases.

Previous to our coming west, my father and step-mother had taken up homesteads adjoining each other six miles east of Lewistown on the Clearwater river. Here was to be our home and shortly after our arrival in Lewistown we were taken to the ranch.

I missed my grandmother a great deal and was not very well acquainted with my father, having seen him once before that I remember, when he came to visit us one Christmas in Michigan. The promise that I was some day to have an Indian pony of my own, made up for a lot of parental affection. Here I made the acquaintance of my new mother and her two daughters, Alice, who was my own age and Etta, who was younger by a year. Afterwards, my father had by his second marriage three children; they were, Chase Gollings, Harry Gollings and Aletta Gollings. These new relatives proved to be very nice and companions worth having.

In due time I had my pony as horses were a drug on the market and everybody had some, and many had hundreds. We had but a few, but they were better than the average range horse and were spoken of as American horses. Anything that was above pony blood or cayuse, as they were termed, were called American horses.

The summer passed and fall came with the heavens alive with wild geese and ducks. One could hear the honking of wild geese all night during the fall. Winter followed and a short one in that country. We had school on the ranch. My father had mentioned being a school teacher when a boy in Minnesota, but we just listened; before spring we were sure he had been. There was no school in the country, although along the river the settlers were quite thick. There were many families whose children could not read and write, but my father had different ideas for his flock, consequently we went to school and I remember in this school of learning something.

It was this first winter on the ranch that I took an interest in drawing. I did not do it myself, however. My brother, Oliver, the next to the oldest could do anything, it seemed to me, and among his many accomplishments was his ability to draw a horse in outline on a slate then he would put on a saddle and bridle. This ability of his seemed to fascinate me, but I did not try to do likewise. Those simple drawings, sometimes in colored pencil stick in my memory as clear as any memory I have and certainly created in me a desire to draw, but I had no idea of how to do it.

The winter passed and another and the third winter we moved to town and went to school. My father now had some mechanical ideas he wanted to carry out, but lack of constructing

machinery in that country caused him to plan to go east. Consequently, he disposed of his mine and the following fall saw us on the train headed east to Chicago again. I cannot say that I was happy, but I had no say in the matter. We soon had all the boys in the neighborhood throwing lassos and playing cowboy.

And the years that followed, each and all had so many plans laid of how and when we would go back to the Territory of Idaho. Why should we not go? There was everything there that we wanted; horses and cattle, Indians and cowboys, a river to swim in and fish in, good hunting and no game laws. We had seen just the things that thrill a boy. There were old prospectors who had been forty-niners and who carried a cap-and-ball six-shooter wherever they went; there were men left from the trapper period, whose only clothes had been buckskin and fur, Indian manufacture, of course. We had seen "jerk-line" freight trains, flying stage coaches of the old type with six horses in a harness all be ringed and polished, and the driver the proudest man in the world as he sat on the boot with his gauntlet gloves and big hat, which belonged to the stage driver alone. We had seen a pony war dance given by the Nez Percé Indians at Fort Lapaway, a spectacle never to be repeated; little did we know it then, however. Then there were the pack trains and Chinese funerals and New Year's festivities.

Thinking of these things, Chicago did not amount to a great deal. Nevertheless we were doomed to stay for a time. Here we went to school and I learned perspective as it was taught in the schools and took a real interest in drawing. About this time, Frederick Remington was illustrating for Harpers magazine, and had been since 1889. I was much taken with his work and was sure to see all that was published. Most of the engravings of that day were on wood; the half-tone process had just begun to be used and many of Remington's things were wood cuts taken, of course, direct from his original drawings.

In the spring of 1893 I had my lank form photographed in a new suit, with a diploma in one hand and a straw hat in the other, along with the rest of my class. The diploma said in beautiful writing, that I had been through the eighth grade in Chicago Public School's measurement. I never used the diploma. I have seen it a couple of times since, but did not unroll it. It is the only one I ever received and if I never get any more use out of any I may get in the future than I got out of this one, I will not need them, I am sure.

During the next three years, I worked at an assortment of different jobs, such as a boy might run across. I was a bell hop for a short time during the World's Fair, delivered groceries, worked in a drafting room making blue prints, worked on farms (the hardest work ever laid out for a man to do). On the farms, immediately after supper they lit a lantern and put in the night;

they went to bed long enough to muss it up so that whoever kept house would not run out of something to do during the day. Also I fired a switch engine and worked with a construction engineer.

One early morning in August, 1896, I woke up in a chair car rolling across the plains of western South Dakota, together with a boy chum who also had the western fever. Our tickets read to some small place which was a shipping point south of Rapid City. They were stock-pass return tickets, so we were under assumed names. They carried us on to Rapid City, where I took my real name back as soon as I stepped off the train. It worried me to have that awkward name hanging to me and to make matters worse, I had practiced writing it and saying it over in my mind (in case we were questioned by the conductor) until it hung to me almost as strong as my own name.

Our ambition now was to get a job as we did not possess a great deal of ready cash, myself less than my chum. We hoboed back down the line to Chadron. This was the first time I had ever beaten my way and the last. There was nothing to do in Chadron and we went on to Alliance, Nebraska. There was nothing but a hot wind blowing there, so we went on to Marshland, a desolate place at the time. Here we bought a couple of horses and headed north. This seemed like real life, astride a horse and the Arctic Circle ahead of us. It did not take much to live, lots of the ranches would not take pay for food and a hay mow in a livery barn afforded a wonderful place to sleep. We stopped at all the towns on the Northwestern. Many of them afforded good amusement for two boys our age. They were typical western towns. In Oelrichs, South Dakota, for instance, the cowboys rode their horses into the saloon and took a drink, not necessarily to show off, for there were not many to show off to. There were no easterners to scare, but ourselves, and I did not consider myself a tenderfoot and my chum was well coached. Often men were seen with six shooters on their person. They wore them in a very matter of course way, as if it were part of their dress as it was. There were cowboys in those parts well along in years who had spent their lives on the prairies and had dressed thus all the time. This country was not Idaho, but a good substitute and I was satisfied.

We spent the time pleasantly drifting north with no special point in view, but the end of the railroad held an alluring charm. Deadwood, South Dakota finally loomed up then Lead City was visited and then north to Belle Fourche. Here our first job was digging potatoes. We worked until snow flew.

Belle Fourche at that time was the largest shipping point in the world. The country north was the greatest cow range, where steers mostly were shipped from Texas and Mexico ran the range. Trailing from the South was mostly over in those days as it was

cheaper and quicker to ship them by rail. Big cow outfits were much in evidence, some running as many as six roundup wagons. It made Belle Fourche the most typical cow town in the north. Gambling was wide open and every saloon was a gambling house and there were many of them. I must say here that Belle Fourche up to perhaps 1897 carried more of the spirit of the old west than any town in the world. The gambler type, the grim dusty riders of the range, the hitching racks lined with cow ponies and an occasional Chinaman. The dance halls and the shooting up of the town are all sights I am glad I have had the opportunity to see and remember.

One other sight that I saw that fall that was worth mentioning (as I have reason to believe it has never been seen since) was a bull team such as had done the freighting into the country in the years previous to the coming of the railroad. The train was hauling freight from Deadwood to Hardin, a post-office and store on the stage line north of Belle Fourche about eighty or ninety miles and was the last trip this train was to make, I learned later. I came upon this sight as the train was camped for noon on the Red Water river. The bull-whacker seeing that I was very interested, said, "Howdy" and asked if I had ever seen a bull-train or heard a bull-whacker swear. To both questions I answered "no". "Well, kid," he said, "you stay here until I get to the top of this hill and you'll hear something new." I did not need to be asked to watch him pull out, the sight was interesting enough to hold my attention for a time at least so I sat on my horse and watched him yoke up his eight yokes of oxen and then move. He certainly told the truth, for, besides calling these sixteen head of cattle each by name, apparently in one breath, he introduced one cuss-word after another, until the air was blue with phrases all new to me. He finally passed the top of the slope that led down to the river and thus passed into history as the last bull-team of that section.

My chum and I had separated and our outfits sold and a few winter clothes bought. I spent the winter in the little deserted village of Minnesella. The railroad had passed it by and established the town of Belle Fourche. Work was hard to get and I was glad to earn my board carrying mail to a mail post on the railroad a mile and a half away. I wanted to paint now; it grew to be a strong desire, but I had no colors nor opportunity. I did, however, make some little pencil sketches and modeled some horses' heads in laundry soap. The natives thought I was wonderful.

Spring came and I wanted to punch cows, but I had no outfit. I took a sheep herding job about ninety miles north of Belle Fourche. By September, I had enough money coming to me to have a tooth pulled and buy an outfit, which I did, and straightaway got a job with a cow outfit in the Slim Buttes coun-

try. All this country was worth living in; there were antelope in abundance on the prairie and deer in the hills besides wolves and coyotes aplenty. It all seemed a paradise to me. The whole country seemed to belong to the big cow outfits alone; there were very few sheep and horses and the grass waved over all this land.

I spent the winter herding a thousand head of cattle along with some cowboys from the famous old Turkey Track outfit. We fed in bad weather as this winter was long and cold. A blizzard struck us in March. I have experienced many winter storms in the west, but none have compared with this. For thirty-six hours the snow blew and swirled so fast and furious that one could not see anything distinctly ten feet away. I shall leave to some good writer to describe a blizzard. Certainly the people who live in a blizzard country are the only ones who know what a blizzard means. I have heard many storms since called blizzards, but I could not in truth call them such.

I struck out after the storm for Montana. The drifts were deep and the going slow. More storms followed and I was forced to lay over at different places several days. About the 15th of April, I turned my pony loose at a ranch on the Rosebud Creek near the Yellowstone River after three hundred miles of travel. Here my brother DeWitt, just older than I, was located, having left college some time previous. He staked me to a fresh horse and I rode forth to hunt for a job.

There were two alluring forms of excitement in the atmosphere at this time, the war with Spain and the Klondyke gold rush. Neither one appealed to me so much as a chance to ride the open range. I realized the cowboy days were about over. The older men in the game told me as much and I longed to see and be a part of at least the last of it. Besides there was nothing picturesque about a cavalryman, and I did not need the yellow metal, so in the years that followed I rode the range and worked on a ranch or drove stage or trapped in the winter.

Cattlemen at this time had begun to feed their stock in the winter to a large extent so that a rider practically rode the year round. The only difference being that one worked from ranches in the winter and a round-up wagon in the summer, although I have worked from a wagon in the coldest part of a cold winter. Once in awhile during these years, I longed to paint, but the free open life I was leading held me fast.

In the early spring of 1903 I sent to Montgomery Ward & Company for some oil colors and other equipment to paint with and when the snow went off I made a few crude attempts at picture making. The people on the ranch where I stayed and called home thought them wonderful. That summer I covered the mess tent with charcoal studies; horse heads and certain characters who worked with the wagon. My brother had taken some of these first attempts to Sheridan, Wyoming, and Mr. W. E. Freeman

in a furniture store became interested and asked my brother to bring me over.

The following spring I came over to Sheridan with my brother, who at that time had certain interests there, and brought my paints. We stayed a month and I made several pictures while at the hotel where I stayed. Mr. Freeman put them in his store where he said he would sell them. I went back to work on the roundup as usual with no special thought of pictures outside the fact that I did enjoy creating them and told myself that I would do more in time to come.

I was working with a horse outfit said to be the largest in the world. I believe it was. In July we had just worked a herd and shipped and were about to get out and gather another herd, when a letter came to me from Mr. Freeman in Sheridan with a check for fifty dollars enclosed and the advice that I had better make some more pictures and send him as he felt he could sell more. I was bewildered; I hated to quit the wagon and leave my string of horses for someone else to ride. I felt an injustice being done me from some source, but it seemed above all that I should do it, so I bid my pony and the boys goodby, went back to my adopted home and went to work; not all picture making. I did not feel I could devote all my time to that, so I broke some horses for my brother and rode line on the Cheyenne Reservation fence and painted.

The Cheyenne Reservation fence had not long been built, the white man's cattle had been taken from the Reservation (their old range), and put outside. They naturally worked back to the fence and also the Red-men liked to eat the White-men's cattle so it was up to the ranchers to keep their stock back from the fence. I gladly did it, and the ranchers were glad to have me do it, as it saved them time for their ranch work and the loss of several head of cattle. I made four or five quite large pictures by the time snow flew, along with my other work.

Now my brother thought it was time for me to branch out, so he sent some of these pictures east for inspection. Mrs. Marion A. White, then editor of the Chicago Fine Arts Journal saw them and gave me a writeup and said that I should come east and study. My picture money and my wages had been spent for a new horse, equipment and a hair cut; how was I to go east and study? "I will stake you," says my brother and accordingly I took passage on a stock train and landed in Chicago, expecting to start in school very soon. I sent for money to start in on. My brother by over speculation had broke himself. I had an opportunity to paint myself to freedom; not a very bright prospect at best. I made a couple of pictures now that will always be vivid in my memory, for I sold them for two hundred dollars. The man who bought them had been in partnership with my father in his gold mine. This man was manufacturing the

Miehle printing press, the only press at the time that would register accurately enough to print color work. These pictures were reproduced by his press at the Portland Exhibition as an exhibit of the press' ability to reproduce color work.

The sale of these pictures now gave me a chance at school. The Chicago Academy of Fine Arts was the school I attended. I went two months, at the end of which I was informed I had won a scholarship in composition. This announcement bewildered me as I felt it was too good to be true, but it was, for it came out in the Chicago papers with a picture of someone else labeled myself.

Spring had come. I wanted to go back west, but had no money to go on. I showed some men in the general offices of the Burlington Railroad a picture, making them understand that I was willing to trade the picture for a pass to Sheridan. The men were interested and asked a lot of questions while one of them wrote something on a ticket as long as a bridle rein and handed it to me. I thanked them and boarded a train for Sheridan, where my brother met me full of enthusiasm for my future.

I wanted to go back on the roundup, but he argued me out of it for a time. But I won out that fall, for I was riding a string of horses for an outfit in the northern part of the state, where I got fired for handling a bucking horse too rough. I went back to painting for the winter, sold my outfit and resolved never to ride again. Once in a while I sold a picture.

The following spring I had another outfit and a job riding; taking a bunch of bulls to the Cheyenne Reservation. I was among home people again for the Cheyennes knew me well, but I was not quite satisfied as the old job was losing its charm. I drifted back to the painting game in a half-hearted way. The following winter I took two months of study in Chicago Academy of Fine Arts on my scholarship. It seemed to be good to be in school, and I advanced a great deal. Finances were always short so school soon let out for me. I came back to Sheridan, Wyoming. I painted hard until summer then the old fever came back. I still had by horse goods, and relieved my mental worries by helping a horse buyer get a bunch together to ship. This stimulated me to get another job and again I found myself on the Cheyenne Reservation running the beef-issue job for the cow outfit that had the contract. This beef-issue job ended my riding for wages, for I determined to quit for good and paint steadily and have kept faith with myself to the present day with the exception of occasionally helping for a week or two some stockman who happened to need extra help and asked me to. Each summer or nearly so, I'd go to a roundup wagon and staying a week or so each time, work just for the recreation and fun I'd get out of it.

My inability to get down to work seriously I have never been able to explain. While I wanted to and knew that some day I would do so, nevertheless I was always easily influenced away from my work to visit different ranches, taking my colors with me of course, but practically doing nothing. I never did get settled to work until February 1909, when I built a shack and called it a studio. (The skylight in the roof gave me the right to call it such.)

I have met and talked with a few of America's foremost painters: J. H. Sharp, Howard Russell Butler, William B. Henderson, C. M. Russell, Frederick Remington, (now dead) and a few lesser lights.

They have all had a good influence on my work. My work has had a good distribution throughout the United States and even in foreign countries. The names of my four pictures in the capitol at Cheyenne are "The Smoke Signal," "Indian Attack on the Overland Stage," "Emigrants on the Platte," "The Wagon Box Fight". I have no pictures in permanent galleries, so I do not consider the others worth mentioning.

A work for the rest of my life is ahead of me with only one thing that would ever take me from it; to be younger and have the country open and unsettled as it was when I first made riding my profession.

E. W. GOLLINGS,
February 1923.

Sheridan, Wyoming.

THE FETTERMAN MASSACRE

Massacre Monument, Washington, D. C.

U. S. Home

Fort Phil Kearny

By Eye Witness of Co. C, 2nd U. S. Cavalry

I will give you a little history of the Feterman Massacre, December 21, 1866.

First bill for monument, in the Senate Committee on Naval Affairs, was reported without amendment—Bill 305 providing for monument to mark the site of the Fort Phill Kearny Massacre—7th February, for \$500. A Bill after a short time, Bill No. H R 110006 by Congressman Mondell of Wyoming, appropriated \$800 for a monument to mark the site, provided that the site of the proposed monument be of not less than one-fourth of an acre, situated upon the most sightly portion of the massacre hills, and shall be donated to the United States. This was a House Bill

with amendment. A third bill appropriates, passed Tuesday 25th February, \$500. This old bill was granted at last, \$500. It has been suggested that the monument be built of the rough masonry rather than of more expensive material, for reasons which are no compliment to those who are likely to visit it. Secretary Elgerd, few years ago, when a bill of this kind came before him, called attention to the fact, that a monument erected on the spot where Custer's command was destroyed had been clipped to pieces and literally carried away as souvenirs, by the curious and lawless sight seers and relic hunters. For this reason the monument in commemoration of the Fort Phill Kearny Massacre must be of such character as to make its replacing an inexpensive matter, or in addition to which economical provision, the Government must take the precaution of enclosing it with a substantial iron fence, and employ a watchman to guard the monument. This occurrence cost the Army the lives of three officers and seventy-six enlisted men, mostly the strongest part of the garrison at Fort Phill Kearny, detailed from Co. C 2nd Cavalry, 18th Infantry and 27th Infantry. The report of Colonel Henry B. Carrington, commanding the post at Fort Phill Kearny, Dakota, thirty-five years ago, made a few days after the action with the Indians, remains the most harrowing account of that calamity, in the annals of Indian warfare. The little force had been surrounded by three thousand Indians who lost heavily in the encounter, but who were able to carry away their dead and wounded. Not satisfied with killing the troops, the bodies of the dead were tortured, disfigured, and shockingly butchered and mutilated, and those who survived the field after the fight were tortured, and with the realization that these Indians made a practice of taking their victims alive in their process of killing and subjecting them to diabolical atrocities and their process of killing and the desperate fight of the combatants left after the conflict cannot fail to excite public sympathy for the victims of the little pile of rocks which was the last stand of the beleaguered force at Fort Phill Kearny named Massacre Hills, and it is here that it is proposed to erect a simple monument to the valorous dead of this memorable action. It has been suggested that the monument be built of rough masonry rather than of more expensive material, for reasons which are no compliment to those who are likely to visit the tablet, Fort Phill Kearny at the junction of the big and little piney forks of the Powder River, four and one-half miles from the foot of Big Horn Mountain, established 13th July, 1866, abandoned 31st July, 1868, in Dakota Territory.

A little detail of the massacre: Early one morning myself and several of the boys were detailed to form a little squad which had been ordered to run the mail from the Fort to Fort Reno,

seventy-two miles from Fort Phil Kearny. It was during our trip to Fort Reno on the banks of the Powder River, the Indians had attacked wood train in the valley of Big Horn Mountain at Pine Ridge Sullivan Hill Picket Bluff. My comrades and myself arrived at Fort Phil Kearny at day break. In the morning Colonel Fetterman had started out for the purpose of protecting the wood train. Middle of the day before the morning arrival of my comrades of mail detail, Fetterman command did not return to the Fort or to the wood train, he had taken the old Holiday coach road. Started out to find Fetterman command,—it was feared that the detachment did not take enough ammunition with them,—a Lieutenant John C. Jenness of the 27th Infantry, two soldiers and myself, a driver with four mules and wagon, three boxes of ammunition, Lieutenant mounted on an Indian pony, soldiers dismounted. A little over a mile from the Fort on the Holiday coach road, near Stoney Creek ford, we found the dead bodies of the whole detachment, including Colonel Fetterman, Captain Brown, and Lieutenant Gammond, laying where the Indians had killed them. The scene baffled description, the dead bodies were horribly mutilated. So you see the detachment had been surrounded by overwhelming numbers of Indians, and every man killed, nothing that had life left but a gray horse, Dapple Dave of Co. C 2nd Cavalry, the only horse left on the battle field being shot with both bullet and arrow, all the other horses were captured by these Indians. Lieutenant Jenness of the 27th Infantry returned to the Fort with the news and horror of the situation. It was well understood by the garrison that if the Indians were successful in taking the Fort, it meant death for each, and every one realized the fate that awaited them. The fate of Colonel Fetterman command all my comrades of the detail could see, the Indians on the bluff, the silver flashed with the glorious sunshine, flashed in the hair of the skulking Indians carrying away the clothing of the butchered, with arrows sticking in them, and a number of wolves, hyenas and coyotes hanging about to feast on the flesh of the dead men's bodies. The dead bodies of our friends at the massacre lay out all night and were not touched or disturbed in any way again, and the cavalry horse of Co. C 2nd, those ferocious and devourers of bodies, did not even touch. Another rather peculiar feature in connection with those massacres is that it is thought by some that those wild animals that eat the dead bodies of the Indians are not so apt to disturb the white victims, and this is accounted for by the fact that salt generally permeates the whole system of the white race, and at least seems to protect to some extent even after death, from the practice of wild animals. Twenty four hours after death Dr. Report at Fort detailed we to start to load the dead on the ammunition, all of the Fetterman boys huddled together on the

small hill and rock some small trees nearly shot away on the old coach road, near the battle field or Massacre Hill, ammunition boxes we packed them, my comrades on top of the boxes terrible cuts left by the Indians, could not tell Cavalry from the Infantry, all dead bodies stripped naked, crushed skulls, with war clubs ears and noses and legs had been cut off, scalps torn away and the bodies pierced with bullets and arrows, wrist feet and ankles leaving each attached by a tendon. We loaded the officers first. Col. Fetterman of the 27th Infantry, Captain Brown of the 18th Infantry and bugler Footer of Co. C 2nd Cavalry were all huddled together near the rocks, Footer's skull crushed in, his body on top of the officers, Col. Fetterman with a lot of arrows sticking in him and breast cut open and scalped. Captain Brown's body hacked up and a lot of arrows in him (he had a little tuft of hair back of the ears and was nicknamed by the Indians, "Ball Head Eagle") and scalped, Lieutenant Grummond of the 18th Infantry, head nearly cut off, lot of fingers off, scalped, and lot of arrows and balls in him; Sargeant Baker of Co. C 2nd Cavalry, a gunnie sack over his head not scalped, little finger cut off for a gold ring; Lee Bontee the guide found in the brush near by the rest called Little Goose Creek, body full of arrows which had to be broken off to load him, pet rifle gone and pony; Bugler Metztes of Co. C, 2nd Cavalry we never found, it was thought that Col. Fetterman sent him to the Fort for reinforcements and he was cut off by the Indians and we never found the bugler's body, it was the last of brave Metztes. Some had crosses cut on their breasts, faces to the sky, some crosses on the back, face to the ground, a mark cut that we could not find out. We walked on top of their internals and did not know it in the high grass. Picked them up, that is their internals, did not know the soldier they belonged to, so you see the cavalry man got an infantry man's gutts and an infantry man got a cavalry man's gutts. We hauled them all into the Fort, and made the Guard house at the Fort a dead house. We cleaned the bodies to be buried and buried them two in a pine box, the officers in a single box. The burying ground was outside of the stockade of the Fort, near a little creek called in olden times By Bridges Bear Creek, named now Little Pinene Creek. Although melancholy describing of the conditions of the garrison, the dead respectful memorial military funeral, lamented by all sorrowing friends. The soldiers massacred were forty-two and three officers and one guide. Soldiers killed with Major Powell at Pine Ridge after the massacre. The terrible conflict at Pine Ridge took place under the shadow of Big Horn Mountain. This battle was before the troops were forwarded to the Fort and garrison after the massacre. Three men and Corporal of Co. C 2nd Cavalry were on bluff duty. We had signals for the coming of Indians at Pine

Ridge. We had box breast works made with wagon boxes taken from the running gears of the wagons. We gave the signal that the Indians were coming. We had barely time to get into the breast works, the pines were full of Indians, when they came out of the pines and dismounted. The Indians charged our breast works in line of battle, and naked as the day they came into the world. Indians were seen with Colonel Fetterman's coat and Captain Brown's and our comrades' arms and clothes. Lieutenant John C. Jenness was shot through the mouth, the ball coming out of the back of his head, the corpse falling on top of me. He was in command of the party that discovered our butchered comrades in the Phil. Kearny massacre. Death of Lieutenant Co. C 2nd Cavalry happened in the Ponnoc or Cedar Creek fight, and the death of Noble Bingham. The post had a herd of cattle for the use of the post, and the Indians ran off one of the herds and shot arrows into a great many of the cattle. A detail of ten or twelve cavalry men, guide Bingham in command, went out to look up the herd. The Indians who had stampeded the cattle were camped in the valley near Big Horn mountain. The Indians had killed one of the oxen and were roasting the same.

This was the time to go for the Indians. All this time we were back of the bluff, and the Indians did not see us. We shot into the Indians at the roast. This started them and they mounted their ponies. We got to the rear guard of the Indians. We did not see or hear until Indian ponies and cattle, all going as hard as they could go, came to a standstill. Ten Indians to one soldier. We had all we could do to keep our horses from being ripped up by the horns of the cattle. The Lieutenant was the first shot, and he fell off his horse, shot in the head. This was a bad place to be as we could not use our arms very well on the Indians. The red skins tried to save our horses for their own use. This move is what saved our lives, they tried to lasso us from the horses. They tried their bows and arrows on the back of our soldiers (soldiers), and they were all wounded out of cartridge and powder. Bingham was found in the brush, the body shot with over fifty arrows, lying over an old stump. This happened a short time before the massacre. In all killed, in the burying grounds, eighty-two souls.

Yours truly,

(Signed) JOHN GUTHRIE,

Old Veteran Co. C 2nd Cavalry.

FROM FORT RENO TO FORT PHIL KEARNY

A. B. OSTRANDER

The next morning Curley gave me a good warm breakfast while it was still dark and I returned to the office, got my valise, box of grub and blankets and put them at the gate nearby, to await for my transportation.

Very soon the wagon drove up and a mounted man was with it. I learned afterward that he was wagon-boss for the outfit and his name was Stanton.

He asked if I was the boy that was going up with them and on my answer "yes sir", he said "all right, I will fix you up". He dismounted, untied the cord which held the canvass cover at front of the wagon and climbed up inside. He pulled down a couple of sacks of corn and filled the space between them with empty gunny sacks, thus making a good seat. I handed him my box of grub and valise, which he piled up in back and as he got down I climbed in. He then handed me my blankets and told me to arrange them to suit myself.

He had fixed my seat about two feet or more from the front board and loose hay was packed in the front half way to the top of the box. On top of this was spread a couple of gunny sacks and he explained, that space was arranged for the dog and he rode off.

In a few minutes the Captain rode up, the dog jumping and barking around him. The officer himself dismounted and giving his pup a boost, landed him at my feet. Surveying the arrangements the officer remarked "I guess you'll both be as comfortable as can be expected", and right here I will say, although the men did suffer awfully and frost bites and freezings were numerous, I was not even cold at any time during that ride to Phil Kearny. The dog was more protection than hot bricks or warming pan could have been.

By referring to my little memorandum book I find the following entry :

"February 21st, 1867.

"Started for Fort Phil Kearny with two companies 2nd U. S. Cavalry. Thermometer 20 degrees below zero".

After we got out on the prairie and away from the protection of the stockade the wind was awful cold, so I tied the canvass cover down in front to a ring, and pulled the cape of my overcoat over my head. My hair was quite long and came down over my ears and neck, so with all of this protection I was the luckiest one in the whole outfit so far as protection against the elements was concerned.

We reached Crazy Woman Forks that night and a place for camp was selected well down in the under brush and near a bluff

on the south side and thus received some protection from the cold and bitter wind.

I remained in my snuggery until camp fires were well under way and then, providing myself with some crackers and a can of chicken, I got out of the wagon, but was so stiff and cramped up from the long ride in such close quarters, with a dog to hold me down, that I had to jump around for quite a little while to get limbered up and the cramps out of my legs.

Finally I went to one of the fires and put my can of chicken among the coals to warm it up, of course cutting off the cover first. Just as I was beginning to eat, a soldier came over to me and said "The Captain wants to know if you'd like a cup of hot coffee?". I was very quick to answer "You bet I would" and he turned away, but in a very few minutes returned with a tin cup that held over a pint of hot coffee. I surely did enjoy that supper and then went over to return the cup.

As I was telling the soldier to thank the Captain for me a voice spoke up from a tent near by. "Come in here;" The soldier nodded his head towards the tent saying, "Go in, he wants to speak to you", so I entered.

There was a small box heating stove, a couple of empty boxes, one of which was used as a candle stick by melting enough grease to hold the candle perpendicular, and his bedding arranged on the ground. He retained his seat on the other box and I stood by the warm stove.

"Captain Proctor told me that you had served under General Phillip St. George Cooke" said he. "Yes sir; I was with him over two years" I answered. He smiled as he continued "I served under him for eight years before the war as a soldier in the 2nd Dragoons. He was our Colonel and it was he that recommended me for a commission".

This of course brought forth quite a conversation dealing with the idiosyncracies of the old General. I remember in particular he asked me if the General was still interested in trying to improve upon his "Tactics".

At the beginning of the civil war "Cooke's Cavalry Tactics" was the standard for Cavalry, as "Hardee's" was for the infantry. I told him that very much of the work I had done for the General was copying material referring to tactics. He laughed and said that more than once after the Colonel had drawn up a plan of formation or evolution, they would go out and put it into practice and sometimes there would be an awful mix up.

The Colonel would grunt and swear, dismiss the drill and go back and work it all over again until he succeeded in making it nearer perfect.

He concluded the interview by saying "Proctor showed me

a letter he had from General Cooke in which he gave you a fine character and if there is anything I can do for you up here I will be glad to do it."

I thanked him, bid him good night, and returned to my wagon. When I got there I saw Stanton, the wagon-boss, standing near and I asked him what the Captain's name was as I had not even heard that yet. He replied "Why, that's old Captain Patrick; he has been in the army over forty years, come up from a private soldier and I guess he must be sixty years old or older". My curiosity was satisfied and I went to bed.

I had a good nights sleep and was quite comfortable, but I did miss the dog; he had remained in the tent with his master.

We made camp the next night at Clear Creek and the Captain again sent me a big cup full of steaming hot coffee. Nothing further of interest occurred here.

We got an early start the next morning and some time in the afternoon we passed along by Lake DeSmet, crossed Piney Creek and coming around the point at base of Pilot Hill, Fort Phil Kearny was right before us.

The approaches were far different from those at Reno. There, our first view of the fort had been from a high elevation and its whole interior and surroundings were visible at a glance, but here, we were in a sort of bottom or low land, and the fort was on a high plateau and only the stockade and roofs of a few of the buildings could be seen. The flag on its high staff flew out glorious and it was a welcome sight.

Our appearance was quickly noticed and men appeared at different gates giving us a welcome similar to the one we had received on reaching Reno. Winding our way up the hill the wagon I was in went in at the water gate and passing by a sort of corral with hay stacks and forage piled up, we drove up to a very long and narrow building extending north and south and stopped at the door about middle of the south side.

The Teamster got down and commenced to unload things from back part of the wagon. The wagon-boss rode up and told me I could put my things in there for the present.

I went inside and found a large room with six or eight bunks built up; a big heating stove and some feed boxes.

He informed me the room was used by wagon-bosses only, but would fix it so that I could bunk in there until I could get located. Told me to put my traps in one of the empty feed boxes and then rode off.

And so I had arrived at Port Phil Kearny.

MY FIRST DAY AT FORT PHIL KEARNY

A. B. OSTRANDER

I had secured a lodging place and having several hours to spare before bedtime I concluded to do as I had done on all previous occasions where I first arrived at a new Post,—go on a prospecting tour and get the lay of the land, location of buildings etc.

About one hundred feet to the west of the building in which I was located, another stockade extended across from the north to the south with an open space of about fifteen feet not far from the south end. About the center of this stockade was a two story building, one half of which was built up on each side of the stockade, with a cupola or observatory on top.

Passing through the open space, or gateway, I found myself in the Fort proper. Along the south side, and at my left, was a long row of buildings, one of which I quickly discovered was the sutler's store, and beyond it was a row of stables.

Ahead of me, and not far from the center, was the Commanding Officer's house. Distributed around on three sides were barracks, and of course a flag pole in the center of the parade ground. Over on the north side, and close up to the stockade were several buildings used as officer's quarters and offices.

There was a gate on the north side, just to the left of which was a building which I soon learned was the district quartermaster's headquarters.

Of course I naturally drifted into the sutler's store the first thing, and the men I met there and the acquaintances I there formed will be left for another chapter.

Along after dark I returned to my bunk room and sat up until quite late listening to the conversation of those wagon bosses and packers, and right there and then I formed opinions which I have never had occasion to change. One was that they and their subordinates had not been fully appreciated, nor had public sentiment ever been expressed as to the dangerous nature of their services.

The military, both officers and men, performed deeds of valor and courage, and endured all manner of privations and sufferings, and they have received honor, both in song and story and many by personal mention.

The old-time scouts, guides, trappers, and mountain men made history, and writers have sought them out to preserve a record of their wonderful deed and achievements, both as individuals and as a class; but who ever read of the work performed in those days by wagon bosses, teamsters and packers? I never have, and yet more than often they endured all that others did in addition to their regular duties.

In published accounts of depredations, or in Indian attacks, there has been sometimes occasional mention "a teamster was killed, but never have I seen either eulogy or public expression of credit to their service.

On the trail when there were indications of an actual attack or a genuine battle with Indians, the packers and teamsters, were the ones to make the corral and keep control of their stock. Under undue excitement one or two mules might stampede a whole outfit, and a stampede under such conditions was fully as disastrous as a successful charge of wild Indians.

A Sunday School teacher in a den of wild animals, in an endeavor to subdue or pacify them, would not meet with more danger or be placed in a more critical condition requiring a cool head and a steady hand. He would be about as successful as a weakling or an inexperienced person. These packers, teamsters and wagon bosses may have been considered as tough characters. They had to be, for theirs was a tough job.

Many of them were hard drinkers, hard swearers and addicted to all the vices, but in their particular line they were a necessity and most valuable men,—I might better say absolutely indispensable. In cases of necessity they always proved their efficiency and worth.

It was with such a body of men that I spent my first evening at Fort Phil Kearny.

Stanton, as the latest wagon boss arrival, occupied the center of interest, and was kept quite busy answering questions from those who were liable to accompany the next outfit going down the trail over which we had just arrived.

His descriptions of the difficulties encountered were not only interesting to me, but seemed to impress his co-laborers as they might benefit from his information.

There were several men at the store that evening who had been in charge of wood trains and other work in the vicinity of the fort and their stories were both thrilling and exciting.

And yet, no public expression, giving them credit for their great and arduous work, has ever been made, to my knowledge. And so ended my first day at Fort Phil Kearny.

FRONTIER CATTLE DAYS

High spots in the cattle industry of Wyoming during the past sixty years are contained in a booklet off the press in August, the title of which is "Sixty Years," being a brief review of the Wyoming cattle industry. The work was prepared by Dan W. Greenburg of Casper, Wyoming, director of publicity of both the Midwest Refining Company and of the

Historical Landmark Commission of Wyoming who wrote the text and gathered Wyoming material on behalf of the Wyoming Stock Growers Association.

The book is a historical work of importance to the State and touches upon the turbulent days of the range from its beginnings in Territorial days down to the present time. Much of the material was gleaned from the minute books, reports and records of the Association and also contains extracts from papers and books written by well known pioneer stockmen, both living and dead. The Stock Growers Association is to be congratulated in commemorating its sixtieth anniversary in this manner. The book will serve as a source record for those who are interested, both in the pioneer history of the Territory and State, and in the development of the cattle industry and trade which have had such an important place in our commonwealth development.

Those responsible in urging the publication of this monograph are: J. Elmer Brock, president; Charles D. Carey, chairman of the executive committee; Russell Thorp, secretary and inspector, and members of the historical committee of the association.

Mr. Greenburg was prevailed upon to write the story because of his keen knowledge and understanding of the history of Wyoming and that of its industries, and he has done a splendid work which is destined to be of permanent benefit to the Annals of Wyoming history. He has made an extensive research into the background of the old cattle days and has brought together facts and romance in a delightful manner.

The book is beautifully printed on heavy weave linen paper with stiff cover and is illustrated with photographic reproductions of old-time range scenes, pioneer stockmen and officers of the association. The cover page is illustrated with the famous sketch of the "Old Cowman" from the pen of the artist-cowboy, Will James, whose permission was given for its use. The edition is limited to one thousand copies to be sold to the public at a nominal cost of fifty cents each, but the advance orders indicate that when off the press, the issue may quickly be exhausted. Copies of the work may be secured by writing to Russell Thorp, Secretary, Wyoming Stock Growers Association, 1817 Carey Avenue, Cheyenne, Wyoming.

(Signed) MRS. CYRUS BEARD,
State Historian.

Annals of Wyoming

Vol. 9

JANUARY, 1933

No. 3

First Newspaper 730

CONTENTS

Pioneer Printing in Wyoming.....By Douglas C. McMurtrie

John W. Deane, Wyoming Pioneer.....By Charles Lindsay

Fort Laramie

Indian Troubles

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CHAPTER 96

STATE HISTORICAL BOARD

Session Laws 1921

DUTIES OF HISTORIAN

Section 6. It shall be the duty of the State Historian:

(a) To collect books, maps, charts, documents, manuscripts, other papers and any obtainable material illustrative of the history of the State.

(b) To procure from pioneers narratives of any exploits, perils and adventures.

(c) To collect and compile data of the events which mark the progress of Wyoming from its earliest day to the present time, including the records of all of the Wyoming men and women, who served in the World War and the history of all war activities in the State.

(d) To procure facts and statements relative to the history, progress and decay of the Indian tribes and other early inhabitants within the State.

(e) To collect by solicitation or purchase fossils, specimens, of ores and minerals, objects of curiosity connected with the history of the State and all such books, maps, writings, charts and other material as will tend to facilitate historical, scientific and antiquarian research.

(f) To file and carefully preserve in his office in the Capitol at Cheyenne, all of the historical data collected or obtained by him, so arranged and classified as to be not only available for the purpose of compiling and publishing a History of Wyoming, but also that it may be readily accessible for the purpose of disseminating such historical or biographical information as may be reasonably requested by the public. He shall also bind, catalogue and carefully preserve all unbound books, manuscripts, pamphlets, and especially newspaper files containing legal notices which may be donated to the State Historical Board.

(g) To prepare for publication a biennial report of the collections and other matters relating to the transaction of the Board as may be useful to the public.

(h) To travel from place to place, as the requirements of the work may dictate, and to take such steps, not inconsistent with the provisions of this Act, as may be required to obtain the data necessary to the carrying out of the purpose and objects herein set forth.



John W. Deane as a Big Horn Basin Mail Carrier. His first trip with mail was taken about 1877; his last one about 1884. This picture was probably taken in 1882. He was on the summit of the Owl Creek Mountains.

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PIONEER PRINTING IN WYOMING

By DOUGLAS C. McMurtrie

Wyoming was late in settlement and development, and, in consequence, late in establishment of the printing press within its borders. It has the distinction, in fact, of being the last state in the Union to secure for itself the benefits afforded by the art typographic.

The territory lying within the present boundaries of Wyoming was explored by a number of men, among them John Colter, 1807; William H. Ashley, 1824; B. L. E. Bonneville, 1832, and John Charles Fremont, 1842—the latter being guided by the renowned Kit Carson. From this time onward the favored route to the coast led through Wyoming, but there was almost no colonization. That came in the late sixties with the trans-continental railroad.

Because of the depredations of the Indians, the government established several garrisons along the overland trail. Fort Kearney was established in 1848 and Fort Laramie, established earlier by the fur traders, was purchased in 1849. A few Mormons settled in 1853 at the trading post of Jim Bridger on the Green River, which they named Fort Bridger. In consequence of the military operations directed against the Mormons, these colonists of western Wyoming abandoned the post in 1857 and moved to Salt Lake City.

It was at Fort Bridger that was made the first known use of the press in what is now Wyoming. Here was published the *Daily Telegraph*, but one copy of which has survived; the eighth number of the first volume being dated "Fort Bridger, U. T. June 26, 1863." H. Brundage, listed as "proprietor", was undoubtedly printer as well.

This diminutive frontier newspaper was printed on one side only of a sheet 6½ by 10½ inches in size. The terms of subscription were stated as \$1 for one month, \$10 for one year. Except for one line giving the price of gold at New York, the two columns of the surviving issue are taken up entirely with news of the war between the states. And at the bottom of the second column is the inevitable printer's advertisement: "Job Work of all kinds, done at this Office."

How long Brundage's newspaper continued publication we have no means of knowing, and I have found no references to it in contemporary documents or newspapers. However, we must award to Brundage the credit of being the first printer of Wyoming.

There was almost continuous conflict with the Indians until 1868, when a treaty of peace was concluded in the face of a rush of immigration and transmigration. Gold, always a powerful incentive to immigration, was discovered in the Sweetwater River district in '67. Then came the most important force in the colonization and development of Wyoming: the Union Pacific Railway began laying tracks through the southern part of the state for the first railroad to connect the Pacific coast with the east. As a result, the vast territory between the Missouri river and California was opened to trade and settlement. The railroad made Wyoming.

On July 25, 1868, Congress authorized a territorial government for Wyoming, with boundaries as they now exist. The eastern part was set off from Dakota Territory, to which it had belonged, and the western portion was taken from Idaho and Utah. The machinery of territorial government had been organized by May of 1869 and Cheyenne designated as the capital. The right to vote and hold office was granted to women on equal terms with men.

Cheyenne was laid out in July, 1867, by orders of General Dodge, in charge of construction of the Union Pacific, and by November 13 the first contingent of "Hell on Wheels", as the track end headquarters of the Pacific was known, arrived. It was greeted by a brass band, a city of 4000 people with an established municipal government, and two newspapers. Town lots were sold by the railroad company for \$250 and resold for \$3500. Every other building was a saloon, and every building was a hurriedly constructed shack. The halcyon days of the wild west had come. Cheyenne was a city of 10,000 before the winter was over—and by May, 1868, it had shrunk to 1500. It settled down, gasped for breath, and prepared to give up as superfluous two of the three newspapers that had come with the boom.

The establishment of the *Cheyenne Leader* by Nathan A. Baker and James E. Gates on September 19, 1867,¹ marked the establishment of the second press in Wyoming. Gates and Baker came from Colorado, where Baker had made an unsuccessful at-

¹ Chaplin, p. 7, and Bancroft, p. 735, give this date. Bancroft, on p. 798, gives the date as July, 1867, as does the Bristol ms; p. 2.

tempt to establish a paper at Denver.² Their paper was the only one of the three begun during the boom days to survive afterwards. The printing office was injured in the fire of 1870 that swept Cheyenne, but it was not destroyed and Baker continued the paper until 1872 when he sold it to Herman Glafcke. Meanwhile Baker had begun the first permanent paper at Laramie, the *Daily Sentinel*, to which he and Gates transferred their attention. Baker was also responsible for introducing the first printing to South Pass City, and at one time, according to the manuscript account of Samuel A. Bristol, first Territorial Printer, Baker owned all the papers in Wyoming. His *Cheyenne Leader* was continued by Glafcke and others, merging in the nineties with the *Cheyenne Sun*, which had been established in March of 1876, with Edward A. Slack as proprietor and J. P. C. Coulter as associate editor. The *Leader*, first and oldest paper in Wyoming, is still published today under its original title.

The other members of the boom-time trilogy were the *Star* and the *Argus*. Both were established in 1867, and the *Star*, published by O. T. B. Williams, lasted for only a year. The third paper, the *Argus*, was published about two years and suspended in October, 1869. It was later resuscitated for a few weeks by two practical printers, Stanton and Richardson.

These papers were followed scatteringly by others, but the development was slow and steady with no more periods of abnormal inflation for Cheyenne. The *Cheyenne Tribune* was begun in November, 1869, perhaps with the office of the defunct *Argus*, and continued to appear until the fall of 1872. In the spring of 1875 the *Daily News* was begun by Benton and Fisher with E. A. Slack as manager. Within six months he merged it with the *Sun*, which he had brought from Laramie, and which was eventually combined with the pioneer *Cheyenne Leader*. The *Leader* seemed to draw everything to itself, and the *Cheyenne Wyoming Tribune* begun in 1884 by a Denver printer named Hobart, exists today in combination with the *Leader*. Another Cheyenne paper of the *Tribune's* period was the *Northwest Live-Stock Journal*, established in 1883 by A. S. Mercer.

Mercer was an Illinoisan with a unique history in the west. He went to Washington Territory in 1861 and was soon placed in charge of the new University of Washington. In 1863 he was appointed Commissioner of Immigration, and as part of his duties he imported from New England in 1864 and again in 1865

² Baker tried to establish a Denver paper, the "Colorado Leader," in July, 1867. Lee, *History of American Journalism*, p. 255.

Gates was born in Canada in 1834. He came to Colorado and enlisted in the Third Colorado Regiment in 1864. He saw service with Chivington at Sand Creek. He went to Cheyenne at the time it was established. Bancroft, p. 795.

a large number of women, ostensibly to act as teachers, but really to provide wives for the women-hungry westerners. In 1874 he established his first paper, the Albany *Oregon Granger*. He soon left Oregon and Washington for Texas, where he started the *Sherman Courier*, which was followed by five other papers at different points in Texas before Mercer came to Cheyenne in 1883 to establish the cattle journal.

With the Hell on Wheels there was a press on wheels, which printed a migratory journal, the *Frontier Index*, that followed the construction³ head of the Union Pacific westward across the country. Everywhere this peculiar paper appeared it was the pioneer, but nowhere except at Laramie did it mark the permanent establishment of the press. Leigh Richmond Freeman and his brother Fred K. Freeman were the proprietors of this peripatetic journal, and although it is known to have been published within the boundaries of at least four states its career was most intimately associated with Wyoming.

The *Frontier Index* traces its history to the Fort Kearney, Nebraska *Herald*, established in June, 1862, by Moses H. Sydenham.⁴ He obtained a press from Boston and other materials from Chicago for the establishment of his office, the second in western Nebraska. The *Herald* was published only for the purpose of attracting attention to the western country. After continuing his paper for about six months, Sydenham sold it to Seth P. Mobley, a soldier in the Seventh Iowa Cavalry at Fort Kearney, and a man named Brundage, then telegraph operator at the fort. After the war Leigh R. Freeman succeeded Brundage as telegraph operator, and Freeman, with his brother, also acquired

3 Another, and more rapidly moving, press on wheels was that employed to print the "Transcontinental," published daily on the Pullman Hotel Express which made a triumphal tour across the continent from Boston to San Francisco and back. It was published from May 24 to July 4, 1870, with the following date lines: Niagara Falls, N. Y., May 24; Omaha, Neb., May 26; Cheyenne, Wyo., May 27; Odgen, Utah, May 28; Salt Lake City, Utah, May 30; Summit Sierra, Calif., May 31; San Francisco, Calif., June 25; Promontory Point, Utah, June 27; Laramie, Wyoming, June 28; Grand Island, Nebraska, June 29; Burlington, Iowa, June 30, Boston, Mass., July 4. A file of the "Transcontinental" is in the New York Public Library.

4 The only satisfactory general statement concerning the wanderings and antecedents of the "Frontier Index" is in Morton, v. 2, p. 369-370. Morton, however, makes several statements I have not been able to confirm. He says that the "Frontier Index" was sometimes known as the Frontier Guardsman. He also says that the "Frontier Index" was published in 1866 at North Platte, in the western part of Nebraska. Possibly Morton confused the "Index" with the equally ephemeral "Railway Pioneer" published at the Union Pacific camp near the present site of North Platte in 1866. See the Nebraska chapter, note 22.

DAILY TELEGRAPH.

VOL. 1. FORT BRIDGER, U. T. JUNE, 26, 1863. NO. 3.

Terms of Subscription.

One Month, \$1.
One Year, \$10.

Invariably in Advance.

H. Brundage. Proprietor.

HARRISBURG, 26.

Governor, by authority from the War department, will issue a proclamation to-morrow, calling for 50,000 militia for three months, for the defence of the State.

NEW YORK, 26.

Gold closed firm at 44 3-4.

MEMPHIS, 24.

Official intelligence, from Grant's army, to the 20th. Siege work continues to progress satisfactorily. — About a thousand Texans, made an attack on Lake Providence, on the 10th, but was repulsed, with severe loss. Negro troops there, fought bravely.

PHILADELPHIA, 26.

Press, publishes special, from Harpersburg, stating that Gov. Curtin, received a telegram from the operator at Mc. Connellsburg, that a large body of rebels under Jenkins, entered that town, after a severe skirmish with some of Milroy's troops. Milroy is preparing to drive the rebels out, and a battle is imminent. Excitement at Pittsburg unabated. Troops being organized rapidly.

WASHINGTON, 24.

Special to Herald, advices, received from Harper's Ferry, to-night, states Lee's whole force, or the greater portion of it, evidently following Ewels advancing into Maryland and Penn. No disposition to attack our forces at Harper's Ferry, and upon Maryland

heights. Small rebel force at Charles-town, but it appears no considerable force this side of Winchester.

NEW YORK, 26.

Special to World, says: strong indications Lee, has not only achieved the grand project of massing his whole strength this side of the Potomac, but is actually within a short distance of Washington, having moved considerable force from Shephardstown, and Antietam fords, down the tow-path of the canal, or all along the road from Boonsboro and Middletown, to the vicinity of Poolsville, Rushville and Rockville. From these points, he has direct access to the rear of Washington, and can by an expert movement destroy R. R. Bridge between the capitol and Annapolis Junction. There is cause for the apprehension Tyler's force, which has been holding Maryland heights; though it is hardly probable that Tyler has been captured. — It is possible that his communication with the army in Va., and with the forces under Gen. Shenck, has been broken.

NEW YORK, 26.

Champion Aspinwall, no news.

Newbern advices, to the 22nd, says: deserters from Wilmington, reports 2 rebel iron-clads, with 5 inch plating on 18 inches wood, mounting heavy guns, about to make a raid on the blockading squadron. They are about the size of the first Merrimac. They lay very deep in the water, and are only able to make three or four miles per hour.

JOB WORK,

OF ALL KINDS,

DONE AT THIS OFFICE.

the press. They discontinued the *Herald* and began the *Frontier Index*, issued from Adobe Town or Kearney City.

The earliest extant copy of the *Frontier Index* was published at Julesburg, Colorado, in July, 1867. Julesburg is in the north-eastern corner of Colorado on the Union Pacific where it dips into Colorado for a few miles after leaving Nebraska and before entering Wyoming.⁵ The *Index* continued at Julesburg until September, 1867, when it moved to Cheyenne, Wyoming for a short time, proceeding to Fort Sanders by the end of December, 1867. No copies of the *Index* for this period are known, but its movements are traceable through notices in contemporary Denver papers.⁶ The next located copy of the *Index* was printed in March, 1868, at Fort Sanders in Wyoming between Cheyenne and Laramie. Fort Sanders was listed as in Dakota Territory, as Wyoming had not then been created, and the *Index* was published there as late as the end of March, 1868.

In April, 1868, the *Frontier Index* introduced the printing art into Laramie. "Gem City of the Mountains," where inside two weeks 500 buildings sprang up, chiefly devoted to the more gaudy types of sin and pleasure. "For three happy months Laramie roared; within six months it had passed the sear and yellow-leaf stage. History had been repeated, the farther erst-while solitudes had conceived, in turn, and out of unholy alliance with some cockatrice the changeling Benton had been cast." The Freeman press on wheels left Laramie in July, 1868, and no more printing was done there until the following spring when Laramie obtained its second wind and followed Cheyenne in settling down to a slower but more solid growth than it had previously known.

According to Chaplin, "in the fall of 1868 the *Frontier Index* passed on with the railroad to the town of Benton," for a short time headquarters of the Union Pacific during the months

5 The single located copy of the "Frontier Index" printed at Julesburg, Colorado, is that of an issue for July 26, 1867, volume 1, number 16. It is framed and on display in the Union Pacific Historical Museum at Omaha. It carried a note on page three: "The Index is one day behind time, on account of waiting for our printing paper to come, but we are at least disappointed, and compelled to issue on brown wrapping paper or none at all."

6 The Julesburg "Frontier Index" "of the 10th inst." was cited in the "Weekly Denver Gazette" of September 18, 1867. In the "Daily Denver Gazette" of October 2, 1867, appeared this: "From the Julesburg 'Index' we extract the following item: The 'Frontier Index' rolls on to Cheyenne tomorrow." The "Daily Denver Gazette" of December 31, 1867, cited the "Frontier Index" of December 24, 1867, as saying: "Our exchanges will please address the Index at Fort Sanders. Remember, we are on wheels—fifty miles west of Cheyenne."

of July and August.⁷ There is no specific record of the *Index* at Benton, nor at Rawlins, the next temporary station. July 7, 1868, the *Index* was still at Laramie, and by August 11, 1868, it had reached Green River City. Whether it appeared and where it appeared in the meantime is not known.

Green River was another city conjured from the plains, but more in spirit of Cheyenne, which the railroad found ready and waiting for it. Former Mayor Hook of Cheyenne had selected and erected Green River in advance of the coming of the tracks. Permanent adobe buildings had been put up and a population of 2000 people assembled before the trackend reached town. Most of Hell on Wheels made the jump direct from Laramie to Green River without stopping at Benton and Rawlins, and probably the Freeman brothers did the same.⁸ They published the *Frontier Index* at Green River City from August through most of October, 1868, and it was there that the imprint was changed from "Dakota Territory" to "Wyoming" as a result of the act of Congress creating the new territory. Leigh R. Freeman, editor of the *Index*, is said to have first suggested the name Wyoming for the new Territory, taking it from the Wyoming valley in eastern Pennsylvania.⁹

Bear River, now Knight, in the southwestern corner of Wyoming marked the end of the peregrinations of the *Frontier Index* across the Territory. It began publication at Bear River in October, 1868, and the last issue located is that of November 17, 1868. Shortly afterwards the entire plant was destroyed in the Bear River riot of 1868. The riot grew out of the general lawlessness of the place, and the *Frontier Index* was destroyed as an exponent of law and order.¹⁰

Leigh Richmond Freeman and Fred K. Freeman, publishers of this remarkable pioneering press, were Virginians. Leigh Freeman at least had served with the Confederate forces during the Civil War, and both brothers were "Democrats of the strong-

7 Chaplin, p. 10, locates Benton as "where Fort Steele now stands." Mrs. Cyrus Beard, state historian of Wyoming, writes me under date of July 9, 1931, that this location is not correct. According to her, Benton stood three miles east of where the present oil town of Parco stands, and not at old Fort Steele.

8 A notice in the "Daily Denver Gazette" of September 30, 1868, makes it clear the "Frontier Index" was publishing at Green River before the rails had reached there: "The 'Frontier Index' says: Dan Casement, the partner of General Jack, who has just left us, was at the Jenks House last night. He says the track will reach here even earlier than was ever anticipated by the veteran track layers. It will require but fifteen days more for the smoke to be ascending from the nostrils of the iron-hoofed horse at the metropolis of Green River."

9 Morton, v. 2, p. 369.

10 Ibid.

est secessionist kind." As has been said, nowhere in Wyoming except at Laramie did their coming mark the permanent establishment of the press, but they brought with them, even though temporarily, the trappings of civilization as represented by the printing art. What happened to them after the destruction of their press at Bear River is uncertain. According to one account they resumed publication of the *Index* and took it on across the country to Washington. Another story places them in Montana several years later, with a paper similar to the *Index*, but with another name. Because of the contradictory accounts of the *Frontier Index* and the Freeman brothers after the fall of 1868 the matter has been dealt with extensively in the notes.¹¹

11 The only file of the "Frontier Index" located is in the Bancroft Library at Berkeley California. It contains the following numbers: March 6 and 24, 1868, published at Fort Sanders, D. T.; April 21 to July 7, 1868, published at Laramie City, D. T.; August 11 to 21, 1868, published at Green River City, D. T.; August 25 to October 13, 1868, published at Green River City, Wyoming; and October 30 to November 17, 1868, published at Bear River, Wyoming.

Published first at one place and then another, the "Frontier Index" has a decidedly elusive history. It may have been actually a "press on wheels," printed in a railway car at some times. We know that this was not the case during its period of publication at Laramie, where its office was in the rear of an old hotel.

Leigh R. Freeman and his brother are said to have appeared at various unsuspected, and unlikely, places with their paper, including Montana about 1885, and Washington in 1855.

James Melvin Lee in his "History of American Journalism," Boston and New York, 1923, p. 322-323, gives an account of the "Frontier Index": "Though published at twenty-five different places along the line of Western advance, it was founded at Old Kearny City, Nebraska Territory, in May, 1866, by F. K. and L. R. Freeman, two brothers who had come West from Culpeper County, Virginia. It was printed on an old-time hand-roller press which had been abandoned by General Joseph E. Johnston, who prior to 1861 had been in command of the United States troops in the Far Western territories.

"The 'Frontier Index' in the fall of 1866 was taken by three ox teams driven by Mexican greasers to a temporary terminus of the Union Pacific Construction Company at North Platte. As soon as the site was laid out for this mushroom terminal station, some four thousand adventurers flocked there to live in tents and portable houses, and 'The Index' did a 'land office' business in printing small circulars for which it charged twenty dollars for one hundred words. The next move was to Julesburg in January, 1867. In forty-eight hours North Platte was depopulated after the inhabitants moved to the new terminus which 'The Index' was the first enterprise to reach. Another place of publication was Laramie City, one hundred and five miles west of Cheyenne. While published at this place 'The Index' received a large subscription list and an extensive advertising contract from Brigham Young, of Salt Lake City. To continue the trail followed by the 'Frontier Index' would be to publish a list of the temporary terminals of the Pacific railroad. On one of two occasions when 'The Frontier Index' was being moved its wagon train was held up by Indians, who took no pains to conceal their disgust when they found that the ox carts contained nothing except the print-

The earliest recorded book imprint for Wyoming is also the only known book which can be credited to the Freeman's press in Wyoming.¹² It is *A Vocabulary of the Snake, or, Sho-Sho-*

ing outfit. The trail ended for 'The Frontier Index' at North Yakima, Washington."

Frank A. Root, in "The Overland Stage to California," p. 262, note, also gives an account of the Index: "In Bancroft's History of Nevada, Colorado, and Wyoming, page 532, credit is given the man whom the historian supposed started the first newspaper on the frontier, as follows:

" 'In connection with the newspaper history of the country, L. R. Freeman should be mentioned. In 1850 he took the first printing press that crossed the Missouri River above St. Louis to Fort Kearney, on the Platte. With the advance of the Pacific railroad he pursued his way westward, publishing his paper, The Frontier Index, at Kearney, North Platte, Julesburg, Laramie, Bear River, and Ogden. In 1855 he was at Yakima, in Washington, making his way to Puget Sound. No other newspaper in the United States has so varied a history as the Index.'

"Mr. Sydenham explains this matter as follows:

" 'The above statement is all false from top to bottom, and from the beginning to the end. Here you have the positive facts—for I am personally knowing to everything. I was the first publisher of a newspaper west of the Missouri valley in Nebraska; anyway, west of Fremont, which is situated about forty miles west of the Missouri river. I am not certain whether there was any paper there then or not in 1862—the year I published my Kearney Herald, at old Fort Kearney. Mr. Leigh R. Freeman came to Fort Kearney about the year 1864 or 1865, just after the war was over; for he had been an operator within the Confederate lines, and he and his brother were Democrats of the strongest secessionist kind. I was the very opposite in politics. Freeman came to take charge of the telegraph office at Fort Kearney. He was not even a printer, and had no press or type whatever to cross the Missouri with. Before he came to Fort Kearney I had sold my press and printing outfit to Seth P. Mobley, of the Seventh Iowa Cavalry, who purchased it to do printing for the army and publish a paper besides. L. R. Freeman purchased the outfit of Mobley, and then started his paper The Frontier Index, which was published for a while at Fort Kearney and Kearney City (old Dobytown), and then started it along at the terminal stations of the Union Pacific railroad—for a time at Plum Creek, then at North Platte, and then at Julesburg, Laramie, etc., till he finally stopped at Butte, Mont. Until that time, while on the railroad, his paper was named The Frontier Index on Wheels. When he arrived at Butte, or sometime after, I think he changed the name of his paper to The Inter-Mountain, or something like that.' "

¹² An eight page pamphlet entitled "Colonel Carrington's Official Report of the Phil Kearney Massacre. (Published by permission of the War Department.) Headquarters Post, Fort Philip Kearney, Dacotah Territory, January 3d, 1867," suggests itself as the work of the Freeman press before it left Fort Kearney. Morton, v. 2, p. 370, says that the "Frontier Index" had left Kearney for North Platte in 1866. He may have been incorrect.

Copies of both the Fort Kearney imprint of 1867 and the Green River City imprint of 1868 are to be found in the Huntington Library in San Marino, California.

Nay Dialect by Joseph A. Gebow Interpreter. This was a second edition, revised and improved in January, 1864, and printed at "Green River City, Wg. Ter.: Freeman & Bro., Book and Job Printers. 1868." It comprised twenty-four pages.

What has been generally considered the first book printed in Wyoming was the *General Laws, Memorials and Resolutions of the Territory of Wyoming, Passed at the First Session of the Legislative Assembly, convened at Cheyenne, October 12th, 1869*. It was certainly the earliest official book printing. It bore the imprint: "Cheyenne, W. T., S. Allan Bristol, Public Printer, Tribune Office. 1870." Bristol was a New Englander who came to Wyoming in 1869 and went into a Cheyenne newspaper office as printer. In November, 1869, he established the *Wyoming Tribune* in his name, although it was actually owned by Edward M. Lee, then Territorial Secretary. Bristol was the author of an unprinted history of Wyoming newspapers.

N. A. Baker, the first publisher in Wyoming, was official printer for the second Territorial Assembly, met in 1871 and his documents had the imprint: "Cheyenne, W. T.: N. A. Baker, Public Printer, Evening Leader Office, 1872." Herman Glafcke who succeeded Baker on the *Leader* was the third Territorial Printer, and he printed the records of the Third Territorial Assembly over the imprints: "Cheyenne, W. T.: H. Glafcke, Public Printer, Daily Leader Office. 1874."

A second press began operations at Fort Bridger in 1868. At this point, in the southwestern corner of the state, the Sweetwater *Miner* was established in February, 1868 by Warren and Hastings. Its chief purpose was to encourage immigration to that region.¹³

After the *Frontier Index* left Laramie in the summer of 1868 there was no other press there until May, 1869, when the *Laramie Daily Sentinel* was begun by N. A. Baker, a pioneer of the printing art in Wyoming. The *Sentinel* was edited by James H. Hayford, who with James E. Gates, Baker's partner in establishing the first Wyoming press, purchased the paper from Baker at the end of its first year.

In addition to the daily there was a weekly edition which began its second volume May 1, 1876, and which presumably began issue a year earlier. In the issue of May 15, 1876 appeared this entertaining note: "The Laramie Weekly Sentinel is the only weekly paper printed and published in Wyoming Territory. Of course we don't count the patent concerns gotten up and printed in Chicago and sent out here for distribution."

From 1876 to 1879 Bill Nye, famous Wyoming humorist, was city editor of the *Sentinel*, and it was during this period that

¹³ Baneroft, p. 732.

he developed his style and his reputation. The *Sentinel* was continued until 1895.

Edgar Wilson Nye, better known as Bill Nye, belonged to the school of American journalistic humor of which Will Rogers is the present chief exponent. Nye's specialty was enlarging on some local item of trivial importance. His humor was entirely dependent on his own personality. Coming to Wyoming in 1876, he went to work on the *Sentinel*, later deserting it for the *Laramie Daily Boomerang*, which was begun in 1881. This was a paper established by Bill Nye's friends to provide an organ for the Republican party, and also to give Nye an opportunity to indulge his own curious style of writing. It was named after Nye's pet mule. The paper was not a financial success, and after a year a retrenchment policy was adopted for purposes of economy. This involved moving the office to the second floor of a livery stable, where the fumes from below almost asphyxiated the staff. Nye was little bothered by this unpleasantness, and he gave visitors the cheerful advice to "twist the gray mule's tail and take the elevator."

Although the *Boomerang* continued financially unstable it became a popular success, quoted throughout the country, and plans were made in 1883 to begin a national humorous weekly under the same name. Unfortunately, Nye's health failed and it became necessary for him to leave Laramie and abandon the venture. The *Boomerang* was continued as a general paper. Nye was also forced to resign the position of postmaster, which he then held, and his letter of resignation is one of his most famous pieces of humor:

"Postoffice Divan, Laramie City, W. T., Oct. 1, 1883.

"To the President of the United States:

"Sir: I beg leave at this time to officially tender my resignation as postmaster of this place, and in due form to deliver the great seal and the key to the front door of the office. The safe combination is set on the numbers 33, 66, and 99, though I do not remember at this moment which comes first, or how many times you revolve the knob, or which direction you turn it at first in order to make it operate.

"There is some mining stock in my private drawer in the safe, which I have not yet removed. This stock you may have if you desire. It is a luxury, but you may have it. I have decided to keep a horse instead of mining stock. The horse may not be so pretty, but it will cost less to keep him.

"You will find the postal cards that have not been used under the distributing table, and the coal down in the cellar. If the stove draws too hard, close the damper in the pipe and shut the general delivery window. * * *

"If Deacon Hayford does not pay up his box rent, you might as well put his mail in the general delivery, and when Bob Head gets drunk and insists on a letter from one of his wives every day in the week, you can salute him through the window in the box delivery with an old Queen Anne tomahawk, which you will find near the Etruscan water pail. This will not in any manner surprise either of these parties.

"Tears are unavailing. I once more become a private citizen, clothed only with the right to read such postal cards as may be addressed to me personally, and to curse the inefficiency of the postoffice department. * * *"

Bill Nye returned to his home in Wisconsin, where he wrote syndicated articles for the papers and published several books of his humorous essays. In 1885 he toured the lecture platforms with James Whitcomb Riley. One wonders whether Bill Nye might not have chewed a wad of gum and swung a rope, after the style of our own actor-journalist, Will Rogers?

In 1871 the materials of the *South Pass News* were brought to Laramie by Edward A. Slack and T. J. Webster, and the *Laramie Daily Independent* was established with Slack as editor. In the spring of 1875 Webster was supplanted by Charles W. Bramel, and the paper became the *Laramie Daily Sun*. A year later Slack became sole owner and moved the plant to Cheyenne where he issued the *Cheyenne Daily Sun*, continuing it until 1895 when it was merged with the *Leader*. After leaving the *Sun*, Bramel began his own paper in Laramie, the *Laramie Daily Chronicle*, in May, 1876.¹⁴

A year later Webster, formerly of the *Independent*, together with A. R. Johnson and George A. Garrett took over the *Chronicle* until 1877 when it was taken to Cheyenne as the *Cheyenne Daily Gazette*. Another Laramie paper was the *Laramie Daily Times*, also begun by Bramel in 1879, this time in conjunction with L. D. Pease. It was in opposition to this paper that Nye established his *Boomerang*.

After Fort Bridger, Cheyenne, and the group of towns visited by the *Frontier Index*, South Pass City, at that time county seat of Sweetwater county, South Dakota, was the next printing point in Wyoming. The prolific N. A. Baker established the

¹⁴ In 1876 James Thorne took the complete outfit of the Nebraska City, Nebraska, "Chronicle" to Cheyenne, intending to take it from there to Deadwood, South Dakota. Hostile Indians made Deadwood difficult to reach, and so Thorne took his printing equipment to Laramie, where he sold it. Morton, v. 2, p. 348. Bramel was undoubtedly the purchaser. Bancroft, p. 799, says the press came from Plattsmouth, Nebraska.

South Pass News in 1868.¹⁵ Churché Howe acquired the paper, and he sold it to C. J. Cowles and E. A. Slack. Slack was operating it at the time a fire in South Pass destroyed most of the office, and in December, 1871, he took what was left of the materials to Laramie to begin the *Laramie Daily Independent*. He continued it there until 1876, when he moved the plant to Cheyenne and merged with the two-year-old *Daily News* of that city as the *Cheyenne Sun*.

It seems likely that the next printing point in Wyoming was Evanston in the southwest portion of the state near Fort Bridger. In 1879, Bramel and Pease began the *Times* at Laramie. This paper is said to have come from Evanston, although the exact date of its publication there and its name are not known. It was originally a Danish paper published at Salt Lake City, and was removed to Evanston, and then to Laramie.¹⁶ The *Evans-ton Age* was in the first volume of its third series in 1876, No. 41 being dated Tuesday, October 3, so it was evidently begun some time before. William E. Wheeler was editor and proprietor. There was also a *Uinta County Argus* published at Evanston.¹⁷

In 1881 printing was introduced at Rock Springs by the *Rock Springs Miner*, and in 1883 an attempt was made to establish a paper at Buffalo. The first attempt was not successful, but a second was more so, and the Buffalo *Echo* was established. Lander had a press in 1884¹⁸ with the establishment of the Wind River *Mountaineer*.

¹⁵ Lee, op cit., p. 255, says the "News" was begun in the spring of 1868. Chaplin, p. 10, gives the date of establishment of the "South Pass News" as "about the same time that N. A. Baker established the Laramie Daily Sentinel," which was May 1, 1869. The Bristol ms., p. 4, says, "At South Pass City in 1867 or 1868 a paper was started called the 'News'."

¹⁶ Bancroft, p. 794. Bristol ms., p. 6.

¹⁷ Bristol ms., prefatory list. Bristol notes, however, "The above list was picked up from miscellaneous sources, some of which may be doubtful authority."

¹⁸ N. W. Ayer & Sons "Directory of Newspapers and Periodicals," 1930, p. 1092, gives the date as 1884. But a letter to me from Ed R. Wynn of Lander, in July, 1928, says the "Mountaineer" was established in 1885.

There is no satisfactory single authority on Wyoming printing, and none of those quoted is concerned with anything but newspaper publication. Bancroft's account is scattering; it is based in great part on the Bristol manuscript. Morton gives some of the history of the *Frontier Index*. Chaplin's article leaves much to be desired, but it covers the general outlines better than any of the others.

Bartlett's article is a reworking of Chaplin and Bancroft. Sabin has almost nothing to say on printing but gives a fine picture of Wyoming in the boom days of the *Frontier Index*.

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JOHN W. DEANE, WYOMING PIONEER

CHARLES LINDSAY

(On Aug. 11, 1931, Prof. Lindsay was accidentally drowned near Byron while swimming in the Shoshoni River).

John W. Deane, pioneer, rancher, and late mayor of Meeteetse, who passed away at his home in Meeteetse on June 13, 1930, had witnessed the development of Wyoming since he first came West in 1872. So far as I have been able to learn, no man living in the Big Horn Basin in 1930 was there as early as Mr. Deane, who first saw its broad panorama from the summit of the Owl Creek Mountains in the spring of 1876, when he was carrying government dispatches from old Fort Washakie to troops on the Little Big Horn. It was thus the fortune of Mr. Deane to see the various frontier stages of northern Wyoming pass before his eyes; the penetration of the region by pioneer miners, the open range industry, the coming of the settler, and finally the oil boom. If for no other reason than his long and intimate association with these episodes, Mr. Deane deserves a mention in Wyoming history.

John W. Deane was a true westerner in that he came from the East. He was born in Phoenixville, Pennsylvania, in 1856, the son of Isaac Deane and Jane Clift. His father was born in Devonshire, England, and came to America when a youth. As a young man John attended the elementary schools of Pennsylvania, never a very long period at a time. He has said that a year would cover all the time he ever attended school, and the only school subject he ever cared for was geography. Perhaps it was the descriptions of distant lands that made geography fascinating for him, for he was always, in imagination, concocting strange adventures and achieving fame in distant regions.

As a matter of fact it was the West that most delighted young Deane. Here were romance, Indians, buffalo, and perhaps in the end wealth—for strange rumors of western gold were circulating throughout Pennsylvania. Books told the boys of his community about fame and fortune in the West. Indeed, Mr. Deane attributed his going West to a thriller that a friend of his let him read when he was fifteen years old. Even at that tender age he viewed the possibilities of the relatively thickly populated state where he lived with something like dismay. His parents were poor people, and he was only one of a large family. He determined to leave home and take his chances in a newer country where opportunities would open for a young man with industry and determination. He found a friend who sympathized with his scheme and agreed to follow him in carrying it out. It thus fell out that John W. Deane, with his friend, Eddie Post, ran away from home and eventually found himself on the western

cattle trails. He was, according to his own account, fifteen years old.

The shipping of Texas longhorns east from Abilene was the result of a revival of the languishing cattle trade which had begun in Texas prior to the Civil War. The Kansas Pacific Railroad reached Abilene in the spring of 1867 and furnished Joseph G. McCoy his inspiration of making that place a great cattle depot. McCoy's idea was put into operation with such dispatch that about thirty-five thousand Texas cattle were marketed at Abilene in the fall of 1867.¹ The next year seventy-five thousand head of cattle were driven over the Chisholm Trail—a range thoroughfare that was to become celebrated. If Deane was on the Trail or in Abilene in 1872 he missed Wild Bill Hickok by one year. Wild Bill had been marshal of Abilene in 1871, having followed Thomas James Smith, who was killed while executing the duties of his office. In 1872, however, Wild Bill was in the environs of Kansas City, though his name was fresh on the border, and one that Deane heard mentioned often enough. The next year he followed the lure of the mining boom into the Black Hills.²

The Long Drive which Deane experienced for a single summer continued for several more, but he did not remain to see its decline. He drifted that fall into Wyoming. Having procured a horse, saddle and outfit, and having secured his wages in a strong leather belt, he turned toward his future home. His trip to the Wyoming frontier was not without incident of interest. He learned that some prospectors had struck pay dirt in the vicinity of Atlantic City and determined to go there. It was on this journey that Deane had his first experience with Indians. One evening he came upon a large encampment of Indians on what he later learned was Lodge Pole Creek. The greeting he received was not unfriendly, and he was invited to unsaddle his horse and remain for the night. This he did turning his pony out to graze with the horses that belonged to the Indians.

There were some eighty or a hundred lodges or tepees set in an irregular semicircle near the bank of the stream. Deane was greatly interested in the whole affair, as he had not yet seen enough of Indian life to get the romantic eastern notions out of his head. But the following morning brought with it another aspect of the situation. When the night herder brought in the ponies, his own was missing. Investigation revealed the absence also of his saddle and outfit. As a matter of fact he was with a friendly band of thieving Cheyennes whose inclinations to harm only extended to robbery. Mr. Deane believed that he spent no

1 Edward Everett Dale, "Those Kansas Jayhawkers," *Agricultural History*, II, 178 (October, 1928).

2 Stuart Henry, "Conquering Our Great American Plains," (New York, 1930), 270.

less than five months in this Indian village. The tribe was on its annual buffalo hunt, gathering great stores of meat, cutting it into long strips, and preparing it for future use. The meat, after being cured, was pounded into powder between stones, and stuffed into the entrails of the buffalo. This with corn procured from the Nebraska Indians constituted the sole diet, a menu of which Deane became thoroughly tired.

As spring approached, the band moved north and west toward South Pass. One day when Deane was taking a long hike looking for signs of civilization, he observed the tracks of a pair of hob-nailed boots in the snow along the bank of a stream. In relating this adventure, Mr. Deane declared, "I almost broke down and cried, so great was my relief at seeing even this sign of a white man."³ After trailing the tracks for several miles, he came in sight of a camp. It proved to belong to a trapper, Charlie Smith, who had first come to South Pass in 1849; had later spent some years around Fort Bridger, and had returned to the Atlantic region in 1869.

The next morning Smith took Deane to Atlantic City. Existing chiefly as a supply post for prospectors, this place exhibited the usual marks of a frontier mining community. The first effective strike in this region had been made in 1867, immediately following the Indian hostilities along the Bozeman Trail,⁴ which culminated in the Fetterman Massacre of December, 1866.⁵ The men who made the discovery had come from Virginia City. For a time after this strike, the Sweetwater district experienced a considerable boom. Indeed, the desire for gold so seized the population that distant fields were sought. In 1870 the Big Horn Expedition set out from Cheyenne, amid considerable enthusiasm, but no gold worth mentioning was reported. When Deane reached Atlantic City in 1873, therefore, the mining boom was on the wane. Nevertheless, the dozen log houses he found there looked like a metropolis to him, after having for months lived with the Indians. The "city" could boast of two saloons and, according to Mr. Deane, "sufficient gambling joints to take care of all miners who 'struck it rich'." There were also a post office, a rooming house, and a general store conducted by Jim Kime. Supplies and mail were brought in from Green River.

The years immediately following Deane's arrival in this sec-

3 This quotation and others given in this paper are taken from a stenographic record of an interview the writer had with Mr. Deane at his residence in Meeteetse, Wyoming, in the summer of 1928.

4 Rossiter W. Raymond, "Statistics of Mines and Mining in the States and Territories West of the Rocky Mountains," 41 Cong., 2 Sess. (1870), House Ex. Doc. No. 207, p. 327 (Serial 1424).

5 The official report of this tragedy is in 40 Cong., 1 Sess. (1868), Sen. Ex. Doc. No. 1308 (Serial).

tion were occupied in "bull whacking", carrying dispatches for government troops, and finally establishing a private mail route into the Big Horn Basin. A new military post had just been established on the Popo Agie, in the vicinity where Lander is now situated. This post was set up in June, 1869; two years later it was moved fifteen miles north, on the south fork of Little Wind river. It was first called Camp Augur, but in March, 1870, the name was changed to Camp Brown, in honor of Captain Brown, who was killed in the massacre of Fort Phil Kearney. In January, 1879, the name was changed to Fort Washakie.⁶

When Deane reached this vicinity, building materials and supplies for the new post were being freighted from the Union Pacific Railroad, and he was given a job of driving bull teams. A team consisted of eight or nine pairs of oxen, according to Mr. Deane, these being yoked two and two, and pulling two wagons with a load of from six to nine tons. The roads were poor and the going was slow; fourteen miles was a good day's drive. Point of Rocks, the station on the Union Pacific Railroad from which the materials and supplies were procured, was something like a hundred and fifty miles distant. This gives some idea of the undertaking in equipping a frontier post, even in the seventies.

Later on, Deane was employed at the new fort. All the officers of the earlier period were known to him, among others, Colonel Mason, Captain Burke, Captain Bates, and somewhat later Captain Torrey. The Second Cavalry was stationed at this post, it having arrived in the fall of 1873 under the command of Major E. M. Baker. One of the earlier surgeons was Dr. Thomas G. Maghee, who made the first test of the mineral springs at Thermopolis,⁷ and later remained in Lander to become one of the best known physicians in northern Wyoming. Mr. Deane claimed to have planted the first trees, mostly cottonwood saplings, that were set out on the military yards.

Mr. Deane was at Fort Washakie, or Camp Brown, as it was then called, during the Indian uprisings in 1874 and 1876. The story of these campaigns has often been told and need not be repeated. Perhaps the only authentic, detailed first hand account of Bates' Battle now extant is to be found in the diary of the late Dr. Thomas G. Maghee. Dr. Maghee was present and participated in this affair, which occurred on July 4, 1874, in the No Wood region of the Big Horn Basin.

As a government dispatch carrier, Deane frequently visited other frontier posts, Forts Steele, Fetterman, and Bridger. He

6 Fort Washakie Post Record, p. 1-171.

7 Dr. Thomas G. Maghee, MS. Diary, August 13, 1874. See also Charles Lindsay, "An Early Chapter of Thermopolis History," Thermopolis (Wyoming) Independent Record, September 6, 1929.

also carried dispatches from the Popo Agie to the Yellowstone, when Federal troops were occupied in the Sioux Wars. Usually he had one or two friendly Shoshonies with him, and he acquired a fluency of the Shoshonie tongue which few surpassed. It is interesting to note that though Deane was with the Cheyennes for a period of something like five months, according to his own account, he acquired no lasting mastery of that language. He told the writer that he was in constant fear during the whole period and could think of nothing but a way of escape. But with the Shoshonies, the matter was quite different; Deane was older, formed many friendships with them, and learned their ways. He was intimately acquainted with Chief Washakie, who up until his death regarded Deane as a firm friend. His position of friendship with these Indians continued throughout his life. He had no difficulty in securing the assistance of the Shoshonies when he made his moving picture, "Wyoming Territorial Days," only a few years prior to his death.

It was on one of his missions from the Wind River to the Yellowstone for Federal troops that Deane first viewed the Big Horn Basin. According to his account, it was in the spring of 1876, the same year that General Custer met with disaster on the Little Big Horn. If Mr. Deane erred in this date, it is probable that he was not far from the exact time, as it is well known that he was present at Fort Washakie during these years, and was engaged a considerable part of the time as a dispatch carrier.

On the trip in question, Deane ascended the slopes of the Owl Creek Mountains, from the summit of which he surveyed the Big Horn Basin for the first time.

His impressions of what he saw were given many years later:

"From my point of vantage I could see the Big Horn River and trace its course for many miles by the line of cottonwood timber along its banks. The Pryor Mountains were dimly visible, and the Big Horn Range, with snow-capped Cloud's Peak rising in its midst, was easily discerned. Close at my feet, apparently, and in reality only a few miles beyond the smooth northern slope of the range on which I stood, lay the peculiar, brick-red, conical hills of the hot springs region, in which the town of Thermopolis was later to spring up. Not a human being, nor a sign of human habitation, was visible in all the valley."

The route followed by Deane on this trip took him, for a part of the way, at least, along the old Bridger Cut-Off.

In the late seventies, Deane established his private mail route in the Basin, without a doubt the first mail service to enter the region. His customers were pioneer miners, who paid him a flat rate to deliver letters and newspapers, and receive any mail that they might have to send out. A little later the early cattlemen

were entering the country, and these were added to his patrons. His route took him over the Owl Creek Mountains to the Embar ranch, then up the Greybull River and north to the Shoshone and into Montana. Fort Washakie and Stillwater, Montana, were the southern and northern termini. When he made his first trip he met Otto Franc, who was looking over the country with a view to establishing a ranch. Franc became, within the course of the next few years, one of the largest cattlemen in northern Wyoming. When Deane delivered his first mail in the Basin, J. D. Woodruff and Ben Anderson were operating the Embar ranch. This later came into the possession of Captain Torrey. At Big Grass Creek, Deane found George Baxter, later, for a time, Governor of Wyoming. Baxter was making plans for a large cattle ranch on the Big Grass Creek. These plans materialized into the famous L. U. ranch, and Baxter become identified intimately with the Wyoming Stock Growers' Association, the largest and most powerful organization of its kind in the world. As a matter of fact, Deane's mail route venture paralleled the stocking of the Big Horn Basin with its first great herds of cattle, and in a very short time Deane himself sensed the significance of this movement.

Before leaving this part of Deane's life, it is not out of place to relate one of his experiences, not because of its intrinsic significance, but solely for its interest. Let Mr. Deane himself tell this story:

"As I rode over a slight rise of ground at the head of Sage Creek, I distinctly heard the strains of 'Arkansas Traveler' coming from the hollow just beyond. For a moment I wondered if the solitude of the prairies was affecting my mind, as it is said to do with sheep herders who spend months alone. After a slight hesitation, I went on over the hill in the direction of the music. There in front of a crude tent sat an old, bearded man, sawing away at a fiddle for all he was worth. It was George Marquette, trapper and fiddler, the Basin's first musician. Marquette had already spent several years trapping in the Basin, and in the region around Sheridan, across the Big Horns. For many years after this, he was the leading fiddler in northern Wyoming, and officiated at all ranch and saloon dances during the eighties and nineties. His ranch was at the forks of the Stinking Water above Cody. He appeared glad to have company when I rode into his camp, and invited me to spend the night with him. I contributed the contents of a demijohn to the evening's refreshments. My friend enjoyed it, and it appeared to improve his music. That night we sat outside the tent for a long time, while he played 'After the Ball', 'Home Sweet Home', and other old songs I asked for."

Marquette became something of an institution in the Big Horn Basin; other men Deane met during his mail days were Jim Corbett, Captain Belknap, Col. W. D. Pickett, men who are included in any pioneer list of northern Wyoming characters.

In 1884, Deane took up a ranch on the upper Greybull, later called Sunshine. He planned to accumulate a small band of cattle while working for the larger outfits. In this he was fully successful. For years he was one of the reliable employees of Otto Franc, owner of the Pitchfork Ranch. Deane witnessed, during these years, the ascendancy of the cattle king; saw the ranges stocked to capacity; watched the surveyors stake out the towns of Meeteetse, Cody, Thermopolis, Otto, Burlington, and in fact, every town in the Basin; saw the farmer take out patents on likely spots along the rivers and streams; experienced the days of the range war, and finally the complete decline of the open range cattle business. The story of the open range industry in the Big Horn Basin cannot be retold here, even though Mr. Deane was a very close observer of it. Something can, however, be said of the range war, as experienced by Deane in the early nineties.

The crowded condition of the range, the shortage of grazing lands, and the encroachments of the granger farmer, all agree, contributed to bad feelings between the cattle barons and the farmers. People like Deane, who were participants in these events, are usually reticent when speaking of them. The invasion of Johnson County took place just prior to the affair in the Basin which resulted in the killing of Burch and Bedford. Deane was with Franc in the Pryor Gap at the time. He resolutely refused, in speaking of this matter in after years, to attribute responsibility of any kind to Franc, though he noticed during this trip that the Pitchfork outfit was unusually well armed, as though expecting an attack. Likewise, there was very close contact between Franc on the one hand, and Lovell, owner of the large M. L. ranch near the mouth of the Shoshone River, on the other. But all this could be accounted for, as Mr. Deane pointed out, without implicating in any way the large cattlemen in the killing of the alleged rustlers.

None the less, the incidents associated with the war seemed, according to Mr. Deane, to have a permanent ill effect on Otto Franc. As he grew older, he became very nervous. For long periods of time, he employed Deane to sleep in his room at night as a guard. Franc died in the fall of 1903 in a manner that has never been explained to the full satisfaction of everyone. He was in the habit, according to Deane, of going out just before supper and shooting rabbits that were spoiling his garden. On the evening in question, his gun apparently discharged and killed him

while he was crawling through a fence. Few residents of the Big Horn Basin knew Otto Franc as intimately as did John W. Deane. On the matter of Franc's death, however, Mr. Deane refused to commit himself other than by a bare recital of the facts as given above.

Mr. Deane, like many other cowboy, accumulated a considerable band of cattle of his own while working for Otto Franc and operating at the same time his ranch, known from his brand as the "Butcherknife," at Sunshine. He threw his shipping cattle in with Franc's and sent them to eastern markets, frequently accompanying them.

During these years emerged on Meeteetse Creek, the town of Arland, unique in frontier communities. It preceded Meeteetse, Burlington, Otto, and Cody in making its appearance, and for a period in the '80's was a cowboy rendezvous of considerable importance. It was named for Vic Arland, who, in fact, owned the place. Later on, when Meeteetse took root on the Greybull River, Arland declined and soon left no trace of its once buoyant days save for the scattered graves that line its neighboring ridges.⁸

With the coming of the farmer, the introduction of extensive irrigation works, and the paralleled decline of the open range industry, the general character of frontier life with which Deane had been so long acquainted passed away. His early friends were also gone. William F. Cody, who was one of the leaders in initiating the irrigation projects at Cody, was an intimate friend of Mr. Deane, and dubbed him the World's Champion Barbequer, a title to which Deane undoubtedly had full right. He claimed to have conducted one hundred and one successful barbeques, and probably few people in the Big Horn Basin could be found today who would not testify to his skill. The last one over which he presided was witnessed by Miss Caroline Lockhart, and was included in his moving picture "Wyoming Territorial Days."

If one were looking for a great railroad builder, a captain of industry or a great politician he could pass Mr. Deane by. His long life on the fringe of the frontier is not significant in matters of this kind. History has paid more attention to industrial and political figures than to the mass of humanity which makes them possible. But a new history is in the making, and it promises a much better proportion, for it deals with the "history of the people." And after all, the state builders are the people. John W. Deane was one of them. He created no great name in science, industry, or politics, but he lived well enough the small part he cut out for himself. In the end he achieved and maintained the full esteem of his own community, electing him its mayor.

⁸ Charles Lindsay, "Arland: A Cowboy's Paradise," *Prairie Schooner*, III, (Fall, 1929).

Local intimates of Mr. Deane will hint at the reputation he acquired for being a hard man to best in an argument, whether it retained a verbal character or assumed the form of physical combat or gun play. It is also whispered that Deane "got his man," and that marks and scars on his body testified to a rough life and "close calls." Of these matters little of certainty can be recorded. It would not be astonishing, however, if Mr. Deane did receive a few gun wounds, or even if he did "get his man." Certainly he was credited with shooting straight, and he lived through the years in Wyoming when rough life and gun play were not uncommon. Yet though the writer spent considerable time with him, studied his papers, examined every newspaper account of him extant, and interviewed most of his early associates who were still living, evidence of a positive character which would throw light either one way or the other was sought in vain. A knowledge of these episodes, if they took place at all, went, in all probability, to the grave with Mr. Deane.

In appearance Mr. Deane was stocky and square built, in later years acquiring a tendency to corpulency. He had a large, well shaped head, broad shoulders, deep chest and lungs, giving evidence of years in the out of doors. He had bright twinkling eyes that sparkled when he told his stories of dry humor. He possessed a marked appreciation for the funny story, and a considerable aptitude for telling it. During a story of this kind, Mr. Deane would qualify along the lines laid down by Mark Twain, for he never smiled; if the story fell flat (which it rarely did) it received no help from its author.

Mr. Deane's story telling proclivities are well known in northern Wyoming. Perhaps it was this ability which gave him the name of "Josh" among his friends. Josh Deane is by far more celebrated in northern Wyoming than is John W. Deane. Nevertheless, friends and strangers alike testify to the integrity of Mr. Deane. If he told "large" stories he could be relied upon for the "facts," when facts were in order.

His contacts acquired for him friends the country over. The late James Dahlman, Mayor of Omaha, counted Deane among his best friends, and the writer has examined the correspondence between Mr. Deane and Mr. Dahlman which amply justifies this assertion. Mr. Deane married Miss Lily Siipple, of Phoenixville, Pa., in 1916, and she survives him.

With the death of Mr. Deane ended the career of a man whose life reflected many phases of Wyoming's history. With the development of the Big Horn Basin, he was especially familiar, having, as has been indicated above, been present from the days when it was inhabited chiefly by Indians until the time when it was cut up into irrigated farms.

FORT LARAMIE

Head Quarters Fort Laramie D. T.
May 21st, 1866

Major Roger Jones

Asst. Insp. Gen'l U. S. A.

Insp. Genl. Mil. Div. of the Miss.

Sir: In reply to your printed circular of May 10th 1866, I have the honor to return the following answers to questions therein propounded.

First—Fort Laramie is situated at the confluence of the Platte (North Fork) and Laramie Rivers. It is in the midst of an extensive valley containing nearly 5000 acres, susceptible of cultivation with the aid of artificial irrigation which could be had from the Laramie River but at an expense greater perhaps than would be justified until the valley is settled, at present nearly the whole area of the valley is included in the military Reserve which extends five (5) miles in each direction from the Centre of the Post.

Fort Laramie is in Lat. $42^{\circ} 15''$ N. Lon. $104^{\circ} 35''$ W. from Greenwich. Its elevation is about 4500 feet. These figures are approximate, as there are no records at the Post of the Surveys and Observations of Captain Reynolds, Lt. Warren, and Lt. Maynadier made from 1857 to 1860, but they are near enough to be practicably useful.

Second—The nature of the Country briefly described, is this. Surrounding the valley at the confluence of the Laramie and Platte Rivers, the site of the Post, are low broken hills, composed principally argillaceous material in the form of indurated clay and clay stone. Some of the latter is suitable for building purposes. Westward at a distance of Twenty-five to Fifty miles is a range of the Black Hills running North and South, and connecting with the range in which Laramie Peak is the principal object. This Peak is nearly due West of the Post, and distant about Sixty miles. Limestone has been found within 15 miles of the Post, and Lime burned from it, but it contains so much clay and magnesia that the Lime is not strong enough for good building purposes. Adobes are the best building material, as the clay is stiff and hardens readily, and adobe buildings [do not] stand well where they are plastered the plastering is soon forced off by frost and rain and it will be better to leave any building to be erected hereafter without plastering.

The mineral products of this section of the country which immediately surrounds Fort Laramie within a radius say

twenty miles are of little value, although it is supposed that gold and silver may be obtained in the Black Hills and Laramie Mountains, no explorations have yet been made which justifies the supposition. Coal of an inferior quality has been found about one hundred miles west of the Post, near the mouth of Deer Creek a tributary of the Platte. It has been used in forges in addition to charcoal but is not fit for use as fuel for domestic purposes. Probably when the vein is opened to a greater depth good coal will be found. The supply of Fuel for the Post is derived from the adjacent Hills and their Cannons. It is yellow pine and cedar, at present it is hauled from 8 to 15 miles. It is rapidly being consumed and will not probably last more than four or five years more.

The supply of water to the Post of Fort Laramie is not only inadequate but of great expense and labor, all the water now used is hauled in barrels from the Laramie River occupying the entire time of a six mule Team and ten or fifteen men. Water could easily be brought in to the Garrison and at comparatively small expense. Wells have not answered well, owing to the sandy nature of the ground, after the clay surface has been passed and water found at low depths is not as good as the River water.

For ordinary domestic uses the supply of water is very well kept up by the present method, but in case of fire it would be lamentably deficient.

The plain surrounding the Post, is incapable of cultivation, except with irrigation that can readily be obtained. Gardens have been cultivated by the Troops, in the vicinity of the Post but with great labor, and no commensurable benefit.

I believe that nothing more than a temporary supply of vegetables has ever been raised while the great necessity is to have sufficient to last through the winter for antiscorbutic purposes. An effort is being now made to carry out this object by cultivating two farms, one by the Troops, and one by a citizen, who pays a proportion (five per cent) of his produce. The success of the enterprise remain to be seen.

Vegetables are frequently brought here from Denver, but are necessarily held at high prices.

The only Timber in the vicinity of the Post is at Laramie Peak, 60 miles distant, all nearer is short scrubby and only fit for firewood.

The main road of travel up the North Platte and thence via Salt Lake City and Landers Cut off to California and the Northern Mines passes the Post. Another road from the South comes from Denver following the valley of the Laramie River.

There is every probability that a new road to Montana will be opened this year, which will give increased importance to this Post.

Third—The Storehouses Quarters and other buildings at Fort Laramie are old and worn out, no repairs of consequence have been made for several years much improvement could be made in a new arrangement, and reconstruction of the Post.

The store houses are built of yellow pine lumber, very combustible and although sufficient to protect their contents against rain, utterly useless against the decay and destruction produced by the excessive cold of winter and the ardent heat of summer.

Nothing about the Post requires more immediate attention than a reconstruction of the Storehouses. Buildings with thick stone or adobe walls are the only ones suitable for preserving stores especially provisions in this climate. The Stables are built of wood and are old and need repairs.

The Garrison will accommodate properly two Companies of Cavalry and two of Infantry, of the Minimum strength. The Officers Quarters are all out of repair, badly constructed and planned.

One very important duty devolves upon the Commanding Officer of this Post: that of establishing and maintaining proper control over the Indians who are around the Post to the number of 5000 Warriors and 20,000 souls including women and children. They are now perfectly peaceable and it is expected and hoped that the Treaty soon to be made will secure a lasting and permanent peace.

With the great number of persons who now annually cross the Plains and pass this Post, it is highly important that it should be kept in a strong condition by repairs and alterations and be always defended by a sufficient Garrison,

I have the honor to be

Very Respectfully

Your Obedt. Servt.

(Signed) W. H. Evans

Major 11th Ohio Cav. Vols.
Post.

True Copy.

W. S. Starring,

1st Lieut. & Adjt. 1st Batt.

18th U. S. Infy.

INDIAN TROUBLES

(Communications on Indian Troubles of 1872-1874)

Fort Laramie, Feb. 28, 1872.

To Gen. G. D. Ruggles, Omaha.

I am advised that a war party of thirty Sioux left the Agency on the 26th inst. for the Pawnee village.

Jno. E. Smith, Col. 14th Inf.

Fort Laramie, March 23, 1872.

To A. A. General,

Dept. of the Platte, Omaha.

Latest reports from the Agency are that all is quiet, but I deem it my duty to inform you that the temper of many of the Indians is decidedly hostile and that no time should be lost in preparing for any emergency. Last evening some ten or twelve Indians attacked some herders in the Chug Valley and shot one horse and slightly wounded one man. One company of cavalry should be camped on the Chug with instructions to scout the country down to the Laramie. Red Cloud was at the Agency yesterday and received his goods and to carry his point had them brought on south side of the Platte for distribution to his followers. Other Indians, those who remain at the Agency, complain and say that he should not be permitted to do so. To drive him away would give them a pretext for breaking out.

I will do all that I can to prevent a conflict. Captain Henry with three companies of cavalry have reported.

Jno. E. Smith, Col. 14th Inf., Commdg. Post.

Fort Laramie, Oct. 15, 1872.

Gen. G. D. Ruggles, Omaha.

Am watching Indians who are moving. Will not keep them longer than absolutely necessary. Nails telegraphed for on 10 inst., very much needed.

Jno. E. Smith, Col. 14th Inf.

Fort Laramie, Oct. 23, 1872.

Gen. G. D. Ruggles, Omaha.

On the night of the 21st Agent Daniels sent an urgent request for troops to protect life and property at Agency. Major Wells' company with Captain Egans were immediately sent down. Upon his arrival yesterday morning he found the whites barricaded and momentarily expecting to be attacked as the Indians are very much excited by having one of their number killed by some white men who were selling whisky on this side of the river. I have Capt. Monahan's company at this Post in hand to send down if necessary. Daniels has telegraphed to the

Interior Dept. asking that troops be stationed at the Agency. If I do not get a favorable report today will go down tomorrow. No collision with the troops had occurred up to the time of Major Wells' report last night.

Jno. E. Smith, Col. 14th Inf.

Fort Laramie, March 7, 1873.

Gen. G. D. Ruggles, Omaha.

A war party of 40 or 50 Sioux Indians are reported to be on their way to the railroad in vicinity of North Platte.

Jno. E. Smith, Col. 14th Inf.

Fort Laramie, March 25, 1873.

Gen. C. Grover, Fort Fetterman.

I send out today two detachments of cavalry to scout the country above as far as Elk horn. Can you send your cavalry on north side of the Platte on the road as far as mouth of Horse Shoe with instructions that if they find the trail of the war party crossing the river to follow it and attack them wherever they may find them on the south side of the river. If they should not discover their trail when they arrive at or opposite Horse Shoe to cross over and return on the south side. If you send furnish a Guide Courier.

Jno. E. Smith, Col. 14th Inf.

Fort Laramie, March 25, 1873.

Gen. G. D. Ruggles, Omaha.

Gen. Grover reports a war party of Sioux out. I have sent out two detachments of cavalry to scout the country west and requested Gen. Grover to co-operate.

Jno. E. Smith, Col. 14th Inf.

Fort Laramie, Wyoming, April 12, 1873.

Gen. G. D. Ruggles, Omaha.

Spotted Tail with large party of his people reported to be camped on the South Platte on his way to Republican country. I do not know by what authority if any.

Jno. E. Smith, Col. 14th Inf.

Headquarters District of the Black Hills.

Fort Laramie, Wyoming, May 14th, 1873.

You will march with your company via Hunton Ranch to the mouth of the Chug near where you will establish a camp. Make requisition on depot quartermaster for transportation. Cavalry will not move until grazing is better.

By order of Col. Smith.

Wm. W. McCammon, 2nd Lieut. 14th Inf. A. A. A. G.

Headquarters District of the Black Hills.

Fort Laramie, Wyoming Try., May 14, 1873.

Captain Guy V. Henry, 3d Cavalry, Cheyenne, Wyoming Try.

Cavalry will not move for several days. Grazing insufficient.

By order Col. Smith.

Wm. W. McCammon, 2nd Lieut. 14th Inf. A. A. A. G.

Fort Laramie, Wyoming Try., July 12, 1873.

Gen. G. D. Ruggles, Omaha.

A party of seventy Arapahoes started on the 8th inst. for Rawlins Springs to avenge the killing of four of their people recently. They were dissuaded and all but twenty, the relatives of the ones killed, turned back. The twenty have gone on ostensibly to bury their relatives. I have no doubt they will kill an equal number of whites and steal stock. If they could capture the men who committed the outrage no harm would be done but I fear innocent parties will suffer. The line being down could not communicate sooner.

Jno. E. Smith, Col. 14th Inf.

Fort Laramie, July 5, 1873.

Genl. Ruggles, Omaha.

The following recd. from Gen. Grover in reply to my inquiry if he has any information concerning the trouble with the Ute Indians: "There are no Indians about here now that know anything about the matter. A party of Arapahoes crossed the north side of the river on the 3d on its way to Laramie and the Agency. Rock Bear, a Sioux, met it about ten miles below here and came in and reported that ten or twelve Arapahoes had met with an armed party of whites near Rawlins Springs and the whites fired upon them and killed three Indians and wounded another and took several ponies from them. Interpreter to whom the Sioux made this report is now in the office. C. Grover."

Fort Laramie, Aug. 19, 1873.

Commanding Officer, Camp Stambaugh.

A war party of about forty Sioux left their camp on Powder River a week ago on their way to Wind River valley. It is desirable that this party should be severely punished if possible. They had a hand in killing the two women in your vicinity recently.

Jno. E. Smith, Col. 14th Inf., Dist. Black Hills.

Fort Laramie, Wyoming Try., Feb. 10, 1874.

Major Chambers, Fort Fetterman.

Send at once every available man and horse or your cavalry with three days rations to scout on the south side of the Platte river as far as the Cottonwood with instructions to spare no In-

dian found and to co-operate with Capt. Egan who left here last night. If possible find out what Indians they are.

Jno. E. Smith, Col. 14th Inf.

Fort Laramie, Wyoming Try., Feb. 11, 1874.

General Ord, Omaha.

Lieut. Robinson and Corpl. Coleman, Company K, 2nd Cavalry, in charge of the lumber train were killed last Monday by Indians (supposed to be forty or fifty in the party but not known) twelve miles east of Laramie Peak on the Little Cottonwood. Their bodies were found yesterday p. m. Both cavalry companies from this Post and company from Fetterman are out. It is time the present farcial Indian policy should end.

Jno. E. Smith, Col. 14th Inf.

Fort Laramie, Feb. 12, 1874.

Gen. E. O. C. Ord, Omaha.

We have fifty four thousand musket and sixteen thousand carbine ammunition. Send twenty thousand more carbine. Capt. Egan returned last night. Did not overtake Indians. Company from Fetterman failed to find them also. A report just received from Fetterman states that Indians attacked a wood party near there this morning. Sent out twenty five men to their relief. No further particulars. Have just received information that arms and ammunition is en route to the Agency furnished by the Interior Department. Have ordered Capt. Egan out to intercept the train and bring arms and ammunition to this post.

Jno. E. Smith, Col. 14th Inf.

Fort Laramie, Feb. 19, 1874.

Gen'l Ord, Omaha.

It would be impossible to estimate the force we may meet. I am satisfied their members are grossly exaggerated at the Agencies. I think two thousand warriors is the most they could concentrate but more is possible. Chambers telegraphs me that he thinks the Cheyennes and Arapahoes are keeping out of the way of trouble and I have not heard of any Indians south of the Platte between here and Fetterman since last Tuesday.

Jno. E. Smith, Col. 14th Inf.

Fort Laramie, Feb. 14, 1874.

Gen'l Ord, Omaha.

Col. Chambers telegraphs that the Cheyenne who came in says the Cheyennes and nearly all the Sioux have left the Agency and that the Uncapapas report abundance of buffalo in the Big Horn country and thinks the Sioux will go there. The Agency Indian Sioux will probably unite with the Minneconjous and Uncapapas. The Cheyennes and Arapahoes that

were at the Agency, about one hundred and fifty lodges, must be near here, probably within fifty miles. They are going to send or come in. Only Red Cloud and Man Afraid of His Horse were left about twenty miles north west of Agency about seventy lodges. My messenger sent to the Agency night before last has not returned.

Jno. E. Smith, Col. 14th Inf.

Ft. Laramie, Feb. 14, 1874.

Gen'l Ord, Omaha.

My estimate yesterday was based on a less force than now contemplated. Eight companies of cavalry, five hundred and eighty horses forage in fifteen days one hundred and four thousand pounds. Five hundred thousand ammunition.

Fort Laramie, Feb. 16, 1874.

Gen'l Ord, Omaha.

Messenger just returned from Agency. Dr. Saville writes that the northern Indians have all gone to Tongue River and that they alone have committed the depredations recently, that the Ogallas have faithfully guarded the Agency since Appleton was killed and that they will prevent the northern Indians from coming to the Agency or passing through the country. Dr. Saville also says that the Indian who shot Appleton was killed by the Brules who also recaptured the mules stolen by the Minneconjous from Col. Genreux. Agent Howard writes to Dr. Saville that Spotted Tail has a guard over his Agency. The party which killed Lieut. Robinson consisted of Minneconjous, Uncapapas and Sans Arcs.

Jno. E. Smith, Col. 14th Inf.

Fort Laramie, Feb. 23, 1874.

Gen. W. T. Sherman, Washington, D. C.

Gen. Ord and myself arrived here yesterday. The news from the Agencies yesterday was alarming. The troops are now en route from Cheyenne to this place and will leave here for the Agencies Saturday morning. The weather changed about a week ago from warm sunshine to cold windy storms with snow not very deep. The men are now well equipped and can stand it. The greatest suffering is scarcity of wood for fires at night. This will be overcome when they reach the Agencies where wood is abundant. I will start on my return to Chicago today.

P. H. Sheridan, Lieut. Gen.

To Gen. McCook, Fort McKinney, Wyoming.

Following just received:

To General McCook, Fort Douglas, Utah.

Gen. Boulanger and suite of the French Army in this country as guests of the nation at Yorktown. Will leave here tomorrow for San Francisco. They will stop at Cheyenne to visit Fort Russell and then go to Salt Lake City. They want to see Fort Douglas and I request that you extend to them an invitation and commend them to your attention and courtesy.

P. H. Sheridan, Lieut. Gen.

Article of Agreement
Thos. Conroy & Robt. Williams
Style
Conroy & Williams

Fort Laramie, Mar 2 1859

We the undersigned, Robert Williams and Thomas Conroy, have agreed and by these presents do hereby agree, to become co-partners together in the trade of Blacksmithing, and in all things thereto belonging; also in buying selling and —ding all cattle, Horses, Mules &c, and also in buying and selling all sorts of Goods, Wares &c, with the full understanding that each and both of us are to be responsible for the acts of the other, and to share with each other all Profits arising from the business, share and share alike;—Further agree that neither one is to speculate from the business one upon the other.

Given at Fort Laramie N. T. this 2d Day of March, 1859

Thomas Conroy (S)

Robert Williams (S)

Witness. N. R. Fitz Hugh.

WILLIAM GAY

(Contant Notes)

Born at Washburn, Mo., 1837.

Was employed by Slade in Feb., 1862 as messenger from Julesburg to Sweet Water bridge. The duty of the messenger was to look after the welfare of passengers, assist wherever help might be needed and if anything happened to driver he was expected to take his place and do general superintendent's work.

At Split Rock Station, 24 miles west from Sweetwater bridge on a night during the early fall of '62 when changing off with a west division messenger, Mr. Gay's coach came into Split Rock blowing the horn for the stock tender as usual, and wonder-

ing why its stock was not in readiness. The tender came to the door and with hushed tone told that the Indians had driven off the stock, killed a colored blacksmith and shot a white man through the leg.

The coach lights were blown out and the same train driven to the next station where the stock had shared the same fate. Again the same train was driven on to Sweetwater Bridge where a larger force had saved the stock!

Many times the Indians indulged in the apparent sport of running the coaches and enjoying the fun of shooting at the drivers, perhaps with a desire for horse flesh more than a desire to kill, when Mr. Gay would have to take part in the pleasantry, and help to keep his red friends from getting uncomfortably close.

ACCESSIONS

Sept., 1932—Jan., 1933

Museum

Bonser, W. A.—Old cow-boy boot found by W. A. Bonser under the floor of one of the oldest houses in South Cheyenne.

Bruce, Robert—Two small pictures from his book "The Fighting Norths and Pawnee Scouts", one picture is of Captain L. H. North, 1846, with short account below the picture; second picture of Major Frank North, 1840-1885, with brief account. Two cuts, from which the pictures were made, of Captain L. H. North and Major Frank North.

Governor's Office—Large banner advertising Wyoming State Fair—"Restore Faith, Confidence, Courage—Wyoming State Fair, Douglas, September 13, 14, 15, 16, 1932."

David, Charles—One Howe sewing machine, in black walnut, bearing patent dates 1846, 1852, and 1867, with detachable top and mother-of-pearl inlay.

Crowe, George R.—Assistant Park Naturalist, Yellowstone National Park. Copy of old negative of the original Baronett Bridge, Yellowstone River, on Cooke City Road.

Logan, Ernest—Cedar board made from tree in Medicine Bow region.

Riford, Irene D.—Programme of 5th Annual Dress Drill and Ball, Co. "C" 1st Infantry, W. N. G., at Hasbrouck's Hall, Buffalo, Wyoming, New Year's Eve, Dec. 31, 1894, and owned by R. J. Daley.

Decker, C. L.—Stone of Custer monument. Bullets found on Battle Field in 1885, by C. L. Decker.

Schnitger, Mrs. William R.—Gavel presented to Mr. Schnitger as president of the senate in the first legislature after Wyoming was admitted to the Union. Star in the badge of Mr. Schnitger as City Marshal presented to him by the city officials. On the reverse side of the star are engraved the names of the men under him.

Original Manuscripts

Greenburg, Dan W.—Original work copy of "Sixty Years" presented by the author. Manuscript is bound in book form.

Willson, Mrs. Eugene B.—Original manuscript "Our Trails" by Mrs. Willson, dedicated to the Rock Springs Conference D. A. R., Sept. 2, 1932, and with thanks to Miss Hebard, Theo. Roosevelt, I. S. Bartlett (from books) and to Mrs. Cyrus Beard, State Historian, for "plums of historic incident."

Newton, L. L.—Original manuscript of Edward J. Farlow for the Wyoming State Journal, Lander, of which Mr. Newton is the editor and owner. Mr. Farlow's associations with the Indians related in manuscript.

Documents

David, Charles—Certificate of contribution to the Bunker Hill Monument Association, instituted in 1823, issued to Mr. B. B. David. Carries copies of interesting signatures of prominent men.

Green, Dr. Wilbur—Green Pharmacy Certificate, dated September 12, 1888, Sheridan, Territory of Wyoming.

Chapman, Mark A.—Photostat of the Proclamation of the Governor of Wyoming, John E. Osborne, on 2d day of December, 1892.

Boy Scout Troop 21—"The 'Bill' Hooker Monument, interesting historic correspondence between Albert W. Johnson, well-known historian and F. W. Lafrentz, pioneer cattle ranchman and legislator (of Wyoming), and New York financier". This document concerns Bill Hooker and the monument erected to him. Well framed and lettered in bronze, the work being done by the Boy Scouts.

Riford, Irene D.—Letter to Mayor and City Council, Rawlins, May 8, 1895, Caspar W. Collins Corp., No. 13, W. R. C., from Minnie E. Kingsford, Pres., and M. L. Jennings, Sec'y, representing the original spirit of Memorial Day. Mrs. M. L. Jennings was at that time Sup't of Schools of Carbon County.

Newton, L. L.—Letter to Mr. Newton, Jan. 13, 1933, by Fin. G. Burnett, concerning his life in Wyoming, date of arrival, etc., experiences, friends, and other good history.

Logan, Mrs. J. S.—(1) Copy of letter, Nov. 24, 1931, to Mrs. J. S. Logan concerning Major McLendon and his article in American Legion Monthly, "The First Shot", written by John J. Noll, Associate Editor of the American Legion Monthly. (2) Copy of letter, Dec. 8, 1931, to "Miss Swan"—Mrs. Logan, giving interesting account of the "war souvenir"—wounds, received during the World War by Major McLendon. Letter written by Major McLendon. Mrs. Logan was Major McLendon's nurse in Mesves.

Books

- Bruce, Robert, and Ellison, Robert S.—The Fighting Norths and Pawnee Scouts, by Robert Bruce. With compliments of Mr. Bruce and Mr. Ellison. This book contains narratives and reminiscences of military service on the old Frontier, from extensive correspondence with Captain L. H. North, 1929-1932.
- Carroll, Major C. G.—First four volumes of Official Roster of North Dakota Soldiers, Sailors and Marines, 1917-1918. Volume V, 1932, Massachusetts Soldiers and Sailors and Marines in the Civil War.
- David, Charles—1903, Wyoming Historical Society, Third Report, by Robert C. Morris, for the two years ending Dec. 31, 1902. (Pictures, showing Historical Society when it occupied entire third floor of Capitol building.) The "National Portrait Gallery of Eminent Americans, with Biographies, 1862", complete in two volumes. Old account book with names and date of 1870, used as scrapbook for clippings of a medical nature generally, book entitled "General Journal—B."
- University of Nebraska—The Big Horn Basin, by Charles Lindsay, in University Studies, Vol. 28-29, 1928-1929.
- Roberts, E. N.—Duplicate set of Indian religious books, in the Arapahoe and Shoshone languages.
- Lindsay, Prof. Charles—Book on "The Big Horn Basin" by Charles Lindsay. Given by Mrs. Dorothy Lindsay.

Pamphlets

- Fryxell, Fritiof M.—"The Grand Teton by the North Face", reprinted from the American Alpine Journal, Vol. 1, No. 4, 1932; by F. M. Fryxell.
- Smith, Harlan I., Archaeologist, National Museum of Canada—(1) An Unknown Field in American Archaeology, by Harlan I. Smith. Contains references to Wyoming. (Reprinted from Bulletin of American Geographical Society, Vol. XLII, July, 1910). (2) A Vast Neglected Field for Archaeological Research, by Harlan I. Smith. References to Wyoming. (Reprinted from Boas Anniversary Vol., 1906).
- Crowe, George R.—"Research and Education in the National Parks", by Harold C. Bryant and Wallace W. Atwood, Jr.
- Carroll, Major: 1. The 200th Anniversary of the Birth of George Washington, an Address by President Calvin Coolidge Before the United States Congress (69th Congress, 2d Session, Senate Document No. 249). 2. Washington's Farewell Address, Declaration of Independence (65th Congress, 3d Session, Senate Document No. 410). 3. The Last Will and Testament of George Washington. (62d Congress, 1st Session, Senate Document No. 86).
- Richardson, Miss Laura V.—1. Finding List of the Laramie County Public Library, No. 1, 1887. 2. First Supplement to Finding List No. 1, Laramie County Library, Cheyenne, Wyoming.

Magazines

David, Charles—The Burr McIntosh Monthly, April, 1907—Vol. XII, No. 49, with illustrations. Sixteen numbers, comprising the complete set of the Historical Fine Art Series, called the Magic City, a portfolio of original photographic views of the Great World's Fair and its treasures of art including a graphic representation of the famous Midway Plaisance; Jan. 15, 1894-April 30, 1894.

Hinrichs, O. W.—The Goldenrod, Volume 2, Number 4, Fall, 1932. Armistice and Thanksgiving number.

New York Museum of the American Indian Heye Foundation—Indian Notes and Monographs, No. 48, A Series of Publications Relating to the American Aborigines. This number being Archaeological Exploration of a Rock Shelter in Brester County, Texas, by Edwin F. Coffin.

Mead, Elwood—Magazine, Hoover Dam, ten articles reprinted from the Dec. 15 issue of Engineering News-Record commemorating the completion of the first stage of the work and the start of foundation construction.

Newspapers

Wendt, Harold J., editor Wind River Mountaineer—Newspaper, Wind River Mountaineer, Vol. 1, No. 2, Lander, Fremont County, Wyoming, Jan. 8, 1885. Contains interesting account of The Lost Cabin Mines.

Decker, C. L.—Two copies of The Buffalo Echo, Vol. IV, Buffalo, Johnson County, Wyoming, January 7, 1887, No. 24. Contains much interesting early day history on Johnson County, Buffalo, etc.

Miscellaneous

David, Charles—Old valentines, found in old books. One white ribbon with words in black—"Welcome Joseph M. Carey. July 26, 1890."

Purchased Accessions

"The Pathbreakers from River to Ocean," the story of the Great West from the time of Coronado to the present, by Grace Raymond Hebard, Ph.D., 6th edition, revised and enlarged with four maps and 93 illustrations, many by William H. Jackson.

"Last Winter in the United States", by F. Barham Zinke. 1868.

"Sitting Bull", by Stanley Vestal. Biography.

"On the Border with Crook", by Bourke.

"Across the Continent", A Summer's Journey to the Rocky Mountains, the Mormons, and the Pacific States, with Speaker Colfax, by Samuel Bowles. 1865.

"The Fur Trade of America", by Agnes C. Laut. With maps of fur trade and fur sections of the country.

"Sacajawea", Guide to the Lewis and Clark Expedition, by Grace Raymond Hebard.

State of Wyoming
Historical Department

EIGHTH BIENNIAL REPORT

For the Period Ending
September 30, 1934



Combined with

Annals of Wyoming

Vol. 9

APRIL, 1933—JANUARY, 1935

No. 4

State of Wyoming
Historical Department

EIGHTH BIENNIAL
REPORT

For the Period Ending
September 30, 1934



MISS ALICE LYMAN, *Historian Ex-officio*
MISS MARGARET BURKE, *Assistant Historian*

STATE HISTORICAL BOARD

Governor.....	Leslie A. Miller
Secretary of State.....	A. M. Clark
State Librarian.....	Alice Lyman
Secretary of Board, Historian Ex-officio.....	Alice Lyman

LETTER OF TRANSMITTAL

STATE OF WYOMING
STATE HISTORICAL DEPARTMENT

Cheyenne, September 30, 1934.

*To His Excellency, Leslie A. Miller,
Governor of Wyoming:*

In conformity with the laws of Wyoming as set forth in Chapter 96, Session Laws of Wyoming, 1921, the Eighth Biennial Report of the State Historical Department is

Respectfully submitted,

MISS ALICE LYMAN,
Historian Ex-Officio.

MISS MARGARET BURKE,
Assistant State Historian.

At a meeting of the State Historical Board on September 10, 1934, it was recommended that the Eighth Biennial Report and Number 4, the last one of Volume 9 of the *Annals of Wyoming*, be combined and published in one volume if funds permitted.

WORK OF THE DEPARTMENT

Since the department was placed under the supervision of the State Library at the regular Session of Legislature in 1933, the work has continued as heretofore with the exception that the quarterly publication, *Annals of Wyoming*, has been discontinued, thus following the economy program of our Governor, Leslie A. Miller.

The research has gone on as usual, and the department has rendered valuable service and assistance not only to tourists, but to authors, publishing houses, students working on theses for degrees, film studios, certain divisions of the Library of Congress, and to others seeking information for their own knowledge and satisfaction.

In April, 1933, two rooms were given to the Historical Department for its use; one is used as a display room only, and the other houses the office equipment and the Historical Library which is fast becoming a very valuable collection as many rare Western books can be found on the shelves.

The books, pamphlets, documents, maps, and pictures are now being classified and catalogued according to standard library practice, and it is our desire to make these records easily understood and accessible to those not familiar with the contents of the department.

A member of the library staff prepares the papers for binding, and when the bound newspapers are returned, they are recorded and shelved by the historical staff. These bound newspapers are an invaluable source to research workers.

From time to time the cases are cleaned and displays changed and rearranged. Two new gun cases now provide space for the exhibiting of the large collection of guns, including Senator Francis E. Warren's collection.

ACCESSIONS

September 30, 1932, to September 30, 1934

Museum

- | Received From | Description |
|--|--|
| Bonser, W. A.— | Old cowboy boot found by W. A. Bonser under the floor of one of the oldest houses in South Cheyenne. |
| Bruce, Robert— | Two small pictures from his book, <i>The Fighting Norths and Pawnee Scouts</i> , one picture is of Captain L. H. North, 1846, with a short account below the picture; the second picture of Major Frank North, 1840-1885, also with brief account. |
| Governor's Office— | Large banner advertising Wyoming State Fair, "Restore Faith, Confidence, Courage"—Wyoming State Fair, Douglas, Sept. 13, 14, 15, 16, 1932. |
| Bruce, Robert— | Two cuts of the pictures Mr. Bruce gave as mentioned above. |
| David, Charles— | Howe sewing machine (in black walnut), bearing patent dates, 1846, 1852, and 1867, with detachable top and mother-of-pearl inlay. |
| Crowe, George, Assistant Park Naturalist, Yellowstone National Park— | Copy of an old negative of the original Baronett Bridge, Yellowstone River on Cooke City Road. |
| Logan, Ernest— | Cedar board made from a tree in the Medicine Bow region. |
| Riford, Irene D.— | Programme of the 5th Annual Dress Drill and Ball, Co. "C" 1st Inf., W. N. G., at Hasbrouck's Hall, Buffalo, Wyoming, New Year's Eve, Dec. 31, 1894. |
| Decker, C. L.— | Stone of Custer monument. Bullets found on Battle Field in 1885, by Mr. Decker. |
| Schnitger, Mrs. William R.— | Gavel presented to Mr. William R. Schnitger, President of the Senate, 1890, at the first State Legislature by the members of the Senate. Star badge presented to Mr. Schnitger as city marshal of Cheyenne, Wyoming, March 14, 1885, with the names of the men under him inscribed on the reverse side of the badge. |
| Clark, A. M.— | Picture of original drawing of Holmes Cave, Jackson's Hole, Wyoming, near the headwaters of Black Rock, north of Washakie Trail, discovered Sept. 1898. |
| Pool, Mrs. Guy— | Wyoming garnets found by Mrs. Pool near Torrington, Wyoming. These are in the natural state. |
| Mackey, V.— | One rock used by the Indians as a pounder; one petrified snake's tail; one rock from Sugar Loaf Mountain; one rose marble piece from Colorado, and several pieces of fool's gold. |
| McCullough, A. S.— | Photostatic copy of Fort Laramie. The original was painted in the spring of 1864 for Joseph McCluskey, private in Co. G, 11th Ohio Cavalry. |

Smith, W. O.—An agate from the Rawlins agate fields; the stone was cut and polished by Mr. Smith.

Davis, Mrs. Scott—Two pictures, both of the Wyoming State Fair production of the holdup at Cold Springs in Douglas, 1914. A certificate of the citation of bravery given to Scott Davis Dec. 4th, 1877. Written appointment to the position of Deputy Sheriff of Lawrence Co., D. T., 1883. One small gun and bill folder. One belt and an epaulet worn by Mr. Davis' father, Captain Walter Scott Davis.

Grandstaff, Royal—An old loaded pistol found on Pole Mountain.

Johnson, E. O.—An account book used by the Johnson family in Virginia. The binding on the book is made from home spun linen. The book is dated 1796 up to 1810. The Johnson family migrated to Ohio in 1832 and again to Iowa in 1854. This is a loan to the department.

Dodge, John L.—Fragment of a tibia of an animal probably of glacier origin; it was found four or five feet down in closely packed boulders and gravel at the location of the highway bridge at Lake or Granite Creek on the property of the donor near Wilson, Wyo.

Gereke, A. J.—Original letter-heading plate of the State Auditing Department.

Miller, John G.—A perfect Indian grinding bowl. Found cached away on a ledge near Split Rock. Is a loan to the department.

Kraleski, William J.—An old map of Wyoming showing the ranches, 1885.

Kiehl, H. Ambrose—An old military map showing all the Indian Reservations, dated 1865, 1866, 1867, and 1868; also shows the military boundaries west of the Mississippi to the Pacific.

Foster, B. G.—Picture of Old Fort Laramie, D. Ty., August 20, 1867. A military order dated July 19, 1868, instructing Lieutenant Carl Veitenheimer to make a trip from Fort Fetterman to Fort Steele on the Platte River to prepare a map of the same for the purpose of establishing a road between the two forts and to indicate on the map any outstanding topographical features along the line. The report of this trip and the map of the same.

Mathes, John M.—Sioux beaded cuffs and belt. Hand-made silver Navajo belt made about 1885. Ivory napkin ring used in the Mathes family in 1875. Book, *Pilgrim's Progress*, written in the Dutch language and published in 1685, and has been in the possession of the Mathes family since its publication, 247 years ago. Silver saddle ornaments used by Mr. Mathes for the past 25 years. Grizzly bear tusk and claw from a bear killed near Shoshone in 1890. Ivory poker chip used in the Harvey line of boats in Harvey Canal about 1780, and given to Mr. Mathes by the great, great grandson of the original Harvey. Tanned rattlesnake skin 5 feet 5 inches long, killed by Mr. Mathes in Natrona County in 1910. 1893 World's Fair ticket. Reward of merit, card and picture of the school where card was earned, 1870. Receipt belonging to F. J. Mathes, uncle of John Mathes.

- Schilling, Mrs. Fred—Remnants of an old cook book, *Table Talk*. Programme of an open air concert by the 4th Infantry Band, Fort Bridger, Wyoming, Sept. 12, 1876. Receipt from W. A. Carter for a subscription to *The Round Table*, dated Dec. 8th, 1866. Two old letters to Mr. Carter, one dated 1841, and the other 1840—wax sealed the folded letters as it was before the time envelopes were used.
- Terry, E. L.—Old poker chip evidently used in the old mining days, found at the site of old Carbon, Wyo.
- Mathes, John M.—One beaded martingale made by the Sioux Indians. One carved box from the East Indies; it was made from a nut and given to Mr. Mathes' mother in 1844. Beads brought to the surface by ants from an Indian grave, 30 miles north of Rock River. Piece of agatized wood, polished. An old book, *Memories of Henry O'Bookiah*. A picture of the flood in Cheyenne, July 15, 1896.
- Henderson, Paul C.—Blue-print map of the Spanish Diggings area. A manuscript on the historical sites within the proposed National Parks area of the North Platte Valley.
- Bishop, L. C. and Shaffner, E. B.—A picture of John Phillips.
- Trenary, Dick—Hand made nails found in an old box on the Oregon Trail.
- Pew, Mrs. Abbie (Slaughter) McMichael and Preston, Mrs. Minnie Mae Slaughter, granddaughters of John Slaughter—Framed pictures of John Slaughter and of Washington W. Slaughter.
- Governor's Office—The Greek flag that was presented to the Governor, Leslie A. Miller in June, 1933.
- Shaffner, E. B.—A blue-print showing the location of old trails and early settlements in the vicinity of Glenrock, Wyoming; data by E. B. Shaffner and I. G. Phillips and drawn by L. C. Bishop.
- VanZee, M. D.—Hub of a wheel of an old ox wagon, the work is hand forged; it was found in Fisher Canyon on Horse Creek.

Original Manuscripts

- Greenburg, Dan W.—Original work copy of "Sixty Years". The manuscript is bound in book form.
- Willson, Mrs. Eugene B.—"Our Trails", dedicated to the Rock Springs Conference D. A. R. Sept. 2, 1932.
- Newton, L. L.—Original manuscript of Edward J. Farlow for the Wyoming State Journal. Mr. Farlow's association with the Indians.
- Jessup, A. S.—Early Education in Wyoming.
- Newell, Ethel—Original manuscript written by Mr. Thomas Castle, "As Seen in Wyoming about May 15, 1866" and "Recollections of Early Wyoming, Cheyenne, May 2, 1871."
- Hooker, Mrs. S. I.—"The Part Women Have Had in the Growth of Wyoming."

Matsu, George U.—"Leslie A. Miller, Governor of Wyoming, His Life and Character." An essay.

Carter, E. A.—An account of his early life at Fort Bridger.

Ackenhausen, Charles A.—"The Outlaws of Indian Territory in the Nineties."

Genealogy

Bishop, L. C.—Bishop Genealogy—Book No. 71 of 80 copies.

Documents

David, Charles—Certificate of contributions to the Bunker Hill Monument Association, instituted in 1823, issued to Mr. B. B. David. Carries copies of interesting signatures of prominent men.

Green, Dr. Wilbur—Green pharmacy certificate dated, Sept. 12, 1888, Sheridan, Territory of Wyoming.

Chapman, Mark A.—Photostat of the Proclamation of the Governor of Wyoming, John E. Osborne, on the 2nd day of December, 1892.

Boy Scout Troop 21—"The 'Bill' Hooker Monument, interesting historic correspondence between Albert W. Johnson, well-known historian and F. W. Lafrentz, pioneer cattle ranchman and legislator (of Wyo.) and N. Y. financier." Well framed and lettered in bronze, the work being done by the Boy Scouts.

Riford, Irene D.—Letter to Mayor and the City Council, Rawlins, May 8, 1895, Caspar W. Collins Corp. No. 13, W. R. C., from Minnie E. Kingsford, Pres. and M. L. Jennings, Sec'y.

Newton, L. L.—Letter to Mr. Newton, Jan. 13, 1933, by Fin G. Burnett, concerning his life in Wyoming, date of arrival, etc., experience, friends and other history given.

Logan, Mrs. J. S.—Copy of a letter, Nov. 24, 1931, to Mrs. J. S. Logan concerning Major McLendon and his article in the *American Legion Monthly*, "The First Shot", written by John J. Noll. Copy of a letter, Dec. 8, 1931, to Miss Swan, Mrs. Logan, giving an interesting account of the 'war souvenir'-wounds, received during the World War by Major McLendon. Mrs. Logan was Major McLendon's nurse in Mesves.

Calverly, James Arthur—Check written Jan. 13, 1875, from Mr. Slaughter to P. H. Fisher, for Howe Sewing Machine, in the sum of \$80.75. Check endorsed.

Books by Gift Or Exchange

Bruce, Robert and Ellison, Robert S.—*The Fighting Norths and Pawnee Scouts* by Robert Bruce.

Lindsay, Prof. Charles—*The Big Horn Basin*. Given by Mrs. Dorothy Lindsay.

Carroll, Major C. G.—*Official Roster of North Dakota Soldiers, Sailors and Marines, 1917-1918*.

- David, Charles—1903 Wyoming Historical Society Report, by Robert C. Morris. Two volumes of the *National Portrait Gallery of Eminent Americans with Biographies*, 1862. An old account book with names and date 1870, used as a scrapbook for clipping of a medical nature generally. Book entitled, *General Journal-B*.
- University of Nebraska—University Studies, Vol. 28-29, 1928-1929, *The Big Horn Basin*, by Charles Lindsay.
- Carroll, Major C. G.—*Massachusetts Soldiers and Sailors and Marines in the Civil War*, Vol. V.
- Roberts, E. N.—Second set of Indian religious books, in the Arapahoe and Shoshone languages.
- Carroll, Major C. G.—Vol. VI, 1933, *Massachusetts Soldiers and Sailors and Marines in the Civil War*.
- Wilson, Elijah Nicholas—*Uncle Nick Among the Shoshones*. A gift from Mr. S. N. Leek. Sent in by Mr. Charles Wilson, son of Elijah Wilson.
- Mercer, A. S.—*The Banditti of the Plains*.
- Adams, Frank D.—*Elias Adams, the Pioneer*.
- Wyoming Speaks in Pictures*, a brochure, presented by the Better Casper Association.
- Vestal, Stanley—*New Sources of Indian History*. 1850-1891. "War Path."
- Wellman, Paul I.—*Death on the Prairies*.
- "Report made to the Special Legislative Committee on Organization and Revenue, by Griffenhagen and Associates," 1933. 2 vol.
- Alberts, Gerald A.—*Jasper National Park*, by M. B. Williams, 1928. *The Unexploited West*, by Ernest J. Chambers, 1914.
- United States Geographic Board—"Sixth Report of the United States Geographic Board, 1890-1932."

Pamphlets

- Fryxell, Fritiof M.—"The Grand Teton by the North Face", reprinted from the *American Alpine Journal*, Vol. 1, No. 4, 1932.
- Smith, Harlan I.—Archaeologist, National Museum of Canada. "An Unknown Field in American Archaeology". Contains references to Wyoming. Reprinted from the *Bulletin of American Geographical Society*, Vol. XLII, July, 1910. "A Vast Neglected Field for Archaeological Research." References to Wyoming. Reprinted from Boas Anniversary volume, 1906.
- Crowe, George R.—"Research and Education in the National Park", by Harold C. Bryant and Wallace W. Atwood.
- Carroll, Major C. G.—"The 200th Anniversary of the Birth of George Washington" an address by President Calvin Coolidge before the U. S. Congress. (69th Congress, 2d Session, Senate Document No. 249). "Washington's Farewell Address," Senate Document No. 410. "The Last Will and Testament of George Washington." Senate Document No. 85.

Richardson, Miss Laura V.—Finding List of the Laramie Co. Public Library, No. 1, 1887. First Supplement to the Finding List No. 1.

Cocheu, Brig. Gen. Frank S.—“The Bozeman Trail Forts, Under General Philip St. George Cooke, in 1868”, by Major Alson B. Ostrander.

Bond, Frank—Chairman of United States Geographic Board. Official Gazetteer of Rhode Island. Compiled by the R. I. Geo. Board with the United States Geo. Board.

Loomis, John U.—“The First Trip Through Big Horn Canyon in Feb., 1891”, by Edward Gillette.

Ellison, Robert S.—“Independence Rock”.

Ellison, Robert S.—“William H. Jackson, Pioneer of the Yellowstone”.

Shaffner, E. B.—“The Vanished Frontier”.

Alberts, Gerald A.—10 Government pamphlets on Lands and Mines in the Province of Alberta, Canada.

Historical Reprints

Partoll, Albert J.—

Barrows, John R.—“A Wisconsin Youth in Montana 1880-1882.”

Booth, Margaret—“Overland from Indiana to Oregon, The Dinwiddie Journal.”

White, M. Catherine—“An Overland Journey to California in 1852, the Journal of Richard Owen Hickman.”

Phillips, Paul C.—“A Reminiscence of John Bozeman by James Kirkpatrick.”

Phillips, Paul C.—“The Battle of the Big Hole, and Episode in the Nez Perce War.”

Hulbert, Archer Butler—“1830-1930, the Oregon Trail Centennial: the Documentary Background of the Days of the first Wagon Train on the Road to Oregon.”

Mirrielees, Lucia B.—“Pioneer Ranching in Central Montana,” from the letters of Otto Maerdian, written in 1882-1883.

Adams, Winona—“An Indian Girl's Story of a Trading Expedition to the Southwest about 1841.”

Murray, Genevieve—“Marias Pass, Its Part in the History and Development of the Northwest.”

Clough, Wilson O.—“Fort Russell and Fort Laramie Peace Commission in 1867.”

Phillips, Paul C.—“Montana As It Is,” written in 1865 by Granville Stuart.

Duncan, Edith M.—“A Trip to the States in 1865,” written and printed by J. Allen Hosmer at Virginia City, Montana, in 1867.

Clark, Pal—“Journal from Fort Dalles, O. T. to Fort Wallah Wallah W. T. July 1858.” Lieut. John Mullan, U. S. Army.

Phillips, Paul C.—“Upham Letters from the Upper Missouri, 1865.”

Magazines

David, Charles—The Burr McIntosh Monthly, April, 1907, Vol. XII, No. 49, with illustrations. Sixteen numbers comprising the complete set of the Historical Fine Arts Series, called the Magic City, a portfolio of original photographic views of the Great World's Fair and its treasures of art including a graphic representation of the famous Midway Plaisance Jan. 15, 1894-April 30, 1894.

Hinrichs, O. W.—

"The Goldenrod," Volume 2, Number 4, Fall, 1932.

"The Goldenrod," Volume 3, Number 1, Winter, 1933.

"The Goldenrod," Volume 3, Number 3, Summer, 1933.

"The Goldenrod," Volume 3, Number 2, Spring, 1933.

New York Museum of the American Indian Heye Foundation—Indian Notes and Monographs, No. 48. A series of publications relating to the American Aborigines. This number being Archaeological Exploration of a Rock Shelter in Brewster County, Texas, by Edwin F. Coffin.

Mead, Elwood—Magazine, Hoover Dam, ten articles reprinted from the Dec. 15 issue of Engineering News-Record commemorating the completion of the first stage of the work and the start of the foundation construction.

New York Museum of the American Indian Heye Foundation—Archaeological Notes on Texas Canyon, Arizona, by William Shirley Fulton, Vol. XII, No. 1, 1934.

National Historical Society—The Journal of American History, Vol. XXVII, four numbers in one issue, 1933.

Miscellaneous

David, Charles—Small pieces of old valentines, found in old books. One white ribbon with words in black, "Welcome Joseph M. Carey. July 26th, 1890."

Brosnan, D. A.—Copy of an article on "Fort Bridger Cancellations" that appeared in *The American Philatelist*, Feb. or March, 1930. Also a photostat of a three cent 1857 stamped envelope bearing the straight line cancellation.

Newspapers

Wendt, Harold J.—"Wind River Mountaineer," Vol. 1, No. 2, Lander, Fremont County, Wyoming, Jan. 8, 1885. Contains an interesting account of The Lost Cabin Mines.

Decker, C. L.—Two copies of the "Buffalo Echo," Vol. 4, Buffalo, Johnson County, Wyoming, January 7, 1887, No. 24. Contains some interesting early day history on Johnson County, Buffalo, etc.

Olds, Mrs. Ray K.—One copy of *The Cheyenne Daily Sun*, June 28, 1890. Articles on the admission of Wyoming as a state. Printed in red and blue ink.

Doyle, T. F.—One copy of *Bill Barlow's Budget* anniversary edition, 1907.

Purchased Books

- Collins, John S.—“Across the Plains in '64”; incidents of early days west of the Missouri River—Two thousand miles in an open boat from Fort Bento to Omaha—Reminiscences of the pioneer period of Galena, General Grant's old home.
- Carvalho, S. N.—“Perilous Adventures in the Far West.” Incidents of adventure and travel in the far west with Col. Fremont's last expedition across the Rocky Mountains. Carvahlo was artist to the expedition.
- Page, Elizabeth—“Wagons West.” A story of the Oregon Trail. The greater part of this book was written at Basin, Wyoming.
- “Frontier Trails,” the autobiography of Frank M. Canton, edited by Edward Everett Dale. Has a great deal of Wyoming history and the Johnson County cattle war in it.
- Mumey, Nolie—“Life of Jim Baker.”
- Hafen, LeRoy, and Ghent, W. J.—“Broken Hand.” The life story of Thomas Fitzpatrick.
- Kelly, Charles—“Salt Desert Trails.” A history of the Hastings Cutoff and other early trails which crossed the Great Salt Desert seeking a shorter road to California.
- Scott, Hugh L.—“Some Memories of a Soldier.”
- Chittenden, Hiram Martin—“History of the American Fur Trade of the Far West,” in three volumes.
- Hebard, Grace Raymond—“The Pathbreakers from River to Ocean,” the story of the great west from the time of Coronado to the present.
- Zincke, F. Barham—“Last Winter in the United States,” 1868.
- Vestal, Stanley—“Sitting Bull,” a biography.
- Bourke, John—“On the Border with Crook.”
- Bowles, Samuel—“Across the Continent,” a summer's journey to the Rocky Mountains, the Mormons and the Pacific States, with Speaker Colfax, 1865.
- Laut, Agnes C.—“The Fur Trade of America,” with a map of the fur trade and fur sections of the country.
- Hebard, Grace Raymond—“Sacajawea, Guide to Lewis and Clark Expedition.”
- Anderson, A. A.—“Experiences and Impressions — The Autobiography of Colonel A. A. Anderson.” 1933.
- Hulbert, Archer Butler—“Forty-Niners, the Chronicle of the California Trail.” 1932.
- Hafen, LeRoy R.—“Colorado, the Story of a Western Commonwealth.” 1933.
- Hyde, George—“Rangers and Regulars.” 1933.
- Gould, Charles N.—“Oklahoma Place Names.” 1933.
- Hyde, George E.—“The Early Blackfeet and Their Neighbors.” 1933.
- Will, George F.—“Notes on the Arikara Indians and their Ceremonies.” 1934.
- Linderman, Frank B.—“Red Mother.” 1934.
- Brown, Jennie Broughton—“Fort Hall on the Oregon Trail.” 1932.

Laut, Agnes C.—"The Overland Trail." 1929.

Laut, Agnes C.—"Pilgrims of the Santa Fe." 1934.

Wilson, Charles Morrow—"Meriwether Lewis of Lewis and Clark." 1934.

Harlow, Alvin F.—"Old Waybills." 1934.

"Frontier Fighter," the autobiography of George W. Coe who fought and rode with Billy the Kid as related to Nan Hillary Harrison. 1934.

Seger, John H.—"Early Days Among the Cheyenne and Arapahoe Indians," edited by Stanley Vestal. 1934.

Beadle Dime Library:

Wyoming Territory Road-Agents: "The King Pin of Road-Agents." 1880.

Wyoming Territory Gold Hunting: "Wind River Clark the Gold Hermit." 1897.

Yellowstone Park Exploration Party: "Diamond Dirk." 1878.

Yellowstone Valley Expedition: "Baby Sam." 1885.

Hyde, George E.—"The Pawnee Indians." 1680-1770. Two parts. 1934.

Magazines

Daughters of the American Revolution Magazine. Subscription November 1930 to November 1931.

Mississippi Valley Historical Review, Lincoln, Nebraska.

Miscellaneous Purchases

The Case of Arthur Ernest Hatheway, a British Subject, who induced by promises of quick profits in the West, settled at Big Horn City, Wyoming Territory, U. S. in 1884 and after more than four months continuous residence there, being wholly innocent of any offence against the law, was, on Feb. 20, 1885, arrested by U. S. soldiers, charged with being a deserter and horse-thief, and imprisoned at Fort McKinney for a month and subjected to many indignities, after which he was tried by Court Martial and honorably acquitted. Supplemental Statement, Corrections and additions to the above case. Documents purchased from The Silver Penny, Boston, Mass.

Magazines Received by the Department

Carry On	Indianapolis, Indiana
Clubwoman	Washington, D. C.
Stanolind Record.....	Chicago, Illinois
Wyoming Churchman.....	Laramie, Wyo.
Wyoming Clubwoman.....	Casper, Wyo.
Wyoming Stockgrower and Farmer.....	Cheyenne, Wyo.

Papers Received by the Department

Albin Journal.....	Albin, Wyoming
Basin Republican-Rustler.....	Basin, Wyoming
Big Piney Examiner.....	Big Piney, Wyoming
Bridger Valley Enterprise.....	Lyman, Wyoming
Buffalo Bulletin.....	Buffalo, Wyoming
Casper Times.....	Casper, Wyoming

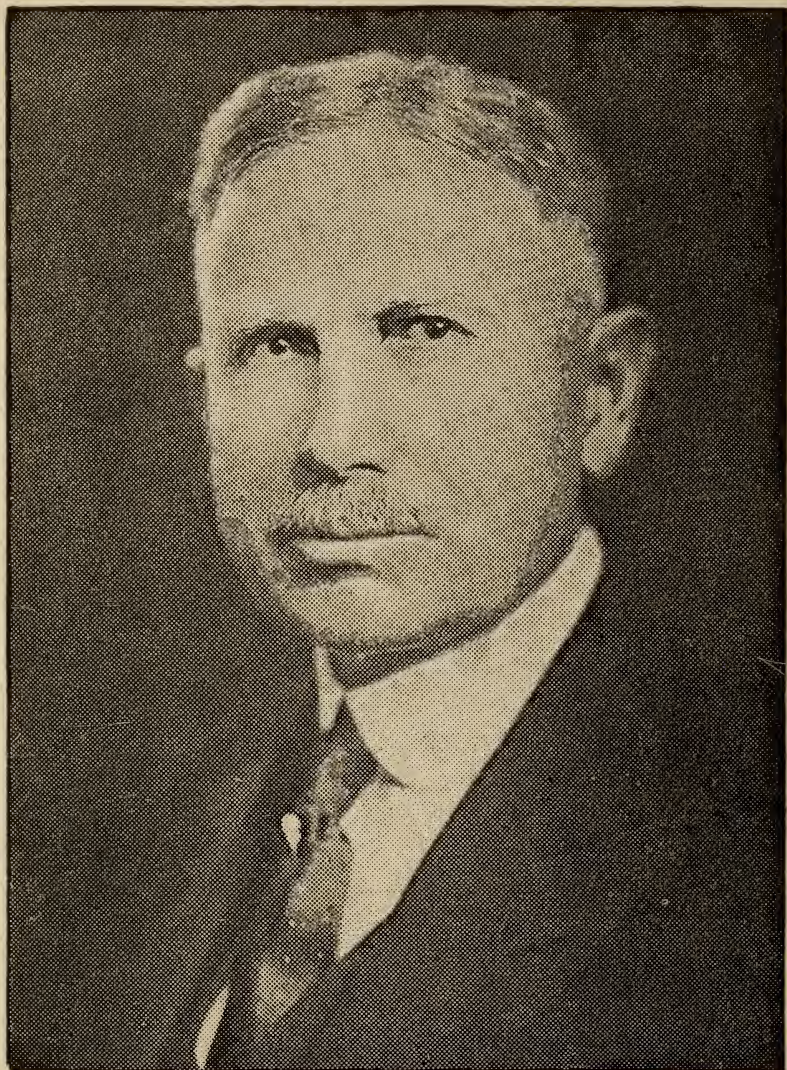
Casper Tribune-Herald.....	Casper, Wyoming
Cody Enterprise.....	Cody, Wyoming
Cokeville Enterprise.....	Cokeville, Wyoming
Colony Coyote—Discontinued.....	Colony, Wyoming
Cowley Progress.....	Cowley, Wyoming
Crook County News.....	Hulett, Wyoming
Deaver Sentinel.....	Deaver, Wyoming
Douglas Budget.....	Douglas, Wyoming
Douglas Enterprise.....	Douglas, Wyoming
Dubois Frontier.....	Dubois, Wyoming
Encampment Echo.....	Encampment, Wyoming
Gillette Daily Journal.....	Gillette, Wyoming
Glenrock Independent.....	Glenrock, Wyoming
Goshen News.....	Torrington, Wyoming
Grand Teton (Taken over by Jackson's Hole Courier).....	Jackson, Wyoming
Greybull Standard.....	Greybull, Wyoming
Guernsey Gazette.....	Guernsey, Wyoming
Independent.....	Shoshoni, Wyoming
Inland Oil Index.....	Casper, Wyoming
Jackson's Hole Courier.....	Jackson, Wyoming
Kemmerer Gazette.....	Kemmerer, Wyoming
Laramie County News.....	Burns, Wyoming
Laramie Republican-Boomerang—Daily.....	Laramie, Wyoming
Laramie Republican-Boomerang—Weekly.....	Laramie, Wyoming
Lingle Review.....	Lingle, Wyoming
Lusk Herald.....	Lusk, Wyoming
Moorcroft Leader.....	Moorcroft, Wyoming
News Letter.....	Newcastle, Wyoming
News Record.....	Gillette, Wyoming
Pine Bluffs Post.....	Pine Bluffs, Wyoming
Pinedale Roundup.....	Pinedale, Wyoming
Platte County Record.....	Wheatland, Wyoming
Powell Tribune.....	Powell, Wyoming
Rawlins Republican.....	Rawlins, Wyoming
Riverton Review.....	Riverton, Wyoming
Rock Springs Rocket.....	Rock Springs, Wyoming
Saratoga Sun.....	Saratoga, Wyoming
Sheridan Press.....	Sheridan, Wyoming
Star Valley Enterprise.....	Afton, Wyoming
Sundance Times.....	Sundance, Wyoming
Thermopolis Independent Record.....	Thermopolis, Wyoming
Thermopolis Journal.....	Thermopolis, Wyoming
Torrington Telegram.....	Torrington, Wyoming
Weston County Gazette.....	Upton, Wyoming
Wheatland Times.....	Wheatland, Wyoming
Wind River Mountaineer.....	Lander, Wyoming
Worland Grit.....	Worland, Wyoming
Wyoming Labor Journal.....	Cheyenne, Wyoming
Wyoming Press.....	Evanston, Wyoming
Wyoming State Journal.....	Lander, Wyoming
Wyoming Times.....	Evanston, Wyoming

These papers together with two others received by the Library are bound and preserved in the Historical Library for reference.

Those received by the State Library are:

Wyoming Eagle.....	Cheyenne, Wyoming
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In Memoriam



1856

SENATOR JOHN B. KENDRICK

1933



JOHN BENJAMIN LENDRICK
PIONEER - PATRIOT - STATESMAN

STATE SENATOR

1911 - 1913

GOVERNOR

1914 - 1917

UNITED STATES SENATOR

1917 - 1933

A PIONEER STATESMAN WHOSE INTEGRITY, COURAGE
AND NATIVE AMERICAN SINCERE RECOGNITION TO HIMSELF
AND THE STATE OF MONTANA TO WHOM HE BELONGED
HE UNSELFISHLY DEVOTED HIS LIFE

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DEADWOOD TO THE BIG HORNS 1877

A Diary Kept in German by the Late Herman Bischoff of
Deadwood, South Dakota in 1877

Translated, 1931 by Edna LaMoore Waldo, Bismarck, N. D.

On July 4, 1877, I arrived for the second time in Deadwood in the Black Hills, at that time Dakota territory. I had with me a lot of merchandise, rented a store, and soon was open for business. My intention was to make money, to get rich; at that time no one was here for pleasure. The excitement was great; to find gold men washed the sands, dug shafts to the bed rock. The prospectors bought their supplies with gold dust and the merchants, saloons, and dance houses did a rushing business. On a certain day an old prospector named Charles Lyon called on me, showed me a small sack with gold dust which he claimed was found near the three forks of Shell Creek in the Big Horn mountains.

"We worked for about a month," he said, "when the Indians attacked us and killed my partner." He gave a full description of his escape from the attack and said he came to the Black Hills to organize a party to locate the gold fields, build a town, and give everyone a chance to make money. His description of the diggings and the prospect of building up a new country set a good many men in excitement and some of the prospectors made ready for the trip. On the next day, I nailed a sign on my store, "FIFTY PASSENGERS WANTED FOR THE BIG HORN MOUNTAINS."

I traded the majority of my stock of merchandise for four wagons, 14 horses and mules and one saddle horse. On July 20, I had 30 passengers, including 6 Chinamen with about 4000 pounds of baggage for which I charged ten cents a pound freight; \$10 each for each passenger. I loaded my goods and the others on the wagons and left

Deadwood on the 23rd of July. The next day we arrived in Spearfish where we waited for other teams and men. I took down the names of my passengers and found among them 6 Irish, 3 English, 4 Germans, 1 Frenchman, 6 Chinese, 5 Americans, 3 Danes, and 2 Swedes. Among them were a number of rough and desperate looking men and I saw a troublesome time before us.

July 26 a man rode into our camp and reported that a number of Indians had killed two haycutters about ten miles from camp and were liable to come our way. This report caused excitement among our people and careful preparations were made to protect ourselves. The next day fifteen men gathered on horseback; their object was to attack and drive the Indians from our neighborhood. In the evening the men returned with five bodies.. This mournful spectacle made a dangerous outlook for our trip. I called a meeting of my people, took an inventory of our arms and ammunition. The Chinese had only one revolver and a broken gun. I requested that they equip themselves with more firearms for their own protection; thereupon one Chinaman, Quing Wu, stepped forward and said, "We Chinese and Indians good friends." He said it in such queer broken English that all the bystanders laughed and one of them said, "Let the Chinese go with us; we know they are better washing clothes than fighting." To make my outfit complete, I hired a cook and two men to herd the horses nights.

In the evening a meeting was called and we found that our outfit consisted of 60 wagons with 140 men and five women and 2 girls and it was agreed to start in the morning.

July 27

Early in the morning everything was ready for the start and the visitors not joining in our trip to the mountains shook hands and wished us farewell, good luck and prosperity. Soon thereafter one could see a line of covered wagons about a mile long moving westward. We passed along a gulch through high hills on both sides covered with pine trees on the side of the road near the clear stream known as Spearfish. Everything looked beautiful and no doubt everyone looked at the bright future before us. In the evening we reached the Redwater creek, pulled our wagons in a circle, turned the horses out under the protection of the night herders, and everyone made preparations for supper, which was soon completed.

Afterward a meeting was called to elect a foreman and four captains; Charles Baird was chosen and he divided the outfit into four companies, A. B. C. and D. with fifteen wagons in each. Each company elected a captain and to my surprise the boys chose me. I took the names of every one of the company and counted 55 men; the other companies only had about 25 each. I received orders to furnish six night watchmen.

July 28

Co. A, all wagons drawn by oxen made the start at 4 a. m. and each company left about a half an hour later, so regulated that each company traveled about one mile from the other. The road became more difficult; we had to pass over several high hills; made 15 miles and camped near the Belle Fourche river.

July 29

Everything was in readiness early in the morning for a start. My company B had to make the beginnings. The trail we followed brought us through a gulch with beautiful flowers on either side and large trees. Made 18 miles. We had several musicians with us and after we made our camp the women and girls gathered in the circle of the wagons. A dancing floor was ready and soon several couples were dancing the beautiful waltz.

July 30

The road began to be more difficult to travel, rocky hills, and dangerous obstructions opened in our way and at noon we reached a hill which we had to descend; found it necessary to let the wagons down on ropes and chains. In doing this one of my wagons broke the reach half way down the hill and to make the repair, I used a chain, lying under the wagon to fasten it. It slipped and split my upper lip so that, bleeding and half conscious, I was pulled out from under the wagon. I soon found a man who undertook to stitch the wound with a needle and silk thread. After all this difficulty of letting 60 wagons down the hill we found it necessary to climb one where it took twelve horses to pull one wagon to the top. At last after long and tiresome work we made camp after making only five miles during the day.

July 31

We followed the Belle Fourche during the day for some distance and on account of my sore lip, I gave charge

to one of my assistants and used the time to get acquainted. In doing this I noticed a young man with light hair driving a span of mules hitched to a small light wagon. He was known as Joseph; his partner, a young person with long curly hair was called Joe's brother. They made it a practice to keep by themselves and always traveled the last wagon in the outfit. They never placed their wagon in the circle at night with the others and made their camp at a small distance. Several times I requested them to join my company, but they refused every time. The road was good and we made 20 miles.

August 1

The banks of the Belle Fourche are steep in many places; we had to cross the river three times during the day. We followed an Indian trail which led us to a vacant Indian camp, only recently abandoned. 24 miles.

August 2

Rough roads; noticed a number of deer and antelope. Crossed the river twice.

August 3

We followed the river for some distance; passed a coal deposit. About noon there was an altercation between several men and Joe. One called Joe and his brother cowards and told them to join one of the companies or stay away altogether. They were sitting eating; Joe seemed deeply affected. Suddenly he jumped up angrily and attacked the speaker, but his brother jumped between and with tears in his eyes, succeeded in parting the two men. In the evening after we made camp I noticed that Joe and his brother were not with the outfit. We had seen signs of Indians during the day and not thinking it safe for them to be away from us, I retired to my tent in deep anxiety. About 2 a. m. the cry, "Indians! Indians!" woke me. I took my gun which I always had near me and ran out; everyone was busy driving the horses and oxen into the circle of the wagons. The Night Watchman came in and reported that they had heard shots fired. There was great excitement, especially among the women and girls. At last we had the horses in the circle and 100 men stood ready to attack the Indians. Not one could be seen and we decided they had attacked Joe and his brother. Calls were made for volunteers to investigate and give assistance and at 4 a. m., 25 men on horseback with guns left the camp. I was with them.

August 4

About two miles from camp we found Joe's wagon, flour, sugar, coffee, beans, etc., spilled on the grass. Under the wagon there were four rifles, but where was Joe and his brother? "God grant they are alive"! cried an old miner, but all too soon the opposite was found to be true. In a slope of the hill, we found Joe lying in a pool a shot in his arm and one through his head. Not far away lay his brother and there was still a spark of life in him. He opened his eyes and pointed toward the hill. No one knew what he wanted to say until finally someone saw in the distance 6 Indians carrying away their dead. Joseph's brother had a terrible flowing wound in his side, we found, with tears in our eyes, but no hope. He opened his eyes once more and then it was all over.

To the great surprise of all it was found that Joe's brother was a girl, perhaps his sister. It must have been a hard fight that Joe fought. The bodies were brought to camp, put in a coffin as well as we could, and buried together in one large grave. Joseph and his brother . . . or rather, his sister . . . were no more. God give them peace.

We moved on at 2 p. m. from this sad place. About 8 after a long search we found a slough with bad, stagnant water, 14 miles.

August 5

We filled a barrel with water in case we should find none and fortunately, too, for after a twenty mile journey we had to make camp without having water nearby. We divided the 160 quarts we had brought along between 35 men and 9 horses. The water was bad, but worth its weight in gold.

August 6

In the night the horses were very restless, the longing for water probably the reason. It was impossible to hold them in a band for their only thought was to get on toward water. It was a clear, bright night; the full moon let its light spread out in a clear circle and a cool west wind blew lightly through the long grass. At 1 a. m. the signal was given to start and we set out at a slow pace. The only thought was water. At 4 a. m. we reached the great circular Pumpkin buttes, a great mountain formed just like a circle. A rider had found water, but it was bitter as gall and white as milk. We had a dry breakfast and went on.

Water, water, was our only word. I did not feel well; a bad headache troubled me. Luckily for me I had saved some water for myself and my brother, but the more I drank the worse I felt. At last about two in the afternoon "Water" was called; they found it only in a bad slough and hardly fit to use. We had made 35 miles or 55 without good water.

August 7

We started afresh at 4 in the morning. A wide desert appeared and far in the distance we saw the mountains decked with snow. I felt worse and was afraid of a serious illness coming on. I had made my bed in the wagon and gave my brother Moritz charge of the outfit. At 2 p. m. we reached at last Fort Reno. We saw houses for the first time in ten days. It was as if one saw land after a long journey on the sea. There were 3 companies of soldiers stationed here and we found among them several acquaintances. Camping on Wind river; had my wagon fixed and horses shod. Was rather sick and took some medicine. 14 miles.

August 8

Lay in camp in order to give horses and men a rest. We had some Odd Fellows who belonged to the great order of brotherhood who heard of my illness and took care of me as well as possible.

August 9

Became worse each day and my day book began to look very neglected because of my illness for I could not record the daily happenings. Went through a stretch of 28 miles without water and reached Crazy Woman's Fork, a branch of the Wind river. The river had got its name from the Indians. The water was fairly good, but tasted of soda.

August 10

Was very sick. A family with two daughters from Minnesota invited me to ride in their wagon; they made it very comfortable and took care of me like a child. The daughters did not leave my side. Made 25 miles to Clear creek.

August 11

Went on with the Minnesota family; in the evening we reached the ruins of Fort Kearney, a fortification on the

Pine river destroyed by the Indians. My passengers showed themselves very discontented. 15 miles.

August 12

21 miles to Goose creek. Began to feel better.

August 13

The Odd Fellow named Roper who had sat up with me at night lost 6 horses out of 23 which the Indians had driven off during the night. By good luck none of mine were gone. I let this Roper take my saddle horse to hunt for his horses. After four hours riding he ran into a band of about 30 Indians who were herding the horses. Roper did not want to ride back to get help for he saw his horses grazing by the river and wanted to drive them off. He had hardly gone 50 feet farther when a bullet hit him in the head and he fell lifeless to the ground. The horse ran away and his companion brought the sad news back to camp. They armed 20 men to go after the body, but the Indians had already disappeared. He had \$2500 on him. It was a strange event to me. My saddle horse was gone and I thought I would never see him again. Made 12 miles to the Tongue river.

August 14

My passengers seemed dissatisfied; some wanted to go to Fort No. 1 on the Big Horn river where the Little Horn flows into the Big Horn; others wanted to go other places in the mountains. They wanted to take some of my horses when I would not take them where they wanted to go. Of them all, only the Chinese seemed friendly. The next noon I called them all into a circle around me, said in a few words that it was my purpose to go where the majority wanted. They took a vote and the majority was for Fort No. 1. This forced me to go on alone with my four wagons. All the other wagons wanted to go on to the gold fields, in the opposite direction from our destination. I promised them I too would join them there when I got rid of my passengers. I gave the signal to start. "Good luck"! and "Goodbye" sounded from many throats as my small train started off. In the distance were seen those who remained behind, their white kerchiefs fluttering in the breeze, but soon we had disappeared from their sight. Now a veritable Paradise unfolded itself before our eyes. The wheels of our wagons could hardly be seen for the high grass which we were driving through. Prairie chickens and rabbits flew or sprang up from all sides

around us and everyone killed his share of them. At evening we reached the Little Horn river after about an 18 mile journey.

August 15

My fever had gone down, but I still felt very weak. My present position was no easier. Here I was in a wild country alone with a company of 35 rough men (as one so often finds in western America especially). Fortunately I had my brother Moritz and other old acquaintances with me but what were we against so many? I began to have more fear of my passengers than of all the Indians. We crossed the Rosebud where we broke the wagon, but it took only a little while to repair it. Toward evening we drew up beside the Little Horn river and made our camp after a 14 mile journey. We caught some fish and among others was a turtle about two feet long and one and a half feet broad. "Turtle soup"! cried my brother Moritz when he came running toward me with it. I had already eaten turtle soup in Chicago and thought it was one of the finest delicacies. But the recipe for making it would not come into my head. It was cooked the whole night through, however, and Moritz was the cook.

August 16

One of my friends brought me the glad news that my saddle horse had been found again. He had come neighing in the night and had joined the herd. Nothing came of the turtle soup for a Southerner said that river turtles were not good to eat and so no one would touch Moritz' fine soup. We traveled along the Little Horn. It was a beautiful river, the banks covered with fine timber. I counted nine different kinds. On both sides of the river one could see for miles, fine prairie land with the finest grass three feet high, cherries, currants, wild strawberries, gooseberries, and wild grapes all about in profusion. About noon we noticed five Crow Indians who seemed to be friendly. We had stopped for dinner and they wanted to come into our camp, but one is better off if he keeps to himself as much as possible. We gave them a pound of sugar and it seemed to please them and they went away. We moved down a branch of the Little Horn again which should bring us to the Little Horn. Made 15 miles. Put out ten guards and tied all the horses to the wagons for I did not trust the five Indians and knew we had to watch out for them.

August 17

Everything was in good shape. I felt strong and mounted my horse for the first time since my illness. According to the map we must be near the battlefield where the gallant General Custer was massacred with his three hundred soldiers by the Sioux Indians in June, 1876. No survivor of those brave men came back and no one but the Indians can tell how it happened. All the newspapers were full of the frightful affair, and I believe you in the dear Fatherland must even have heard of it. I was eager to find the place and therefore rode ahead and had hardly gone a mile when I found in the space of the next two miles a number of saddles, field kitchens, tin pails, canteens, tin plates, overcoats, caps, and such military goods. Everything had been ruined. The tin ware had been run through with a tomahawk. Farther west I saw a number of tent poles and the remains of an Indian camp. Everything was useless. I took some tin plates and canteens as souvenirs. Soon my wagons came up and I let them have several hours rest in order that everyone might have an opportunity to visit the battlefield. We looked for sometime for the graves but at last found what we sought on the other side of the river. Oh, it was a terrible sight! I counted 69 graves, not dug, but with only a little layer of earth thrown over. Here and there the wolves had been digging up the bones. Under one tree we found a skull in an army cap. Two others found one in the grass.

All around lay human bones and farther west we found the remains of about one hundred horses, all in one pit. It seemed as if the soldiers had used the horses as a barrier. What a frightful smell they gave off. My pen fails and I am not able to describe the terrible sight. The tears stood in my eyes and with shudders I hurried to my wagon and drove on. We left this sad place at 4 p. m. and went 8 miles; 20 miles in all.

August 18

A terrible dream disturbed the whole night. I saw in my dream hundreds of Indians and heard all around me their terrible war whoops. They tore to pieces everything that came near them. Then at last I found myself in dear beautiful . . . (evidently a place in Germany) surrounded by my dear mother and all the other dear ones who stood at my side welcoming me and my hope revived. I awoke in the morning to see beautiful scenery stretched out before my eyes and I could not restrain a happy laugh.

After breakfast we started out afresh and at evening reached the vicinity of the new Fort No. 1 or Fort Custer. Made 20 miles.

August 19

Loaded all the passengers' goods in one wagon and drove it to Fort Custer where I unloaded the things, sent the wagon back to go on with the other wagons to the Big Horn river. I would overtake them. At the fort, several headquarters and barracks buildings stood nearing completion, about a hundred carpenters busy at work. They had picked out a fine location for this fort; on the left side ran the swift Big Horn and on the right the Little Big Horn. From the fort a splendid view was offered; far in the distance the mountains covered with caps of snow. Splendid meadows extended to the rivers. Below in a hollow I could see the soldiers, camps, hundreds of tents pitched in regular rows between which troops of soldiers marched with their gleaming arms. So impressive was it that it made me sorry that I had none of my friends with me to share the pleasure. I stood there as if in a dream and hardly noticed that a young man on horseback was approaching and was not a little surprised when he called out to me in good German, "Where to, countryman"?

I would never have believed that one would find a German so far out in the wilderness. Soon we had gotten acquainted and he gave his name as Wechsel, said he was a scout for the commander and invited me to come with him to his tent. I accepted the invitation and my new friend led me to a neat, attractive tent, The walls were decorated with fine pictures, among them Kaiser, Wilhelm, Moltke, Friedrich Karl, and others and I was not a little astonished when a young Indian girl appeared in the tent and threw her arms around Mr. Wechsel's neck and kissed him. Like one made of stone I stood there and was unable to guess what the relations were between them until he introduced her as his newly married wife . . . just since yesterday. She could speak no German and very little English. She was a wild figure in her Indian dress, a full round face of brown with red cheeks, coarse black hair. I thought her not older than sixteen. I exchanged only a few words with her and she said she was the daughter of the Indian Chief Whitebull. They invited me to dinner and I must say I spent a very amusing hour in the German-Indian family; would have been there yet, but the bugle aroused me. When I left the young wife presented me with

a watch ribbon for remembrance, made of a buckskin embroidered in red, white and blue. It was a welcome gift for I was wearing only a poor string on my watch and I valued it very much because it came from the hand of an Indian girl. Soon I sat in the saddle, bade farewell to my hosts, gave my horse the spurs and soon found myself alone in the wide loneliness. I rode a full ten miles without seeing the wagons and believed that either I or my people had taken the wrong direction when at last an hour before sunset I saw them and we went into camp. They had spent all day trying to find a place to cross the river for the banks were very steep in most places.

August 21

In the morning the cook found an Indian bridge which fortunately led to good water. After some delay we got three wagons over, but broke down with the fourth and had to spend valuable time making repairs and reloading goods. There are now seventeen men left in the outfit, four drivers and the cook, Hermann and Moritz Bischoff, two guards, two remaining passengers, and the six faithful Chinese.

August 22

We reached the ruins of old Fort C. F. Smith about two miles from the foot of the mountains. Three wagons of the original train, bound for Bozeman, were already there. As soon as he saw me a Mormon whom I had got acquainted with on the trip out ran up and asked for help. He had goods in the train on which he owed \$200 freight; the leaders had changed their plans and would not go where they had promised nor would they give him the goods without payment. He did not want his property unloaded on the prairie nor did he wish to accompany them to Bozeman.

"How can I go with them?" he cried, almost in tears, "when I have three wives with children waiting for me in Salt Lake? They are out of money and supplies by this time. I must get there!" One would be enough trouble, I thought, but promised to do what I could. All we could gain was a promise to wait three days on the other side of the river for the rest of the train to come up. (Free translation through here).

August 23

The party scattered to hunt and fish and to hunt for gold; each took a different direction. I made about two

miles up the canyon when I heard a shot which broke into a hundred echoes. I looked for the cause and saw my brother 300 hundred feet below making ready for his second shot. I hurried to the place and saw a great buffalo grazing on a little slope. The second shot resounded but the buffalo did not let himself be disturbed and grazed quietly. My brother shot eight or ten times, but did not seem to hit him. I saw that he was reckoning wrong and after a while the beast went away, unhurt. The gold seekers came back; they had found some nuggets but not worth the trouble.

August 24

We started at 4 a. m. on a trip to the mountains, carrying guns and food; followed a little creek in a southwesterly direction. After four miles we led the horses; saw a herd of buffalo in the distance. At 9 a. m. we had to stop and look for a place to get down into the canyon. Joe and Bob, two of the drivers, were with us; Joe was an old mountaineer, brought up in the mountains and used to climbing; he took the lead today. His sharp eyes saw each dangerous place and warned us with a sign. He discovered a buffalo trail which made it easier for us. At 1 p. m. we reached a silver clear lake which had made a basin for itself between the hard stones; here and there was a water fall where the water fell down from places ten to fifty feet high with a wonderful crash; snow white foam filled all the water in between. Above in the high masses of rock eagles had built their nests.

Joe and Bob went on to hunt and I wanted to explore until they came back. I made my way through the brush; berries of all sorts were there in abundance; I saw several big snakes darting through the grass like arrows. Not three feet from me I saw something coiled together in the grass and shot at it twice; I had killed rattlesnakes, but this was the largest—about four feet long and with nine rattles; this meant it was nine years old. I took them off for a souvenir.

Then I sat down on a big stone in the water and could not catch the fish quickly enough; caught about 60 pounds in an hour and a half. The sun sank and I wanted my comrades to return. When they came they had shot a buffalo and a bear, but had not been able to bring them back; they had a piece of the buffalo meat and a bear's claw.

We lost our way and got back to the horses at dark, dead tired. We did not know which way to turn. There was

a cold wind and the wolves howled. It was a terrible night; I will never forget it. We had decided to stay on the Mountain when we heard Joe's voice, "Here's the way. This way!" We saw a fire below and could not believe it was our camp, but "On to the fire!" I called, "It doesn't matter whose fire it is!" We had to go around a long way; the horses were tired and their legs almost failed under us. At 12:30 we reached the camp; it was really ours; they had made a big fire so we could see it. But it was only luck that we had found it. They had hot coffee waiting. We were ready for rest when the guard reported a little fire across the river and everyone heard a call. We sent two men over in a raft; they soon came back with the Mormon who explained that the freighters were going to shoot him and he had come for help. He had brought his bedding, weapons, and several smaller things. He had hid himself in the thick brush during the night. I too lay down finally and slept soundly after this memorable day.

August 25

Early in the morning the Mormon's freighters found that he had disappeared and that was all they wanted for when I went with him to the other side of the river they had gone and had taken all his goods. Soon four men and I were on horseback and followed as quickly as we could. About ten miles from our camp the wagon tracks led to a narrow place, a great hole, and it did not seem safe to go farther for the freighters would undoubtedly have received us with a volley of shots. We turned back; the Mormon was inconsolable when we returned. Still the wagons were not to be seen. I wanted to see the Minnesota family with the two daughters again, but no one knew how long we would still have to wait. Therefore we decided to go on to Rottengrass creek where the prospector said the gold was to be found. At 1 p. m. we started on. The horses were fresh and lively again; they had gotten fat in the high grass. The Mormon stayed with me, but my cook, the Frenchman, and a German wanted to go in the boat to Fort Custer to look for work. We made five miles to Grasslodge creek where we shot a big wolf.

August 26

Waited till noon for the train, but as there was no sign of it went on to Rottengrass, ten miles, over steep hills; discovered a salt and an oily spring. I watched the horses during the night for one guard did not feel well. Between 11 and 12 I noticed two men on horseback coming

over the hill. I could not see who they were in this wilderness and in the deep night. It was too dark to tell whether they were Indians or whites. They came nearer and were soon close. I called out but got no answer. I called a second time. No answer. I got my gun ready and the third time I called as loud as I could. The answer came, "Good friend!" As though lightning had struck me, I let my gun fall and was unable to say a word until the men had come up and shaken my hands. They were two of the train which was about thirty miles back. The leader had sent them ahead to warn us not to go on alone as a large number of Indians had been seen in the neighborhood. I made some coffee and roasted some meat for my night visitors. The other guard came to relieve me.

August 27

Our guests wanted to go back to the train and I decided to go along. I left the care of the horses and wagons to my people and rode back toward Fort Smith. The cook, the Frenchman, and the German were still at the place.

August 28

Still no train to be seen. Waited the whole day.

August 29

At last toward noon, the train came. "How do you do, Captain!" everyone called to me. The greetings made me feel good, but I told them not to call me captain as I had long ago lost my company. The family with the girls was still there; they asked me to eat with them and naturally I could not refuse such an invitation. I promised to stay at Rottengrass until they came. I rode back to my camp, reached it at evening, and found everything in good order.

August 30

Killed a bear and had bear steak; a great delicacy.

August 31

On Rottengrass creek found many cherries, plums, strawberries and huckleberries. Joe brought a second bear into camp.

September 1

One of the drivers shot a deer; we now had so much meat that we had to salt it down. The Chinese liked the bear steak; they had lived mostly on rice and had gone the whole time on fish, berries and bread. In the evening three men came from the train and announced that they would be up the next day. They also said that there had been a sad accident in the train. Young Carl Schwartz, a German,

cleaning his revolver, pointed it at a wagon; it went off and hit a young man from Chicago named Thomas Randal in the head and killed him. There was great excitement over it in the train. Some wanted to hang Schwartz for his carelessness until at last it was decided to give him half an hour to leave camp. This order he obeyed and no one knew where he had gone. They buried the body in the old churchyard at Fort Smith.

September 2

Now began a splendid life for us. We lived without care; our horses grazed from morning till night on a little place. We had meat in abundance, fresh bread baked every day, and nothing to do. I played chess often with the Mormon. We did not know what day of the week it was, but decided it was Sunday and prepared a Sunday dinner. There was buffalo soup, venison, ducks and partridges roasted, bear meat, raisin spice cakes, coffee and tea; for dessert, strawberries, huckleberries, and cherries cooked in sugar. We had enough, only no potatoes and bread had to take its place. We were ten men. Cigars finished off this feast in the garden of nature. At last at five in the evening the train came.

September 3

Charles Lyons, the prospector, said that we were only 35 miles from the gold diggings and he wanted to go to find a way where the wagons could get through. I had already lost confidence in the man for an old friend at Fort Reno had warned me about him and therefore I did not believe that he knew where the gold fields were. But as we were nearly there I wanted to find out for sure. Six mountaineers wanted to make a trip to the mountains and I sent Joe with them. I sold about \$100 worth of goods to the people from the train. A guard got a young deer. At evening we noticed a great prairie fire about ten miles from us.

September 4

The prairie fire worried me for it came nearer and nearer. The wind drove it toward the bare places ahead. Thick smoke clouds rose toward heaven and darkened the sun. Toward noon we noticed a number of deer, antelope, rabbits, wolves, and other animals that the fire had driven before them seeking safety from the devouring fiend; they came very close to us. The fire could have run over the camp before we could stop it and this was an easy possibility. Therefore I called the ten men and we went

to backfiring. It was only a mile from us. We beat out the fire on our side with long green branches in an hour and a half's work and it passed the camp by. Toward evening a black cloud came up over us and a terrible thunder storm broke. About midnight the strong wind blew my tent down and the rain drenched me to the skin. The Chinese had a tent of light material which the wind carried high in the air. Hard thunderbolts followed one after the other, shaking the earth. The lightning illuminated the scene every few moments and showed the six Chinese with their long pig tails running about in great confusion. Everything was wet.

September 5

Early in the morning Charles Lyons returned and reported that he had been to the gold fields, but it would be impossible to get up there with the wagons, therefore he proposed that we go to the other side of the Big Horn with the train in order to get to the mountains and the gold fields. This made a great change in the expedition; all the wagon leaders agreed to follow the prospector. Only I did not and one other wagon. We saw clearly that everything was a fraud and that the prospector with several of his friends wanted to mislead the train and possibly to plunder it. As I had much merchandise with me, they tried their best to get me to go along, but with short words I held them off. I wanted to wait for the report of the mountaineers and then see what to do. Wishing us much luck, the train left and we were alone except for one wagon that wanted to follow us.

September 6

The mountaineers came back and called to us from afar, "No gold!" They had tried each little stream; had been up as far as the snow on the mountains and had found only several grains of gold. Therefore all our air castles had dissolved into nothing and our next move was back to civilization.

Translator's note:—The remaining page or so of the diary was much abbreviated and not as well connected. They evidently went home by way of Laramie and Cheyenne, reached it September 30, but very little was written on the way. Bischoff spoke of selling goods to the soldiers, probably at Laramie. The translation is literal for the most part as I have tried to leave it as much as possible just the way he wrote it.—E. L. W.

GOLD

A Story of the Plains in 1850

By JOHN BIRNEY HILL*

CHAPTER I

"The love of money is the root of all evil,"—with the love of some other things added.

I did not catch the gold fever until February, 1850, and I had it bad; it struck in on me.

I did not have enough money to pay my way, but Mr. Joseph Eversole, an old dry goods merchant of Livingstone, Clark Co., Illinois, said to me, "Where there's a will, theres a way," and I find this saying good to this day. I had the will and found the way by going in with Dr. W. Ogle, Elijah Montgomery, Sidney Young, John Kirby, and James Hale, of Prairieton, Vigo County, Indiana. We had six mules and a twelve ox and cow team, besides one horse and one mule extra, and picked up a round yellowish dog at Quincy, Illinois, and named him Curley, as he had curly hair. Ogle, Montgomery, and Hale had charge of the mule team, while Young, Kirby and myself had charge of the cow-ox team, (eight oxen and four cows).

We started from Prairieton for the gold mines in California March 25, 1850. In Terre Haute we bought a sheet iron cook stove then crossed the Wabash and went into camp at Maxville. That night it snowed two inches deep, but by ten o'clock next day it had melted and caused the National road to put on a thick coat of yellow clay mud, as it does to this day after a heavy rain.

*Note:—John Birney Hill was born in Indiana and made the trip to California in 1850. He later settled in Coles County, Illinois and engaged in the meat packing business which he conducted to the end of his life. He died in 1919. His family has been socially and financially prominent in Charleston. Mr. Hill was a regular contributor to the Charleston papers. The oldest brother of Mr. J. B. Lutz of Cheyenne married Mr. Hill's youngest daughter. The Historical Department is indebted to Mr. Lutz for this part of the story.

CHAPTER V

After traveling around Scott's Bluff, we could see Laramie peak, a hundred miles away, south of west. It is a young mountain and had a patch of snow on it near the top, on the north side.

On June 11th we forded the Laramie river near its junction with North Platte and about a mile east of Fort Laramie. The fort is on high ground between the rivers and was well arranged for defense against the Indians.

On Sunday, June 16th, we were camped on a creek eighteen miles northeast of Laramie peak, resting our mules and cattle. There is plenty of timber on this creek and some grass. In the afternoon I crossed the creek to look after our oxen, and while I was up a small ravine, I came to a bunch of drifted hail that had fallen two inches deep on Friday, and I filled my hat with hail, took it to camp with me and made hail ice water. It hailed on us but very little, as we were on the east edge of the storm only a few miles west of the fort.

The next five days were among the Black Hills, which is a very rough country, and the ridges were covered with fine sharp gravel and made our oxen foot-sore. One day we drove twenty miles over a rough road; next day we had to drive twenty-nine miles on account of water, and about dark we got to a large creek with plenty of timber, but no grass near, and our oxen tired and foot-sore, were in a pitiable condition. Next morning the front feet of three oxen were swollen, and they could scarcely walk; one ox was out and gone, and we hunted a half day up and down the creek, but never found him. One cow gave out the next day and we had to leave her. We had an old wagon, and the tires got loose, and we had to buy another one, but it cost us only ten dollars. I began to feel blue, as many nights the oxen had nothing to eat but brush, for the grass had all been eaten off by stock belonging to trains ahead of us.

June 21st we ferried our wagons across the North Platte, and had to pay five dollars for each wagon. It took nearly all next day to make our oxen swim the river. We drove them three miles above the ferry, as that was said to be a more favorable place to make them swim across, and we could wade two-thirds of the way. I led a cow to deep water, and the oxen followed all right, until they got into swimming water; then they turned back. We slashed them over their heads, but they would not go across, and

drifted down the river to a bluff bank. They could not get out until we drove them down the river about three miles. They would stop along the bluff bank, and we had to follow them in the water to make them go. The river was undermining these banks and they were caving off every little bit. I came near being buried alive by a landslide from the bluff, for I had not been from under it a minute when a thousand wagon loads of dirt came crashing down where I had just left; but it was not my time to be buried.

About noon we got the cattle below the bluff bank, and they got out of the river. They had been swimming nearly constantly for four hours, but would not cross over.

In the afternoon we drove the oxen into the river, just below the ferry, and they pulled out for the other shore, and we cheered and laughed to see them go; but they got nearly across and then turned to come back. It made my heart sink, and it quit throbbing, for other trains had been there for three days trying to make their oxen swim over. In a few moments, however, they turned for the west shore, as it was nearer to them, and over they went, and I was happy on the way for a while.

If you are traveling with cattle and come to deep water, drive them in as soon as possible and they will cross over; but if you let them lay over night, you will have trouble to make them swim across. This is the last of Platte river.

Now for the alkali country, which is the best place for a soap factory in America, provided you have the grease; you can dip the lye out of ponds into your kettles and melt your grease in hot lye and let it cool, and you have soap. No lie in this. Just over on Sweet water you can gather salaratus off of acres of ground in flakes a half inch thick. If you dig a hole in the ground, the earth smells and looks like strong wood ashes. This is the country where so many cattle get alkalied and die, unless you pour grease down their throats very soon.

Now for Independence Rock on the banks of Sweetwater river. This covers about five acres and is over a hundred feet above the river bottom. There was neither dirt nor grease on it. When you are ten miles east of it, it looks like a kettle, bottom up minus the legs, or like an Indian mound that you read of.

Five and a half miles farther up Sweetwater you come to Devil's Gate, which is a channel cut through a ridge of

rock, about one hundred feet wide, and four hundred feet high, and the walls are so nearly straight up and down that they hang over a little. This ridge of rock was lifted up by volcanic force, and left a fissure in the rock, or else the river cut a channel in the rock while it was soft. I was not there when this gate was made or I could tell you more about it. I do not believe that the devil had anything to do with this natural water gate, and why it was named after him I do not know, for there is nothing that looks bad or evil about it.

This is a gate that has not been shut for a million years, as far as I know, but I think that Uncle Sam will close it in time, and hold the water for irrigating his land, and that will be putting it to good use. "For there was nothing made in vain."

Just before I got to Independence Rock, I saw more grasshoppers than I ever saw before or since. They were trimming a swath six miles wide and leaving nothing but stubble and leafless sage brush. They were in no hurry to get through, for there was no gold for them at the end of their journey. They travel all summer to get something to eat, and we traveled all summer for the love of gold.

We are now in the east edge of the Rocky mountains, and going up grade all the time. There are immense piles of naked rock to the right and left, looming up five hundred feet or more above the river. You go up one long slope or hill, then another, then cross a valley, up over a ridge, and up another long hill, and you begin to think that you will never come out on top. But you are in South Pass, on the Rocky Mountains before you know it.

CHAPTER VI

Sunday, June 30th, we were resting our oxen and mules on a creek in the east end of south pass in the Rocky mountains. Two miles up the creek we found plenty of grass, and strawberries were in full bloom. Ice was a half inch thick this morning in our water bucket. Mr. Barnett killed a black-tailed deer two miles south of the road and he came to camp, got a horse, a mule and one of the men, and they went after the deer and brought it to camp and we had a great feast.

One of our cows either strayed or was stolen Sunday night as we never found her, and it took a half day to catch two of the small mules. The mules were all fat and

saucy and our dog was in good condition, for we hauled him nearly all the time.

I expected to find the south pass a narrow passage or canyon, with high mountains on both sides, and forty miles through it, and very difficult to drive a train of wagons through. But it is a comparatively level table land, with a lofty mountain many miles to the north, called Fremont's peak, and no mountain in sight to the south.

This pass is part of the backbone and watershed of North America. The water flows from here to the Pacific and the Atlantic oceans. Near Pacific springs the left hand road goes by Salt Lake and the right hand road goes by Soda Springs.

On July 4th we crossed Big Sandy, and entered the fifty mile desert, (so called); no water but plenty of grass half way across. Soon after leaving Big Sandy, we came to a perfectly level road for twenty miles, and the dust was about six inches deep all the way. I had to blow the mud out of my nose often, as I had to drive the ox team, and the wind was blowing from the west all day and kept the dust in my face. The sage brush grew on both sides of the road, so you had to keep in the road near the team. Of course you can go between the sage, but it tears your pants and scratches your legs, for it was three feet high. Wild sage grows from one to six feet high, and resembles garden sage, but it is as bitter as gall. The west side of this dessert is very hilly, and a big bluff to go down to Green River.

We made our mules and oxen swim Green River, and ferried our wagons across. The ferry-man allowed too many passengers to get into the boat, and the water came within two inches of the gunwale. He ordered every man to stand steady, and we stood, as the boat was liable to swamp at any minute. A rope with pulleys on it was stretched across the river, and the current carried the boat across. When we were nearly across, the upper edge of the boat dipped a sheet of water an inch deep, from end to end, and I thought the boat would be swamped instantly, turn over upstream, cover all of us under water and drown the last one of us, but instinctively a few of us jumped to the lower side of the boat, and it was righted at once, and we escaped a watery grave. At that time Green River was booming as the snow was melting away up north in the mountains, and the water was very swift, muddy and cold.

West of Green River it is mountainous, and the road winds around, up, and down, and over them. We passed through a grove of beautiful spruce pine and soon went down one of the mountains, spoken of by the "forty-niners." It is over a mile from the top to the bottom, and is about as steep as the roof of a house. The wagon pushed the oxen along down, and it had both hind wheels locked, the dust was knee deep, and there was no fun going down this mountain, but there might have been in rolling a big rock down it.

We are now in Bear river valley, and it is a splendid fertile valley, surrounded with mountains, and was full of game, Indians and prairie dogs. I killed ten half-grown prairie dogs with a single barrel pistol at eleven shots, and the other men killed ten more. We dressed them and as we went into camp before night, I had them nicely stewed for a daylight supper, and a nicer stew I never tasted. Montgomery said that he would not eat dogs, but he looked at the rest of us eating them very wishful, until there was but one left, and he said, "I am a mind to taste one." He put a wee morsel into his mouth, then a little more, until the little dog disappeared. He pronounced it very good, and he knows, for he was a splendid cook.

At this camp, Kirk, James, and a man from Canada hitched up their teams and went on and left our train. They had traveled with us from St. Joe to this camp.

We had to go up, over, and down another mountain, then had level roads to Soda Springs.

Soda Springs was a noted place, and just west of a cedar grove, the road passing between them. They are pools of water about ten feet deep and fifteen feet across, and great bubbles as big as your hat are continually coming up from the bottom to the top, and flash or burst and disappear. The water is about as sour as sweet cider, and with a little sugar in it, it is very palatable, and tastes very much like sweet beer.

Just south of these springs, Bear river makes a short turn around the west end of the mountain, and runs south to Salt Lake a hundred miles away, and enters Salt Lake at the north, and the lower half flows south.

There was a Frenchman living with the Indians in the cedar grove by Soda Springs, who had lived on that country twenty-nine years, and we sold him three pints of sugar for three dollars.

1850
29
1821

CHAPTER VII

We are now in the great interior basin, said to be two thousand miles around it so you see it would take an ocean of water to fill this basin. There are indications of its having been full of water at one age of the world, but that was before my time, or I could tell you more about it.

All the rain and snow that falls in this basin runs into creeks and rivers, then into lakes, and spreads out over thousands of acres of land, evaporates or sinks into the ground, as there is no outlet to the sea, and this is the cause of all the large lakes being salty.

A few miles west of Soda Springs, the left-hand road is Sublet's Cutoff, the right-hand road is the Oregon Trail by way of Fort Hall and quite level. We took the right-hand road and traveled about twenty miles and came to the largest spring I ever saw. It comes rushing up from among the rocks, and makes a creek twelve feet wide and two feet deep, and would furnish enough power to run the Wing flouring mill. Oh, it is a "gusher" as pure and clear as crystal.

I killed a young sand hill crane about four miles north-east of this spring, and before I was aware of Indians, I was within a hundred feet of their camp among the willows. I turned neither to the right nor left, but I left them as soon as I could and returned to my train. I dressed the crane, and Montgomery stewed it along with a piece of bacon, and it was far superior to any chicken stew I ever tasted. Its flesh was white, tender, juicy and delicious.

Before we got to Fort Hall we had to go through seven miles of deep sand, then came to a good level road, and we could see Fort Lowren five miles north of the road and five miles above Fort Hall.

There are several small lakes east of the Forts, and it is swampy near the Lewis fork of the Oregon road, and the home of the mosquito, but I will say more about them farther on.

Off to the northeast of the fort we could see the "Three Buttes." They are small round mountains, several miles apart, out on a level plain, and looked like three big hay stacks as we were thirty or forty miles away from them. We traveled down the river and crossed several deep creeks that came down to the mountains east of us.

On July 9th we camped on the east edge of a tula marsh, that covered about two hundred acres, and just at sundown

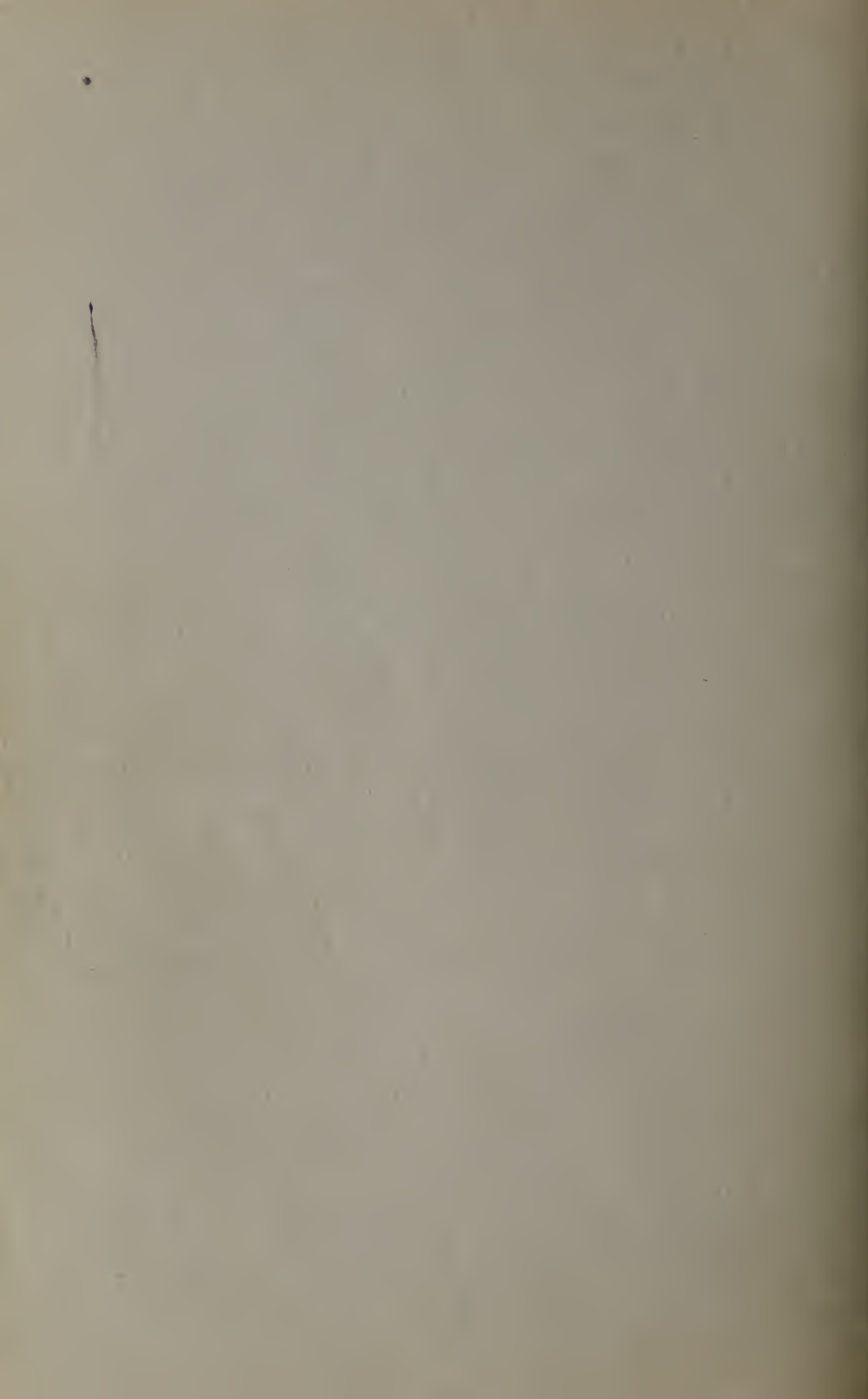
the little hungry black mosquitoes came out of the marsh by the millions, and they were so thick around us that when we stuck out our arm and drew it back, it would leave a hole free of mosquitoes the size of our arm. They did not do as the mosquitoes do on the Wabash, light on your face and arms, raise their bill and feel around for an easy place to bite; but they lit and bit at the same time. We made smoke of green sage, and the oxen and mules would stand in the smoke; but they were too much for the mules, and away they ran down the road, and it took two hours to get them back on the road to camp. Then we took them to the top of the bluff, a quarter of a mile away from the wagons and tied them, and we got a little sleep by covering up our head and ears. My hands and face swelled up and were very painful all night. Before daylight we were on the road getting away from the tula marsh; but who should care for mosquitoes when they are going for gold.

The American Falls of Lewis Fork is running about one hundred feet, fall about forty feet, and at the foot of the falls the water drops ten feet or more. The water is quite rough on the falls as the rock bottom is not smooth. There is a big black rock in the middle of the falls, standing fifteen feet above the water. The above description is what I gave it in my diary, when I was passing it. I had to guess at the height. Consult your nearest school teacher for further information about the American Falls.

On Sunday July 21st we caught 125 small fish. They filled two buckets, and we feasted on fresh fish three days. We left the river, (the Oregon road continues farther down the river), and soon came to the road called Sublet's Cutoff.

In this part of the plains the black crickets were as numerous as the locusts of Egypt. They were great, big, fat, black, and cherry-colored fellows, and when roasted would make a good bite for a young squaw or a starving gold hunter.

About this time we overtook Mr. James and the Canadian, our old comrades who left our train, the day we ate the prairie dogs. They were making a cart for one yoke of oxen as Mr. Kirk claimed the other and had left them to shift for themselves. On a long journey "every fellow for himself, and the devil for the hind-most one."



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Continuing the Annals of Wyoming

Vol. 10

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No. 1



Published Quarterly

by the

STATE DEPARTMENT OF HISTORY

NINA MORAN

State Librarian and Historian Ex-Officio

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CONTENTS

	Page
Campbell, John A.	Diary 1869-1875..... 5
Willson, Isabel M.	Hat Creek Station.12
Emery, Maude M.	Mail Route between Rock Springs and Lander.....14
Lambertson, Eva G.	A Long Trail.....16
	Accessions and Additions to Historical Department30

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FOREWORD

With this issue we are very happy to announce the revival of the publication of the Annals of Wyoming, which will now be known as Wyoming Annals.

This publication has been discontinued since 1933 when the History Department was placed under the supervision of the State Library.

The Wyoming Annals will be published quarterly as in the past. The first issue of each year will appear in January. The subscription will be one dollar (\$1.00) per year as formerly.

Accessions and additions to the Museum and Department of History which appear in this issue date from April 9, 1937, when the present incumbent was appointed. A complete report of accessions and additions previous to this date are on file in the Department and will appear in the Biennial Report of the State Librarian and Historian Ex-Officio.

A state wide Historical Advisory Committee has been appointed in each Judicial District, the chairman of each Judicial Committee to act with the State Historical Board. It is the hope that, through this organization, plans may be perfected to preserve historical records and museum pieces for the permanent use of Wyoming people and research workers. Since we have not received reports from all of these chairman we are not able in this issue to present the plans of the state wide Advisory Committee.

It is our sincere wish that the Wyoming Annals will reach the high standard of the past publications and that our readers will find them both profitable and interesting.

NINA MORAN,
State Librarian and Historian Ex-Officio.

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No. 1

DIARY

JOHN A. CAMPBELL[1]

1869

April 3, 1869

Nominated by President for Governor of Wyoming Territory.

Confirmed by Senate April 7, 1869.

Applied to Commissioner Indian Affairs for instructions in my duties as Supt. Indian Affairs, Apr. 9, 1869.

April 10

Received instructions from Commissioner Indian Affairs and Commissioner General Land Office— Congress adjourned.

April 11

At War Dept. writing letters. Ask Gen. Dodge for paper over Pacific R. R. for:

Col. J. P. Willard

” A. S. Hough

” S. C. Kellogg of Gen. Thomas’ staff.

Mr. S. P. Young wants letter to Gen Cox for Indian Agency.

Mr. Paine wants to be clerk of the court in Wyoming.

April 12

Saw Gov. McCormick and he promised me documents etc. Sat for photographs.

[1] John A. Campbell the first Governor of the Territory of Wyoming was born in Salem, Ohio, October 8, 1835. At the outbreak of the Civil War he was employed as an editorial writer on the Cleveland (Ohio) Leader. In 1861 he enlisted as a private, was soon promoted to Second Lieutenant, then to Major and Assistant Adjutant General. In 1865 he was promoted to Colonel and brevet Brigadier General. He was Assistant Secretary of War when he was appointed Governor of Wyoming Territory. He was a bachelor when he came to Wyoming Territory. From this point he will tell his own story.

Isabella Campbell gave her father’s public diaries to the State Historical Department and the years 1869-1875 which have to do with his career in the Wyoming Territory will be published in the Wyoming Annals until completed.

April 13

Settled my a/cs. with Govt. attended Mrs. Grant's reception, and bid her goodby. Saw President and thanked him for my appt. Had short conversation with Gen. Cox. In the evening dined with John Prate and went to opera with Miss Dunn.

Gen Wm. McKabrun and family.

Should have pap. on Union Pacific R. R. Ask Gen Dodge.

April 14

Tendered my resignation as an officer in the Army—Settled my accounts as an officer. Went to State Department and got my Commission as Govenor. Made P P C.

April 15

Resignation accepted. Sworn in as Govenor by Judge Swayne. Drew final pay as officer. Bid goodby to secretaries Rawlins and Cox and others. Boynton went with me to Depot at 7:30 when I left Washington.

April 16

Stopped over at Spurce Creek on P.R.R. to see Mr. Thompson and Mr. Kelly. Birthday of Alfred and Charles—A 3 and 1 year old. Left on 6:22 for the west.

April 17

Left Pittsburg on C & P.R.R. at 6:15 a.m. Telegraphed to Joe Kelly to meet me at Smith's Ferry—met him and he came with me to Wellsville— Arrived at Salem at 12:15 P.M. Susan & Ruben came in the evening.

April 21

With Mother and Susan to Cleveland.

April 22

Teaching in Cleveland.

April 23

Visiting. Wrote to Gen. Lee, Mr. Carey and Ruben.

April 24

Ret. with Mother and Susan to Salem. Serenaded by G.A.R.—First speech.

April 25-29

At home.

April 30

Went to Cleveland. Stopped at Mt. Vernon to see Jon Pettit. Met Mark Hanna on train at Hudson. Visited G.A.R. rooms at Cleveland.

May 1

At Cleveland dined at Mr. Rhodes with Mark Hanna. Measured for clothes by Eayers. Started in evening for Chicago, where I arrived at 10 a.m. on Sunday.

May 2

Stopped at Sherman House. Went to call on Mr. J. Y. Scammon who took me out riding and in evening sent for my baggage and kept me at his house.

May 3

Met Gen. Lee and Chief Justice Howe at Chicago. Called with Mrs. Scammon and young ladies on Mrs. Forsythe and others. Had pleasant interviews with Gen. Sheridan and officers of his staff. Saw also Gen. Corse and Robt. Lincoln. Met Gen. Green who had come from Cheyenne to meet me.

May 4

Saw Cols. Wheeler, Bond, Smith, Stewart and others. Left Chicago at 3 P.M. for Omaha where I arrived at 4 P.M.

May 5

Met Col. Williams, Gen. Strickland, John McCormick, Mr. Finn and others.

May 6

Met Judge Tayler, Mr. Snyder, Col. Benham, Mr. Woolley, Mr. Millwood, Mr. Buford, Col. Manderson, Gen Myers, Al Berneger and Gen Augur who called to see me. Newt came in on the train—Dined with Woolley, Benham, Augur and Newt. Left Omaha at 4:20 for Cheyenne. Traveled all night and on Friday.

May 7

At about 3 o'clock was met at Potter station by Col. Carling, Mr. Sherman, Mr. French and others who accomaied me to Cheyenne, where we arrived at 5 P.M. Quite a crowd was at the Depot, but as it was raining there could be no public demonstration. General, citizens called. Was serenaded at night but too sick to respond.

Agricultural Report 1863 and 1867 and 155-'57

Col. Wanless, Laramie. Wants me to stop with him.

H. of R. Ex. Doc. 202 Letter from Secy. Treas. transmitting J. Ross Brown's Report and letter, April 1, 1868, from Secy Treas. transmitting R. W. Raynold's Report Jany. 18, 1869 to Secy Treas.

May 8

Wrote to Gen. Strickland, Gen Hunt, Judge Kingman. Met quite a large number of citizens. Rode to Camp with Mr. Snow and met all the officers and Mrs. Carling. After dinner the fire companies and citizens generally turned out and paraded, after which they went to Hall and Committee waited on us for speeches. All of us spoke—Lee twice as much as Howe and me. Crowd followed us to Depot. Stopped at Laramie for supper. Howe did not go with us. Dist. Atty. Carey arrived at Cheyenne.

May 9

Traveled all day to Wahsatch where the train stopped. Obtained permission for cars to go on with myself and party.

May 10

Monday morning passed through Devil's Gate, and thence through Salt Lake Valley to Promontory Point, to celebration of completion of Union Pacific R.R. Met officers of 21st Infy. en route for Arizona. Met also Gen. Dodge the Casements, brother Amasa the officers of the U.P. and a large number of prominent citizens. Judge Sanderson and many others of the Pacific Coast was photographed on Locomotive with Judge Sanderson, the Casements, Gov. Safford, Bent, Gen. Ledlie and others. Started home in the evening on extra train with officers of the U.P.R.R. and others traveled all night and awoke in the morning.

May 11

Just before we passed thro' Devil's Gate Scenery from Devil Gate to Echo along Weber River thro' Echo Canyon is grand. Stopped at Echo for dinner, &c, and in the night started East, and arrived at Carter's Station about 10:30 o'clk.

May 12

About 3 o'clock went over in ambulance to Fort Bridger where I met Judge Carter and officers of the Fort. Attended a party in the evening and slept at the quarters of Lt. Link 36th Infy.

May 13

Remained at Ft. Bridger all day expecting despatch from Gen. Casement, designating an hour for me to meet him at Carters station but received none. (I afterwards found out that Gen. C. wrote me a despatch and gave it to conductor of the sleeping car who failed to forward it.)

May 14

Left Fort Bridger with Judge Carter[2] for Carter's Station where I arrived just in time to see the train for the east moving off. Remained at station until morning of—

May 15

When I took the train for the East, and at about 5 o'clock in the morning—

May 16

arrived at Laramie. Col. Wanless came to the hotel and took me to his house. Drove out to Fort Sanders[3] where I met Gen. Potter and officers.

May 17

Spent the day receiving delegations and making acquaintances with the people of Laramie. In the evening a splendid reception was given me at the residence of Col. Wanless. Was called out and made a speech to the citizens, who gathered in front of the house while the band was serenading me.

May 18

Met Alek Snodgrass who informs me that he is doing very well pecuniarily. Left Laramie on freight train with Newt, and arrived at Cheyenne in the evening.

May 19

I framed first proclamation as Govenor, defining Judicial Districts, &c. Appointed Mr. Preshaw Sheriff of Laramie County. Wrote to Booker Geary and Miss F. Rode out with Carling and Mr. Sherman. Newt thinks he will go to Sweetwater Mines. In morning received despatch from Gen. Augur in reply to one I sent him the day before about the Indian raids in Sweetwater Country Mr. Luther Mann, Indian Agent, Fort Bridger.

May 20

Went to Depot where I met Gen. Augur and rode with him to Major Thornburgh's where I dined. Had long inter-

[2] Judge William A. Carter arrived at Ft. Bridger in November 1857 with Col. Phillip St. George Cooke's Dragoons and remained there the rest of his life. He died Nov. 1881. See "Fort Bridger, Wyoming a brief History" by Robert S. Ellison, 1931, pg 37.

[3] Fort Sanders was established in July 1866 and named Fort John Buford. The name was changed to Fort Sanders in September, 1866 see "Report of Surgeon J. H. Frantz, United States Army for the years 1868 and 1869, p 353. From Circular No. 4-1874. The Fort was abandoned in May 1882 and in 1889 part of the reservation was granted to the State of Wyoming for a fish hatchery see "Hist. of Wyo." I. S. Bartlett, pg 320.

view with the General in reference to Indian Affairs. Wrote Gen. Parker Judge Carter and Mother. Mem—Public Lands See act July 2nd, 1862 and amendment April 14, 1864.

May 21

Telegraphed to Church Howe and wrote to Atty Genl. about him. Wrote to Prof. Parsons, Tom Donaldson, Ronbe, Col. Childs, Jack and Don Casement. Newt. started for Sweetwater.

May 22

Wrote Amasa, and to get information about Cashmere Goats, wrote to Secy. Treas, Mr. Blandy and Mr. Chenery. Major Howe, Marshall of Territory arrived.

May 23

Went to church, and spent afternoon at Col. Carlings with Mr. Sherman.

May 25

Was present with Judge Howe at opening of first Court[6] in Territory. Wrote to Emins, and Frank Wolcott advising him not to come here. Attended very fine reception given me in the evening at R.R. House by citizens of Cheyenne.

Laramie Post Office on Douglas Creek—tributary Little Laramie.

May 26

Attending to official duties.

May 28

Wrote letters in the morning. Had interviews with Pearce, Snow and Slaughter. Went visiting in evening dined with Pannare and remained all night at his house.

May 29

Snowed last night.

June 2

Saw Gen Dodge and Pacific R.R. Commrs. Got passes on R.R. for Judge Jones, Dist Atty Carey and Major Howe. Dodge said the officers of the Territory might each collect a lot in Cheyenne and the R.R.Co. would donate it to them. Wrote to Horace N. Fisher. Had call from Mr. Morrill of Boston.

June 3

Amasa came in on morning train. Says for me to take up a claim for him. Fox Diefendorf is with him and Amasa told

[6]Term of the first District Court was May 25, 1869 to June 5, 1869—see Cheyenne Daily Leader May 25, 1869
Ibid—June 8, 1869

him of the arrangement I wanted to make, thus spoiling it. In the evening attended a Reception given by the officers of Fort D. A. Russell to myself and the other Territorial officers.

June 4

Received letter from Prof. Parsons about Walter. Had interview with Fox Deifendorf about Sweetwater.

June 5

Wrote to Prof Parsons—to Walter telling him to come out here—to Indian Agent telling him to tell Washakie and his Indians to go to their Reservation. Rec—letters from Prof Parsons and Commissioner Parker. In the evening attended a dinner given by Major Howe, U. S. Marshall to Wyoming Bar.

June 7

Met Jennie Stewart with excursion party en route for California. Gov. Ed. McCook and wife arrived. Judge Kingman arrived.

June 8

Rode with Gov. McCook[7] and wife to Post, where we called on Genls. Bradley, Brisbin and others.

June 9

Gov. McCook left for Denver. Howe told me of the intention of Marshall Howe to be a candidate for Congress. Gen Lee and Judge Howe both spoke to me about running for Congress. Told them that I was in favor of Jack Casement, and after him of some of the men from the territory. Judge Howe left for home.

June 10

Marshall Howe told me that he had about completed arrangements for the purchase of the Rocky Mountain "Star" thus disposing of one of the two rural Republican papers here.

June 11

Marshall Howe completed his purchase of the "Star" which he immediately sold to Mr. Baker, proprietor of the "Leader," who proposes to remove it to South Pass City. Gen. Boynton and Mr. Painter with Senators Wade and Conkling came in on the train, and I went with them to Laramie.

(To Be Continued)

[7] Edward McCook—Gov. of Colorado Territory, 1869-1873.

HAT CREEK STATION

By ISABEL M. WILLSON [1]

The old Hat Creek Station on the stage-line between Cheyenne and Deadwood was located on what was the Sioux Indian reservation before the treaty of 1868. This station was established as an outpost from Fort Laramie in 1875. A small detachment of soldiers was kept there for a short time, under command of Captain Munson, of the 9th Infantry. He had instructions to prevent the passing of settlers into the country north of there until the Indians could be brought into subjection. An adobe fort, with portholes for defense, was constructed, and an underground passage to a nearby spring was tunneled out. But fortunately there never was a siege that put these precautions to the test.

Soon the Indian troubles became less of a menace, and the soldiers were removed, and the building was used for many years as a post office and stage station on the Cheyenne-Deadwood route. A store was added to the activities of the place, and in 1886 the old adobe building was replaced by a log structure which is still standing and in good condition. Following the soldier's occupancy the place was in charge of "Charlie" Hecht, a bull-whacker, who kept the Post Office, stage station, and telegraph office, in the old "fort." This never was properly called Fort Hat Creek, as it was only an outpost.

During the time of the stages there was more trouble with bandits of the white race than the reds, although there were numerous Indian raids.

Early settlers in the immediate vicinity were Andrew Falconer and his family, John Storrie, whose brave old Mother accompanied him to this far land from her home in Scotland, and their friend, John Scott. They settled on the lands adjacent to the old "fort" in 1883. Of the original number, only Mrs. Andrew Falconer is still living, her home being with her daughter, Mrs. Mae Fields in the interesting log building on the site of the old fort.

Mr. Storrie erected a large two-story building nearby, in which he ran a general store, and a "road-house," and there the cowboys gathered and the cowmen came, for after the stage-line was abolished in 1887, or rather, by that time, immense herds of southern cattle were being brought into north-

[1] Author is the widow of Eugene V. Willson of Lusk. She gave this article to the Historical Department a number of years ago.

ern Wyoming over the "long drive." Those were the days of the cattle kings, when the cowpuncher was in his glory.

In 1890 Mr. Jacob Mill bought the Bill Utterback claim, a few miles distant from the old station, and engaged in the sheep business. He still resides on the large ranch he has built up.

Mr. Chas. Partridge was telegrapher at the Hat Creek Station at an early time.

Tom Swan was in partnership with John Storrie at the time the large store was built. Some years ago this building was destroyed by fire.

Between the site of the old roadhouse and the historic "fort" there is a small family cemetery, where a few of the beloved members of those pioneer families lie buried. The brave old Scotch lady, and the only son of the Falconers are of the number who rest there, in that quiet corner of our old, old, yet almost new, untouched, Wyoming.



**Interesting Old Document From the
John Hunton Collection**

Fort Laramie (Nebraska Territory)

December 30th 1858.

Rec'd of Messrs Seth E. Ward & Sutlers at Fort Laramie the sum of Nine hundred and fourty two dollars and fifty cents in payment for purchases of flour made during months of November & December 1858.

942.50

L. W. Pelouze
1st Lieut JAdj 4 Arty
Post Treasurer

MAIL ROUTE BETWEEN ROCK SPRINGS AND LANDER

By MAUDE M. EMERY [1]

With the view of inaugurating a daily mail between the towns of Rock Springs and Lander there was, during the spring of 1894, established a complete stage route between these two points.

Under the management of Mr. H. L. Kuykendall, five Concord Coaches, some forty head of horses and employees of sufficient number to operate the line, were brought to Rock Springs and the work of selecting suitable relay changes was minutely carried out.

The coaches were heavy affairs, suitable for carrying six people on the inside and four on top and having on the rear a boot for the transportation of baggage, mail, etc. They were drawn by four horses which were changed at intervals enroute, there being four stations, viz.: Fourteen Mile, Luman's Sand Ranch, Washington's (just this side of Pacific Springs) and Atlantic City. Both towns contributed liberally to the enterprise and a grand opening of the line was staged which took place early in June.

The start was made from Rock Springs on the morning of June third and a gala start it was too. Thayer's Brass Band had been sent ahead two days before with instructions to await the Caravan at Atlantic City. Every stage was filled with Rock Springs city officials and business men and some 8 or 10 private conveyances were also in attendance. On account of illness of Mayor Edgar the Caravan was late in starting and did not get away from Rock Springs until about 10:30 and then in charge of Dennis Waters, President of the City Council. No accidents marred the day and the entire party went down the mountainside into Atlantic City just at dark to the strains of the first brass band that Atlantic had ever heard. Bon fires were blazing and a big feast was awaiting the travelers after which, a dance was given that lasted practically all night.

The following morning a business meeting was held and the journey continued taking along nearly half the population of Atlantic. Some ten or twelve miles out of Lander the cavalcade was met by an official delegation from Lander. A halt was made and a large gilt key representing the key to that

[1]Mrs. Emery read this paper February 9, 1924, before the Woman's Club in Rock Springs. The meeting was held in the new club room of the Elk's Club and was a program devoted to Wyoming History and happenings.

city was presented to acting Mayor Waters the presentation speech and greeting being made by Hon. D. A. Preston.

The entire party then proceeded to Lander where feasting and merriment held sway for two days. The Rock Springs contingent returned to its home and the stage line resumed its normal daily trips. The line was successfully operated the greater part of that summer; but the failure of Washington to grant the mail contract caused it to close up at the approach of winter and thus ended the first and last attempt of Rock Springs-Lander staging.



WYOMING FIRSTS

First School

Among the first white women to come to reside in Wyoming were the wife and three daughters of Wm. Vaux who was appointed post chaplain at Ft. Laramie in 1849. He started the first school in 1852 and was assisted by his oldest daughter Victoria Vaux. Mr. Vaux was born in England and served as post chaplain at Ft. Laramie from 1849 to 1862. He died July 22, 1882. From unpublished Coutant Notes.

First Jewish Wedding

Contracting parties: L. D. Jacobs & Sylvia Adamsky.
See Cheyenne Daily Leader, September 6, 1894.

A LONG TRAIL

By EVA G. LAMBERTSON, 1930

1. Emigrating.

All my girlhood recollections are of Pennsylvania.

I was born among the hills of Tioga County, and lived there till after my marriage. My father was Arthur Goodspeed, Jr. My mother's maiden name was Mary Louisa Frost, descendant of one of the Frosts who were obliged to leave England because they had taken Cromwell's side in the contest between King and Parliament.

My husband, Benjamin Taber Lambertson, was a descendant from one of the Mayflower's passengers, so I think we may be called native Americans.

Our son was born about two weeks after the Johnstown flood. We were many miles from Johnstown, but in the storm area. I still have a mental picture of the Elk Run, out of its banks, spread from hill to hill—or rather from bluff to bluff. Plenty of wreckage afloat, and every little tributary a muddy torrent.

The saw mill my husband owned and operated having become rather a burden he sold it, intending to buy a farm, but it proved impossible to find anything for sale that suited our purpose.

My health was frail, and when the old family doctor said—"You had better try a change of climate," we began to seek information about other localities. We happened to see a folder put out by railroad companies telling of opportunities in the west.

Among the glowing descriptions of the resources and developments of different states was an obscure paragraph that spoke of Wyoming as the "Pennsylvania of the Rockies."

We sent to Cheyenne for further information, and received leaflets giving account of beginnings in various fields of industry, and of conditions promising further expansion in all lines. That decided us. We bought tickets to Cheyenne, packed up, and started.

We stopped a few days in Missouri to visit relatives, then came on, reaching Cheyenne—worn and weary from the journey—we found a number of hacks at the station, waiting to convey passengers to the various hotels. Entering the one that chanced to be nearest, we found ourselves presently at the Occidental Hotel.

Well, we got a good look at Cowboys. It was the last week in May, 1890 and the spring roundup and the northward

drive of Texas cattle had brought numbers of them near, and many of the extra hands were "taking in" the town. Others were looking for jobs, or shifting about among the different outfits. There were fifty-three of them at the Occidental and I was the only woman guest.

The baby was suffering from the effects of the journey, and the many different kinds of candy our fellow passengers had given him, so we sought a physician, and had the good fortune to find Dr. Wyman.

He and Mr. Lambertson were members of the same fraternal order, the I.O.O.F. so we had a friend at once. And the doctor had among his possessions a baby carriage that was no longer in use. So I borrowed it, and later we bought it.

Inquiries concerning vacant land made us acquainted with various agents who wanted to locate us. The best offer came from the representative of the Warren Live Stock Company. The company had purchased a large area of railroad land. But the railroad owned only the alternate sections. The others were government land subject to homestead entry or pre-emption. The agent in question showed us a section where a big spring furnished enough water to irrigate several acres.

"You can raise lots of garden stuff here, and the Cheyenne market will take all you can produce. Will furnish you material for fencing, and there's pasture outside for a milk cow. If, after you prove up, you find something you like better and want to go elsewhere, we will pay you a fair price for the land. We only ask you to let us know and give us a chance to buy."

Fair enough, but the place was too far from the sheltering mountains, too much exposed to the winds; and Doctor Wyman had said, "The altitude is a little too high for the baby."

Then a man from the Horse Creek country came to the hotel for a day or two. He told of good land open to entry down there. Mr. Lambertson went with him to see the land, and I was left at the hotel with the baby.

Lonesome? Nervous? Not a bit. I couldn't ask for greater courtesy than I received from those cowboys. And they were simply delighted to have a baby to play with. If I wanted to read or write, or just rest, all I had to do was to put sonny in his carriage and begin wheeling it back and forth in front of the hotel. If a cowboy were in sight, it was but a moment till he was there with "Please let me wheel the baby."

If there were half a dozen, then it was a race to see who would get there first.

Husband found the Horse Creek district attractive. He chose a pre-emption claim on which to establish residence, and a timber claim, the plan being to prove up on the pre-emption claim, turn that to pasture, and place permanent buildings on the timber claim so that we could more easily plant and care for trees.

But, in a few months it was discovered that there had been a filing on the timber claim, and through an oversight in the land office, no notation had been made on the township plat.

2. Moving Again.

We spent another summer and winter there. I was out of doors a great part of the time and had gained in health. But finding no other land that we cared to claim, in late March of 1892 we loaded our possessions on a wagon and "trekked" to Wheatland, having sold the claim for horse flesh.

We encountered a snow storm on the way, then dazzling sunshine, and learned what snow blindness is like. Our first stopping place was Yoder's where we stayed over night. From there to Chugwater, where we rested another night. The weather having grown colder, it was best that Sonny and I should come on by train. The Cheyenne and Northern railroad had not been long in operation and passengers were few.

To illustrate conditions.

I lost my veil in Chugwater, somewhere between the hotel and the railroad station. Did not miss it till we were near Wheatland, and of course did not suppose I should ever see it again. But when the next train from the south arrived, a letter came, addressed "To the Lady who went from Chugwater to Wheatland."

"Letter for you," said the P.M. and handed it over. I opened it. My veil. Nothing else, not even a slip of paper. So I could only send my thanks to "One who restored a lost veil." No doubt it reached the right person for it was never returned to me. But can you imagine a letter so addressed being delivered now at either place?

We spent the summer in a two room cabin something less than a mile west of the hotel. Husband and his son William, a young man in his twenties, farmed a considerable extent of land on the Wheatland flat and raised good crops.

3. Columbus Day.

The Wheatland school house was some little distance from the hotel, so placed as to be clear of corrals, the barn and other outbuildings that were near the railroad.

There were four pupils; the two sons of M. R. Johnson, the Pastmaster, Station Agent, Irrigation Superintendent, Development Company Manager, store keeper and generally useful citizen. The two daughters of Col. Morrison, farmer and irrigator who lived between the station and our cabin. They were all bright young people and the teacher was proud of them.

They had a nice program arranged for Columbus Day, and Mrs. Morrison and myself were invited to witness it. A picnic dinner was to complete the celebration. So, that morning, I put Sonny in his carriage, together with my share of the picnic lunch, and started for the school house. Mrs. Morrison and the girls joined me and we went on, chatting of various things. Then one of the girls cried "Oh! Look!"

We looked—and ran. The school house roof was ablaze.

Fortunately, Mrs. Morrison was carrying her share of the lunch in a tin pail. She darted inside, emptied the food on the teacher's table, came out and hurried to the ditch a short distance away. Meantime one of the little girls was racing for the hotel to give the alarm.

When Mrs. Morrison returned with the water, the next thing was to get it on the roof. Cleats had been nailed to the corner of the building to serve as a ladder for the carpenters and the higher ones still remained. I was tall and strong. She was light and active. I clasped my hands stirrup fashion and held them down. A lift, a scramble, she was on my shoulder, then on the cleats and so to the roof. I handed up the pail. She poured it on the fire and I brought more.

A few minutes and several men came running from the hotel bringing pails and an ax. Mrs. Morrison came down. The ax man went up. He ripped some of the top boards from the roof, and the others brought water. The fire was soon extinguished and the men went away.

The school room looked rather messy with the water and soot that had come to the floor. The teacher, Miss Johnson, who had arrived in the midst of the excitement explained that the fire had been lighted an hour or so before that the room might be comfortably warm on our arrival. None had thought of the possibility that the stove pipe would become hot enough to fire the roof.

She rang her bell and school began. History was the topic of the day, most of the other lessons being omitted. The children spoke their pieces, gave account of Columbus' voyages and his great discoveries, and ate their share of the dainties provided.

They may have forgotten the recitations they gave, but I don't believe they have forgotten the fire.

4. Moving Again. And An Antelope Hunt.

When the opportunity came to secure a somewhat larger—and warmer—house on the McCannell ranch along Sybille Creek, we moved down there. The next spring Sonny not yet four years old, had his first antelope hunt. These animals roamed the country by hundreds, and people had not yet awakened to the need of game laws, so there was no closed season.

The men were farming some land on Wheatland flat that season, as well as part of the McCannell ranch. They had, on this particular day left the house rather early to go to the Wheatland field. I was busy with my morning work when the boy rushed in, all excitement.

“Oh, mama! Two ’lope out here! Get ’e gun quick!”

I looked out. The animals were in the open field, and there was no cover available from which to approach them. So I promised to go after them if they were in reach when I was through sweeping.

The boy kept watch and reported “They’s gone up in ’e big draw. Come on.”

If they were in the big draw it might be possible to approach within range. So I shouldered the gun and we started. Then having sighted them I left the boy in a little side draw while I crept forward to get within range. I was almost where I meant to stop when the animals looked at something in a startled way.

I had time for but one glance at the cause of their alarm, for the next second they were speeding away. I had to shoot quick, and did. One dropped, a bullet through his heart, the other went on.

I walked over to my game, and the small boy who had caused their panic come on down the hollow. He surveyed the animal, walked round it several times, examined the horns, and announced—“Ma, it’s a big buck!”

Well, the men would not be home till supper time. There was not a horse on the place except a half tamed broncho, and the meat was a half mile from home. So I dropped the empty shell beside it, throw my handkerchief on top, and hurried to McCannell’s. Don was away from the house, but Mrs. McCannell promised to tell him when he came back, which would be soon.

I left the boy to ride with him while I went home and got a knife to rough dress the antelope. The coyotes had not approached it and when Mr. McCannell came with the spring wagon I was ready.

Reaching the cabin he helped me hang and skin the animal, and took a piece home to add variety to their ranch fare. My own family expressed not a little satisfaction over antelope steak for supper, for we had been out of meat for sometime, and there were no butcher shops handy.

In this place I had a chance to grow flowers and some garden stuff, so I spent much time out of doors, gaining all the while in health and strength. We were still there when the great panic came. All our savings were in the Kent Bank in Cheyenne, and went with the rest of the deposits when that bank failed. We were "down to bed rock," as the saying goes, but we had no time to lament. We had work to do. Husband and son William were busy with farming. I had my household affairs, and presently had to use such knowledge of nursing as I possessed, for Mrs. McCannell was sick for some time.

5. Curing Sallie.

In the spring of 1894 the men went up to the Two Bar ranch, to help Mr. Petty a few days with his spring work. Two or three days later I had just put kettles of water to heat and begun emptying a cupboard that needed cleaning when a man stopped his team in front of the house and shouted for me to come to the door. He wanted to know if I were a "sort of a doctor." I answered that I made no claim to the title "doctor." "Well you cure folks sometimes don't you?"

I had to admit that I had sometimes done so in emergencies, then—"Well, won't you please come and cure Sallie?"

"But what is the matter with Sallie?"

"I don't know, but she's got an awful bad sore throat. We ain't got any medicine an' don't know what to do."

Clearly this was an emergency, and there was no doctor nearer than Cheyenne, a hundred miles away. I poured the water on the fire, thrust a few things into a hand bag, ran out and found the boy who was playing ball with a stick and a pebble, climbed into the wagon and we went.

Reaching the home, I took one look at Sallie, and sent the family moving double quick, stirring up the fire, putting water to heat, setting flat irons on the stove. Sallie's throat showed plenty of white membrane, was so swollen she could not gargle, and if the swelling increased but a little more would be so she could not breathe.

I prepared a mixture of sulphur and soda, and swabbed her throat at once. Then undressed her and wrapped her in a light blanket, placed her in a chair, set a pan of hot water under the chair, and wrapped a heavy blanket over all. Then

I proceeded to give her an "Indian sweat" putting a hot iron in the water, and changing for another as soon as first ceased hissing. However, when the treatment had the desired effect, instead of following it with a cold bath I wrapped her in a dry blanket, tucked her into bed, covered her warmly and resumed the sulphur and soda treatment. After six or seven hours of this I felt it safe to leave her in her mother's care, and toward midnight went to bed.

Next morning when I came down, Sallie was tending baby while her mother got breakfast, and Sallie ate a fairly good meal for the first time in several days.

There was nothing remarkable in all this so far as I was concerned. It was all in the day's work for frontier women. Not having doctors, specialists and trained nurses at command, as in the older settled sections of the country, they helped one another as best they could, and many acquired considerable skill in this rough school of experience.

6. Settled at Last.

Before we left Pennsylvania, we had studied the map of Wyoming, and chosen Lander Valley as our destination. The encircling mountains drew us. So now we planned one more journey. William, during the year past had become acquainted with a nice girl. Finding themselves congenial they went to Cheyenne and were married.

When we were ready for the start we had quite a little train. We—husband and I—had all our worldly possessions on two wagons. He drove one team and I the other. William and Jessie had their own team and wagon. Another young couple, the Coys, joined us with their own team and wagon, and at Douglas a young man came to us; his name, Bohemian, was Tvaruzek. Pronounce it any way you like. I think he finally had it changed a little, to make it more managable by his fellow Americans. He had only horse, saddle and his wearing apparel, but was willing to work his way. As Mr. Lambertson thought I had too much work to do, John was accepted, and helped with the camp work, carrying wood and water, caring for my team, etc.

Reaching Casper, we camped in the outskirts of town. Next morning I had my first close view of a big band of sheep, several thousand of them. We were eating breakfast when they came along, moving as if they intended to walk right over us. When they were only a few yards away, the herder signalled his dog; Shep ran round the herd and guided them to one side. They passed without annoying us.

When we inquired in Casper about the road to Lander, we found a queer situation. It seemed as though no one wanted

us to go to Lander. Better go to Big Horn, to Greybull, over on Sweetwater, anywhere but Lander. Nothing there for anybody. Not quite safe, either. There were seven hundred or more "renegade Indians" being held right there on the edge of the reservation. Nobody could tell what might happen.

Well, there were a couple of obstinate people in that company.

When some of the younger members showed signs of wavering they were told, "Suit yourselves. You don't have to stay with us unless you wish to. We are going to Lander. Come along or not, just as you please." They came.

One officious individual followed us from Casper to our first stopping place to tell us how foolish we were to come to Lander.

"Why it's just dead. You can't raise nothing there, not even a decent dog fight."

Well, we weren't looking for dog fights and came right on.

One evening we halted by a little willow bordered stream, and found the grass surprisingly good for the season. We picketed our horses, ate our supper, pitched the tents, and settled down congratulating ourselves that we had found such a fine camping place. But some queer feeling I could not explain kept me from sleeping much.

Some time after midnight something disturbed the horses, and my Dandy, a high strung nervous creature, gave the alarm. Not caring to wake the others, I took my rifle and quietly left the tent. Moving carefully along the edge of the thicket, I found a place in the shadow of a big bunch of willows where I could command the moonlit opening in which the horses were picketed. They were all looking intently at one particular spot in the brush, but soon, as if reassured by my presence began feeding again.

All but Dandy. He would nibble a few bites, then stop to stare at that spot in the brush. Finally there was a movement. The branches swayed, there was a rustling sound, now and then a crackling like a stick breaking, and something moved away in the darkness.

Dandy watched intently for several minutes; then as if satisfied that the intruder, whoever or whatever it was, had gone, went quietly to feeding again. Everything was all right. Then I stole back to the tent and lay down for a little more sleep, but it was not long till morning and the camp was astir. I had not been missed, so said nothing about my tour of sentinel duty.

Later I learned that the pretty glade was not a favorite camping place for those who knew the country. Some of the horses (usually the best ones) were too likely to "stray" during the night.

Once on the trip we halted for a day to bake and wash. The work done, there were still several hours of daylight, but there was no use in breaking camp so late. The men took their guns and tramped out, in the hope that they might find some small game. The two brides went to see what they could find up the creek. Sonny and I went to examine a rock formation that looked interesting.

It was, very. What would have been a ledge several feet thick if it had been horizontal, was tilted edgewise. Behind it, that is on the side away from the camp, there was a place where arrow makers had worked. There were chips of flint, quartzite, and agate. We found several arrow points that had been cast aside because not quite perfect. And the rocks were deeply scored where the arrow points had been smoothed and sharpened.

I think no white men had ever examined that side of the rocks. There were no names nor initials carved on the sand rock.

There were petrifications, too; a stump. Parts of a fallen tree, some of them even showing the bark. I picked up a piece about the size of a stick of stovewood, but quite as heavy as I cared to carry, and went back to camp. As we approached the fire from one direction, the men unsuccessful, came from the other. One, seeing what I carried, exclaimed. "Halloo! We're goin' to have pitch pine for our fire. Ain't that luck? Where'd you get it?"

"Out by those rocks," and I held it toward him.

He took it carelessly, and nearly dropped it on his toes.

"Why darn it! It's solid Rock!"

Next morning when we were about to leave he placed that "pitch pine" among the chips and splinters where the freighters had chopped their firewood when they halted there, and he remarked with a grin—

"I'll bet there'll be plenty cussin' when some freighter tries his ax on that kindlin'." Maybe there was. I never heard.

Another "lay over" was because of wind. For several hours during the afternoon the horses had to use extra force, for they were hauling more wind than wagon, facing a gale of tremendous force. Next morning the wind was blowing even harder. So we stayed in camp. About sunset the gale ceased, and that night we were able to sleep.

I learned on that trip to trust my horse to test the drinking water for me. Once we halted beside a pretty stream. The girls ran with their pails and got ready to cook. I led my team to the water and they refused to drink. I led them up stream, a few rods and we found a dead cow in the creek. Beyond that they drank readily. I went up there to get water for my cooking.

After that I used no water till I learned what Dandy and his mate thought of it. While some of the company suffered from occasional unwholesome water, Husband, Sonny and I had no trouble whatever.

Of course there were a few annoyances, but on the whole the trip was very enjoyable; just a prolonged picnic, with something new and interesting every day.

Lander

The first day of June, 1894, we reached Lander and received a cordial welcome. It was not a very big town then. Five street lights served it—but they were electric lights.

Everything the valley did not produce came in by wagon. Approaching town we met the last of the "bull teams" as they were called going out, sixteen oxen in yoke, and eight trotting alongside.

Inquiring about the chance to rent a house, we found none. A good deal of building was going on, but everything was "spoken for" in advance. However, the Clarey cabin on the slope of Table Mountain was vacant. Mike was a good natured fellow, and wouldn't mind if we camped there, and used the cabin, if we would take good care of it.

We went up there. Pitched our tent on a ridge near by, and the Coys moved into the cabin, remaining there till they found employment. Mr. Lambertson found work with Mr. J. S. Meyer, at that time superintendent of the Experiment Station.

William and Jessie, in pursuance of their own plans moved down near the river, and Sonny and I were left in possession of the camp with all Table Mountain to roam over, for there were few fences to hinder.

We found wild flowers of wonderful beauty. Wild fruits grew in the gulches. Strawberries, currants, gooseberries, black haws, dwarf cherries, service berries, and in some places raspberries.

We got acquainted with wild creatures too. Wolves and coyotes were rather numerous. Bob cats occasionally strolled along. Several badgers had their dens not far away. And pack rats! My marksmanship improved for I had plenty of pistol practice. I had to make war on those rats, for the box

I used for a cupboard was open to attack, and the rats would carry off spoons, forks or any other small article, help themselves to vegetables and fruits, and play with food they did not eat, as well as articles too large for them to carry.

When the autumn storms began we moved down to the cabin. Mr. Lambertson and William had been hauling logs from the mountains to build cabins on land we had chosen for homesteads. So Sonny and I were alone most of the time. The windows were gone from the cabin, and I had tacked muslin over the openings.

One night we had settled for sleep when there came a rustling outside the window, then the weird howl of a coyote calling the pack together. I thrust my revolver through a little hole in the cloth and fired a shot. The coyote scampered away. Almost asleep again, I was roused by the smell of smoke. Investigating, I found that a powder spark had ignited the muslin, and burned a hole of considerable size. But it had not begun to blaze, so was not very difficult to extinguish. Another night a couple of skunks crept under the floor of the cabin.

At intervals all night they squealed and scolded, apparently not able to agree on the way they should arrange their winter quarters, and they hadn't yet settled the question when morning came. As soon as we had eaten breakfast I carried our food supplies outside to a safe distance, and ripped up the cabin floor to get at those skunks. I shot one, the other escaped. I found it convenient to keep the door open most of the time for several days thereafter.

While we were still there came another family from Wheatland. Mr and Mrs. Denton and her brother, George Carroll. Mrs. Denton was sister to Mrs. Morrison who poured the first pailfuls of water on the school house fire.

While the men went down and helped to build the claim cabins, Mrs. Denton stayed with us in the cabin, on Table Mountain. The third day of December, I drove with the first load of household stuff down to the Dutch Flat claim and camped there while the three room cabin received the finishing touches. When that was done, I brought the last of our possessions, the Dentons came with their furnishings, and we all spent the winter in the three room cabin except George, who had found employment.

In the spring the Dentons rented a farm and moved to it. A few days later Wilbur Coutant and family, and his brother Irving moved in with us. After a time they too entered homestead claims near by, and Mr. Lambertson helped them to

build their cabins. When their houses were done and they moved into them we counted up a little.

For nine months and nine days our three room cabin had sheltered nine people, and they moved out on the ninth of the month. Nine seemed to be our magic number.

The Coutants were among our first acquaintances in Lander. They had arrived about four weeks before we did, and they too were affiliated with the I.O.O.F. So we had much in common. Colonel C. G. Coutant was at that time editor of the Clipper, as the State Journal was then called. Wilbur and Irving were printers, and Charles assisted in the office. May (now Mrs. Messinger, living in Nevada) was her father's secretary. Laura her mother's helper, and the younger ones, Walter and Georgia were I think still in school.

It came about that when the Odd Fellow anniversary exercises were held, April 27th, we, with Wilbur and family, came to Lander to take part. When the meeting was over, it was "dark as a pocket with the flap buttoned down," and rain was falling. So by invitation of Colonel and Mrs. Coutant we stayed in until daylight. It was still storming, rain mingled with snow, and we were well drenched on our homeward way. We found too that the cabin had leaked some, and spent the most of the day getting things dry and in order as best we could.

In the afternoon came a small boy with an appeal for help. Pa was away, Ma was sick and they were out of fuel. Couldn't we help? We did, I went over to care for the sick woman. The men cut wood for her and carried over a sack of coal. A doctor was needed.

The team had been turned loose on our arriving home, and the only horse in reach was a three year old colt, but Wilbur saddled and mounted her and rode for Lander. Dr. Schuelke came. On his way back he just missed being cut off from town by the loss of a bridge that floated away a minute or two after he had crossed it.

That also cut us off from easy communication with neighbors, for there were at that time no rural telephones. But in the afternoon of the next day a man came walking over the hills—John Jeffrey, who lived several miles away. The little stream that usually rippled so quietly along the bottom of the gulch was now a muddy torrent. The bridge being gone, a footman could not cross without a drenching.

John, knowing that the man of the family was away, had come over to see if the family were all right. Mr. Lambertson went out and the two men carried on a brief conversation across the stream. John said he would "go home and tell

May. She would know what to do." May, Mrs. Jeffrey, called for her horse and came across the hills. Reaching the gulch she put Lightfoot at speed and cleared the stream with a bound.

Meantime husband had gone up over the ridges in the other direction to the Gorey ranch. Here too a muddy stream made close approach to the buildings difficult, but Mr. Gorey was outside, and came to see what was wanted. Learning the situation, he said he would bring his wife. A few minutes after Mrs. Jeffrey came, the Goreys arrived. They had driven around the sagebrush and across the muddy streams that ran down every little hollow.

I was not sorry to see them, for I had been on duty about twenty-four hours and was tired. At home I found that Mrs. Coutant had hot water ready, so I could take a bath and go to bed, which I was quite willing to do.

That was a beginning. During the seven years we lived on our homestead, I was at one time or another in every house for miles around. Sometimes to welcome the babe, sometimes to robe the dead. Sometimes to render first aid in emergencies, or to watch with the sick when their own families were worn out. I was the only woman near who was free to go and come at any hour of day or night, and not afraid to.

Beginning to Farm

The Table Mountain ditch which was eventually to water a considerable area in that district was as yet only a beginning, but there was waste water from the ranch above, enough to irrigate two or three acres and with this we could grow alfalfa for our stock, and a garden which helped very much with our living expenses.

But that little patch was not enough to keep a man busy, or a woman either. So husband rented some land that was already under ditch, and I taught the local school.

About that time the Legislature passed a law limiting the number of school districts a county might have according to population. This made necessary the elimination of several districts, and the rearranging of district boundaries.

Then we found that the school house we had used was no longer in our district. The district had been extended to include most of the Willow Creek territory, and their school house. But—that school house was too far away to be of use to us. So I gave over the use of my living room to the school (charging no rent) and taught another term. Meantime there was a dispute—finally settled in our favor—concerning the ownership of the old school house.

The next spring I was surprised to receive a letter from the school board of the Red Canyon district, asking me to teach that school. It seemed to me quite out of the ordinary way of doing for the board to be hunting a teacher. They usually had applications to choose from. So I mounted my horse and rode over to see the member who had written to me.

Growing tired of vague and general statements that told nothing, I demanded a plain answer to my question, "What kind of school is this?" I got it. "Toughest school in the County."

I taught it. It was rather discouraging at first, for so many of the children seemed inclined to regard the teacher as a natural enemy. I heard, too, that the leaders of the "tough bunch" had bragged that they meant to "double team it, and run the school; always had and always would."

They did not. By that time I was in excellent health and "hard as nails." I felt perfectly able to trounce both those boys if it became necessary; but the only pupil I was obliged to chastise during the term was a girl. A big girl—in her teens and well grown. The boys looked on, and seemed to think it best to behave with a fair degree of decency. Years later I heard one of those boys acknowledge that he had learned from me "what school was for" and he meant that his children, (he was then married) should make better use of it than ever he had.

The first half of the term I boarded with Mrs. Smith. Then Mr. Smith was sick, and I boarded at home, riding the ten miles night and morning.

In this way I became acquainted with a considerable extent of rough and picturesque country, and during the summer I found the Record Rocks; a sandstone formation along the face of which for many rods were carvings made by some ancient people, recording events they considered important.

The Wolf Meet

During our residence on Dutch Flat there occurred a "wolf meet." Most of the men of the neighborhood were away, attending a council out at Willow Creek. Just after dark came the first call. "You-oo-oo-oo—long and loud, and answers from different directions, and presently the pack had gathered. Then began a weird concert. The wolves were about a quarter of a mile from one house and the people there had the full benefit of the music. It must have sounded tremendously loud there, for it sounded loud enough at our place, twice as far away.

One old fellow had a bass voice that as one of the listeners said "fairly shook the ground," and when he paused for breath the rest came in with full chorus. About an hour of this and they dispersed.

Next day a man went to the scene of the "meet" to learn if they had made a kill. They had not, but he was able to distinguish the tracks of sixteen huge wolves. That must have been a sort of farewell performance, for hardly a wolf has been seen in that locality since, though coyotes are occasionally noticed.

A Fruit Ranch

We had come to the valley expecting to help complete the Table Mountain ditch. That proved slow work. Having opportunity to buy 40 acres already under ditch, I borrowed money and made the purchase.

Husband hauled logs and built a cabin. I had engaged to teach the Borner Garden school. (Had previously taught there part of a term when a teacher was obliged to leave because of other demands on her.)

The cabin was not done when it was time to begin school, so we camped for a few days, and it stormed the very first night. Once more we had the work of drying things when sunshine came again.

I had joined the Rebekah lodge, and refused invitations from several other organizations because I had not time for them. Our change of residence bringing us nearer town, attendance at meetings was easier.

We were interested in public affairs. We had found on our arrival that the associated liquor dealers had practical control of the county's affairs. Being organized they were able to influence both party conventions. They demanded from each party nomination of their candidate for several offices, "or else we'll knock your ticket"; of course they were careful to bid for different offices on the different tickets, and then—they scratched tickets any way, to elect all their own candidates.

Conversations with numbers of women revealed the fact that there was very general dissatisfaction with this condition. Also there was a general impression—carefully fostered by the saloon element—that if they did scratch tickets to vote against saloon-keepers or bartenders, there would be reprisals.

"They know how every vote is cast, and would find ways to injure us."

Knowing the law on this matter I was able to assure them that no one could learn how a vote was cast if the voter did

not tell. That information being passed along, the saloon vote was less. The next step was to offer a motion in the precinct meetings instructing delegates to oppose the nomination of saloon keepers. This of course created a bit of friction in the conventions, so something must be done to "head off those women."

When the "No saloon men" motion was offered in the precinct primary, no man had the nerve to say: "I want a saloon man nominated." So they would use different means.

It fell to me to make the "No saloon candidates" motion in our precinct. The next time I had no chance to make the motion. As soon as the delegates were named a man sprang up. "I move that we don't instruct the delegates except to look for good candidates." Seconded, carried, without even a chance for debate.

"Move we adjourn." Carried. Reach for their hats. I rose.

"Gentlemen, I didn't bring you instructions this time, but information. Nominate a saloon keeper and he will be defeated."

Evidently they did not believe me. The impression prevailed that the liquor dealers who had dominated affairs so long would continue to do so. There were five saloon-keepers and bartenders nominated, two on one ticket, three on the other. Then they waited to see what "those women" would do.

We didn't hold any meeting. We didn't circulate any literature, not even chain letters. The little group that started the fight had their plans. Every one chose a few women to talk with. These in turn chose others. Our "chain conversations" covered the county. We won!

I chanced to be in the office of the Clipper, as the State Journal was then called just after the type for the page giving the election returns had been placed on the imposing stone. I could read type and called the attention of one of the office men to the fact that all saloon candidates were defeated. He stared at the figures.

"Well, I guess you did know what you talked about."

"I did. Now I am telling you that we shall do that every time."

Mr. Lambertson who was a delegate to the next convention, came home from it laughing.

"They're sure afraid of you women now. Every place but one had been filled and no one had asked for that. Someone turned to a saloon-keeper who was there, with 'I guess we'll have to put you on for that!' He brought his fist down

with a bang. 'Not by a damned sight! You won't put me on to be knocked down.' Guess he remembered what happened last election."

The Borner Garden people were most of them against the saloons. "Vote a straight ticket" was a slogan that influenced them very little. I was several times a member of the election board in that precinct. From about eighty ballots five was the most "straight tickets" I ever helped to count. The voters party affiliation was indicated by the vote for National or State candidates, but nominees for local offices must stand on their own merits.

I enjoyed the Borner Garden School. The children were not angels but none were mean and malicious. They were full of pranks, and keeping them in order was like training thoroughbred colts. It required constant watchfulness, but was well worth it.

Some of them, now substantial citizens with children of their own in school, are among my best friends.

Orchards

We were experimenters too. The impression prevailed that apples could be grown only "in a canyon, like Ed Young's." Mr. Young was a pioneer in the fruit business, and successful. But while I was not exactly "born in an orchard," I had spent a great deal of my life among the apple trees, and thought our little farm was a good place to plant them.

We set apple trees on a hillside, facing east, and to the surprise of the "you can't" people, lost fewer trees by winter kill than the canyon orchards had. Also, the late spring frosts did us less damage than the lowland orchards suffered.

This demonstration encouraged others, and now there are quite a number of hillside orchards.

Also we were told "You can't make anything on small fruits in this country." Selling more than two hundred dollars worth from about an acre refuted that.

"You can't grow roses here." (And every gulch was full of the wild ones.) But I had a hedge of them from the house to the road.

You see we rather enjoyed doing the impossible. It was fun.

When the Fremont Horticultural Society was organized, Mr. Lambertson and I became members. If I remember correctly Frank Nicol was the first secretary. Later Hugo Koch filled the place for a time. Mr. R. H. Hall was president. At first our meetings were chiefly devoted to exchanging information. When the newer orchards came into bearing, we started

a county fair, the members making a contribution and the business men subscribing various amounts to meet the premium lists and other expenses.

The fair brought more and more exhibits together, and when the State fair was established at Douglas, Fremont County was prepared to take part. As secretary at that time of the F. H. S. I recorded all entries to the County Fair, and there were thirty-two orchards represented—instead of the bare half-dozen we heard about when we came to the valley.

Fruits and farm produce were donated by the exhibitors. Money was raised to pay for transportation and other expenses. R. H. Hall and Edward Farthing had charge of the farm products, and I of the women's exhibits.

The Society had offered premiums to Indian farmers for their produce, and for bead work and other domestic manufactures. Mrs. Kealer, field matron had helped to secure many fine examples of handicraft; and her husband, Arapahoe trader, and an Indian named Crispin went with us to Douglas. The two spent most of their time in the building where domestic manufactures and art work were displayed for their exhibit had been assigned to that division.

Whenever not engaged in showing or explaining things in their own department Crispin used to come over to mine and ask questions. Nothing foolish or childish. Every query concerned the practical business of farming and stock raising, and marketing produce. If he didn't learn all I knew about the subject, it was for lack of time.

The place assigned to me in the building was between the Cheyenne lady and the Douglas lady. We soon reached an understanding, so that one might leave to see other parts of the fair, and the others would take care of her exhibit.

About the third day one of the men came over to ask if I would go over and stay awhile with the fruit and farm stuff. They had been right there ever since the fair begun, and now there was a race they would very much like to see.

I went over. In a few minutes the buildings were deserted but for those in charge of exhibits. I picked up a magazine.

Presently in came a group that I recognized as eastern business men. They seemed to have come expressly to examine what Fremont County had to show. They looked at it from all sides. They lifted the big pumpkin. They took the plates of apples and turned them around, lifted some of the fruit by the stem to examine it more minutely. At last, seeming satisfied that every thing was as good as it looked they stepped back and viewed it again as a whole.

One spoke, "Well, this settles it." "Yes," answered another. "The question was whether we could afford to build. In view of this we can't afford not to."

They had paid no attention to me, and I kept on (apparently) reading the magazine. They went out.

In about thirty minutes a brisk young fellow appeared and tacked up a number of placards, printed in big black letters.

**THESE EXHIBITS COME FROM
The GREAT LANDER COUNTRY
TO WHICH THE NORTHWESTERN IS BUILDING AS
RAPIDLY AS POSSIBLE**

The Northwestern made good. The next year we didn't go to the State Fair, but we worked hard to get up a fitting display at home, for a big excursion train was coming in to celebrate the completion of the railroad. There were visitors from many parts of the state, and some from other states.

Senator Clark was being shown about by Mayor Johnson. As they were examining the fruit I heard the Senator say—"I have heard a great deal about this Fremont County Fair, and I want to meet the men who have made it such a success."

"All right," said the Mayor. "Come right over here. It's a woman," and he introduced us. The Senator had many questions to ask about the County and its resources which I was able to answer.

Perhaps Mr. Johnson gave me too much credit. Others worked too. True, I could sometimes see something that had escaped their notice, but they never hesitated to adopt my suggestions when I had explained the reasons.

Several railroad officials were among our visitors, and they desired to take a collection of fruit back to Chicago for exhibition.

Exhibitors were quite willing to donate for that purpose, and the railroad men were supplied with enough to make a fine showing.

It has always been a source of satisfaction to me that I helped to gather, prepare, and take to Douglas the exhibit that settled the question in the minds of the railroad men.

When a "Fair Association was organized and the Horticultural Society ceased to exist, the fair became chiefly a sporting event and the farmers lost interest. For several years there were no fairs; but Riverton has succeeded in reviving them, and if the same mistake is not made as in Lander, they will probably continue.

Several years ago I was for a time at Ethete. While there I visited the fair the Indians were holding. They had very creditable displays of grain, vegetables and handiwork. Crispin was in charge, and though we had not met for some twenty years, he recognized me, and recalled our trip to Douglas.

A Midnight Marriage

When son Leslie was twenty-one, we deeded the homestead to him. William and Jessie had their own homestead, as well as a desert claim.

For several years Leslie farmed the ranch, spending his spare time (when he had any) with us on the little fruit farm. When he received his call to World War service, he asked a young lady if she would wait for him till he got back from France.

She said "No, you need me now if ever, and if necessary I can earn my living just as well married as single."

So they planned an immediate marriage. Then they discovered the time consuming formalities necessary to secure a license, for she was a minor and must have the "consent of parent or guardian." Her aunt, Mrs. Stork in Riverton was the only one who could give such consent, for the rest of the family were in Dakota. So they must go to Riverton and bring Mrs. Stork.

Time was precious, for they had planned to be married that evening and she had packed her luggage and said goodby to her employers. So it was necessary for mother to help out. I was driving to town with a load of fruit when Leslie saw me. "I was just coming up to see you" he said, and explained their difficulties. Short notice it was, but I promised to see to everything necessary, while he secured a car and made haste to Riverton. I engaged a minister, bought a cake at the bakery, as I would have no time to make one; some tableware for a wedding present at the general store, and hurried home.

I had been doing outdoor work most of the time that summer, for there were no men to be hired. So my house-keeping was rather like camping. A hasty sweeping and dusting, a little "setting to rights" a short order supper for husband and self, and we hurried through the chores, milking, feeding, etc.

We had hardly changed from working clothes when the minister arrived. The two men sat down to visit while I prepared sandwiches, cut a watermelon, and had refreshments ready to serve.

Then we waited—hour after hour—for bride and groom. The minister spoke of going home, and coming up again when they arrived. I started a discussion of the war and the prophecies; he grew interested and animated and forgot about going home. At last, a little after midnight, they came. The ceremony was performed, the refreshments served. The young couple and the aunt departed, the minister went home, and husband and I settled down to get what rest we could before daylight called us to work again.

The aunt stopped in Lander to wait for the train, Isabelle and Leslie went on to Dutch Flat to begin housekeeping. He had a large acreage of wheat nearly ready for harvest, and was granted leave for a few days to do that work, since otherwise it would go to waste, and food was needed. Then came the flu epidemic, and movement to training camps was temporarily halted. Before it was resumed came the Armistice.

Mr. Lambertson was a veteran of the Civil War, and with advancing years his health failed. By 1920 it was plain that he ought not to do farm work. As it was impossible for him to be content in idleness and let me manage the place with hired help, I sold it and bought the little house in Lander.

It hurt to leave the place we had worked for twenty years to make a beauty spot. The buyer was from Nebraska, and his effort to use Nebraska methods of farming in Wyoming was of course a failure. Example—his first attempt to “improve” the place way by destroying a large part of the shrubbery I had planted, and tended for years. It wasn’t in rows, and he “thought it was just wild stuff.” Some of it was native, but eastern nurserymen who have acquired a stock charge high prices for it.

It was perhaps a coincidence that the place I bought in Lander once belonged to Wilbur Coutant. The Coutants had moved away years before, and the place had been occupied by various tenants. It was not attractive. Not a tree, shrub, nor vine. No grass. Weeds, weeds, weeds. We plowed and planted, and year by year something has been added. Now there are shade trees, lilacs, roses, vines, currants and flowers. One plum tree, from a pit I planted, has been in bearing for five years, and others are growing. Also young apple trees from seed Mr. Lambertson planted.

When we had been here less than a year, I had an accident that resulted in a broken leg. Then I found that we had some of the best neighbors in the world. They did everything in their power to help. The spirit of the old west, the impulse to “lend a hand,” is not dead. A year

later my husband's condition had become so serious that it was necessary that he have hospital treatment.

Son went with him to Denver. He underwent an operation in St. Luke's, which relieved pain and prolonged his life, but a cure was impossible. He remained there from early November till January. He returned, weak, but free from pain. He was able to be about for several months, but of course could do no work.

In May, 1922, he became helpless. From that time I was nurse as well as housekeeper, on duty day and night, sleeping by snatches and sleeping listening. Again our neighbors were kind and helpful, but in such cases there is so little that friends can do.

In October he passed to his long rest, and I was left alone. Leslie and Isabelle asked me to go home with them, but I knew I must get used to being alone, so I stayed here and fought out my battle with loneliness. Temporary absence would only have prolonged the pain.

Though my health was broken. I did not become an idler. I spent two winters in Missouri with an uncle who needed me. What a dull and dreary landscape Missouri shows to one who has loved the Wyoming mountains! Now, that dear old man has passed to rest, and does not need me.

Leslie, because of an injury, had to give up farming, and seek lighter work. Knowing the country and the habits of the game he is a competent guide. About a year and a half ago, an attack of acute appendicitis rendered an operation necessary. Examination disclosed that two more were needful, and he underwent all three. He is now just getting back to normal health.

The house they had been renting having been sold, and the new owner wishing to take possession, they must leave it. Just then they had no time to look for another, so Leslie who is also a good carpenter, bought some lumber and built a little cottage on my lot. Now Isabelle and I can see each other a dozen times a day if we wish, but neither disturbs the other's housekeeping plans. And if either is away for a few days the other cares for all the pets, cats, dog, and chickens.

As to my literary activities, perhaps my taste for poetry is inherited. Grandfather Goodspeed used to write verse now and then. Other Goodspeeds have done the same. They are fighting stock too. Up to the Spanish War there were 109 of the name in U. S. service. Some are lawyers.

The Frosts are fighters too. Several of that name are rather well known as artists. I never heard of one who was

a millionaire, but all I know anything about stand well in their communities. Though I try not to meddle with my neighbors' private affairs, it is rather natural to take the part of any one who suffers wrong. The "under dog" usually has my sympathy.

I like to paint, flowers and landscapes mostly. But I never had an instruction in the art. When I was a school girl, making pictures in school was sure to bring a reprimand. And at home, my good grandmother always had knitting work or something of the kind on hand for me. She considered reading or drawing as wasting time, (for girls).

The first verse I remember making was when I was about ten years old. My baby brother was the subject.

I have written many since, most of them inspired by local subjects, and printed in the local papers. All have been just in the spare minutes of a busy life. Some of them seem to me worth preserving, and I am trying now to prepare them for book publication.

One verse will perhaps remain a long time. When Gus Batte was planning a monument to the "soldiers of all our wars," he asked me to write a verse for it. I did. It is carved on the granite, with my initials.

To honor the boys of Sixty-one,
The youth of the Spanish War,
And Legion lads whose work was done
In old world lands afar,
This shaft is raised by the loyal son
Of one who wore the star.
E. G. L.

The rest of the inscription gives his father's name, and states that Gus would honor him and the soldiers of all our wars.

EVANSTON

Land Office

The Evanston Land District was established by Act of Congress, dated August 9, 1876, and comprises all the Public Lands lying west of the 31 Meridian west of Washington in Wyoming Territory. Previous to this date there was but one Land Office in this territory, which was located at Cheyenne. Many of the early land entries of this vicinity including the tract entered by our townsman M. V. Morse, were made in the Cheyenne office. We can find no record of the exact date when the Evanston Land Office was formally opened for business, but find that the first business done in said office was a pre-emption filing by Wm. Mix made on the 5th day of November 1877.

The first Register of the Land Office was William G. Touse, and the first receiver was Edwin S. Crocker. The entire receipts for the first year after it was established amounted to only \$2,298.94.

The following is a condensed report of the business done in the United States Land Office at Evanston for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1889. There were entries as follows:

40	Original Desert entries acres.....	12,404.11
44	Final Desert entries acres.....	14,020.90
64	Original Homestead.....	10,970.31
21	Fines Homestead Acres.....	3,250.03
21	Timber Culture.....	2,438.13

From the unpublished notes of Coutant.



ACCESSIONS

April 1, 1937 to January 1, 1938

Museum

Hofmann, Mrs. R. J.—A beautiful mounted pheasant.

Brower, Col. George M.—Loan. A large framed etching on satin done by Paul Moran, dated 1887 with his signature. A large framed picture of Lieut. General U. S. Grant. An old trunk dated 1854. A French doll dress (Empire period) embroidered on satin and lined with silk. A fruit and flower Eperne-Pennsylvania, 1820. A wine decanter—English ruby glass of 1830. A wine jug—English Meigh Pottery of 1844. Very early American steel wire spectacle frames. Fifteen old garments of the late 70's. Old lace: French Duchesse, 1860; Maltese, 1860; an old lady's day cap of about 1840; embroidered collar and cuffs of about 1849 with a picture showing how they were worn.

Brown, Mary A.—An old dipper in which lead was melted to mould bullets. It was probably used during the Civil War.

Johnson, Mrs. Helen H.—Part of an old gun found by Hershel Brown on the Johnson ranch on Horse Creek.

Kalber, Art—Isin-glass from Isin-glass Mountain at Thermopolis. Eleven gizzard stones. Seven small arrow heads from Hell's Half Acre.

Hoskins, W. C.—A colored automobile license plate advertising Cheyenne Frontier Days for 1937.

Williams, Mrs. J. T.—A gold watch and key presented to Mrs. Rosa Rankin by the Board of County Commissioners, Carbon County, for bravery in preventing the escape of "Big Nose George" from the Rawlins jail March 20, 1881. The watch was presented on March 22, 1881. Mrs. Williams' brothers, James Hayes Rankin, Robert Wilson Rankin, and Elmer Lee Rankin are co-donors.

Abbott, George E.—Jaw bone of "Big Nose George" (Parrott) desperado convicted of murder of two Carbon County officers and sentenced to be hanged at Rawlins, April 2, 1881. After an unsuccessful attempt to escape from the Rawlins jail, March 20, 1881, he was hanged by parties "unknown." This jaw bone came indirectly to the Historical Department from the person who received it from Robert W. Breckens, between thirty and forty years ago; Mr. Breckens was an attorney in the trial.

Wyoming Typewriter and Equipment Company—Loan. Four old typewriters: The Blick, the Hammond, the Fox, and the Emerson. The first typewriter made in the United States was in 1870, and at that time in Germany the original portable typewriter was being made, and that was the Blickensduerfer, the patent for which was bought by a United States firm about ten years later and was made here under the name of Blick. The Hammond typewriter was made from 1880 to 1893, and this particular machine was purchased in 1887. The Fox was made from 1902 to 1905, this one being made in 1905. This Emerson was purchased in 1910, and the patent was bought by the Woodstock Company.

Clark, Edith K. O. through Mary A. Brown—5 War Savings Service badges. 4 Wyoming State Teachers' Association badges for years, 1914, 1915, 1916, and 1917. 1 badge from the Curtis Publishing Co., Spokane, April 4, 5, and 6, 1916. 6 National Education Association badges for the years 1915, 1916, and 1917. Three of these badges are from the Department of Superintendents. 1 National Security League badge—a delegate's badge. Two scrap books concerning The Gables when it was operated by Miss Clark.

Hunt, Dr. Lester C.—A display of Wyoming Automobile License plates from the first one in 1913 to the present, 1938. These plates were obtained from the collections of Hon. John R. Kunkel, Cheyenne; J. H. Rowles, Slater; S. R. Dixon, Hampshire, and Willis Hinz, Newcastle.

Moran, Nina—Indian Medicine Bowl. Purchased by Miss Moran from the Como Bluffs Museum for the Historical Department.

Pamphlets

McMurtrie, Douglas C.—"The Sweetwater Mines, a Pioneer Wyoming Newspaper." With notes on the apparently unique file preserved in the Bancroft Library, University of California.

University of Wyoming, Dr. Arthur G. Crane, President. Program of events for the semicentennial celebration of the University of Wyoming, 1887-1937. A pictorial brochure—Semicentennial souvenir edition.

National Park Service—Department of the Interior. "Glimpses of Historical Areas East of the Mississippi River" administered by the National Park Service. "Teton Dakota, Ethnology and History," by John C. Ewers. "Prehistoric Man in the Navajo Country," by Theodore H. Eaton, Jr. "Mammals of the Navajo Country," by Theodore H. Eaton, Jr. "Geology of the Navajo Country," by Theodore H. Eaton, Ruth N. Martius, and Agnes J. Walker. "Amphibians and Reptiles of the Navajo Country," by Theodore H. Eaton, Jr. "Birds of the Navajo Country," by Theodore H. Eaton and Geraldine Smith.

Briggs, Harold E.—"The Early Development of Sheep Ranching in the Northwest," by Harold E. Briggs. Reprinted from "Agricultural History," 11: 161-180.

Magazines

Kingham, Ruth—"The Burr McIntosh Monthly." December, 1904, Vol. 6, No. 21 to May, 1910, Vol. XXII, No. 86. Complete except January and February, 1905; May and August, 1906.

Newspapers

Old Fort Laramie Historical Society—"The Guernsey Gazette," July 2, 1937. Old Fort Laramie Historical Edition.

Ballou, William J.—Industrial edition of the "Cheyenne Daily Sun," March, 1888.

Griffith, J. B.—"The Lusk Herald." Golden Jubilee Edition, 1886-1936. May 28, 1936.

Miscellaneous Publications

- Clark, Edith K. O. through Mary A. Brown—Copy of the "Wyoming State Tribune," Nov. 25, 1929. Clipping from the "Wyoming State Tribune," on the Cheyenne flood, June 3, 1929. Pamphlet—"The House of Shupe," a short inimitable story as told by the late Howard Eaton. Photograph of Mrs. Meyer. Etchings by Bill Gollings. Picture of the interior of Miss Edith Clark's tea room taken about 1925. Passport of Miss Clark's. "The Jayhawkers in France." Paper published in France, February 19, 1919. Clipping from "The Saturday Evening Post," March 17, 1928, "The Stars and Stripes." Letter from Bill Gollings to Edith K. O. Clark. Story in verse by Bill Gollings.
- Parmelee, Edward—Newspaper clippings from the "Wyoming State Tribune," Jan. 16, to February 27, 1937 concerning the First Infantry. Advertisement of E. I. DuPont De Nemours & Co. Manuscript on the "History of 76th Field Artillery." Mimeographed publication on the "History of the Seventy-Sixth Field Artillery."
- Wyoming State Training School—Programs. Independence Day Program, 1937. Fourth of July, 1933 and 1935. Independence Day, 1936. Christmas, 1928, 1932 and 1936. Circus, July 26, 1933. Thanksgiving, Nov. 26, 1933. Wyoming State Training School Broadcast, March, 1936, February, 1936 and 1937. Valentine, February 5, 1928. "In Memoriam" to Frank Collins Emerson.
- Houser, G. O.—Broadside of dedicatory celebration at Old Fort Laramie, July 5, 1937.
- Old Fort Laramie Historical Society—Program of Old Fort Laramie Dedicatory Celebration, July 5, 1937.
- Brown, Mary—Invitation issued by the State of Wyoming to the dedication ceremony of the Supreme Court and Library Building, May 10, 1937.
- Daniels, Hiram—An old canceled check made out to C. P. Organ and Co. by DeForest Richards, August 21, 1888. Mr. Richards was Governor of Wyoming from 1899-1903.
- Brown, Mary A.—J-A-B-S. Published and printed by the inmates of the Wyoming State Prison at Rawlins. Vol. 1, No. 1, Dec., 1915. Vol. 1, No. 2, January, 1916. Vol. 1, No. 3, Feb., 1916. Vol. 1, No. 4, March, 1916, 5 and 6, 7, and 8, April to July. "Wyoming Pen." Edited and published by inmates of Wyoming State Prison, Rawlins. Vol. 1, No. 2, October, 1916. Thanksgiving Number, Nov., 1916. Christmas No., Dec., 1916. Literary Number, Jan., 1917. Penalogical No., February, 1917. Vol. 2, Nos. 11, and 12, Nov. and Dec. Vol. 3, Nos. 1-5, Jan. to May. Vol. 4, Nos. 1-3, July, August, and September, 1918. Program—Wyoming State Prison Show, Dec. 25, 1915.
- Hawke, Dr. Charlotte G.—Newspaper clippings: "Phillip Mass Visits Cheyenne." "Fort Bridger an Historic Spot," 1910.
- Houser, G. O.—Business card: Booth's Hotel, Custer City, D. T. Sidney Stage Office, S. M. Booth, Proprietor, July, 1876. A list of Stage Stations is on the back of the card.

Lee, "Powder River" Jack—Music. "Across the Great Divide," dedicated to Will Rogers. "The Cody Stampede." Words and music by Mr. Lee.

Williams, Mrs. Mollie E.—1 article on the Kadler and Morgan families. 1 article on Fort Phil Kearney Massacre. Newspaper clippings: "Mollie Lays a Ghost." From the Tribune Leader, n. d. "Fort Laramie as Landmark Plan of U. S." Name and date of paper not given. Clippings giving pictures of Mr. & Mrs. George J. Morgan of Laramie and an account of Mrs. Morgan's death. Laramie Republican-Boomerang, July 6, 1934. 1 letter from Mrs. Williams to Miss Nina Moran.

Irvine, Robert L.—Copy of "The Talk Given on the Thirtieth Anniversary of His Pledge" with additions, October 12, 1937. Letter from Mr. Irvine to Miss Nina Moran.

Meeks, C. P.—1 article: "A Tribute to the Smith Family." Letter from C. P. Meeks to Miss Nina Moran.

Pictures

Supreme Court—A large framed picture of Hon. Melville C. Brown, President of the Wyoming Constitutional Convention, 1889. A member of the Wyoming Bar, 1871. This was presented to the Department through the agency of Judge Fred H. Blume, Judge William A. Riner, and Judge Ralph Kimball.

Governor's Office, through Governor Leslie A. Miller—Four oil paintings of governors: Francis E. Warren, William A. Richards, John A. Campbell, and William B. Ross.

Christensen, Mart—A photograph of the original painting of Jim Baker's cabin.

Churchill, Minnie R. and Eaton, Emily C.—A photograph of the Regents of the University of Wyoming, 1896. A photograph of an early graduating class, Cheyenne High School, between 1886 and 1890. Program of Statehood Celebration, Cheyenne, Wyo., July 23, 1890.

Jones, Mrs. Gladys Powelson—Loan. A reproduction in oil painting of Dr. Grace Hebard's map, "The History and Romance of Wyoming."

Old Fort Laramie Historical Society—Copy of a pen and ink sketch of "Old Bedlam" by Esther Niefeld Brown for the dedicatory celebration of Old Fort Laramie, July 5, 1937.

Brown, Mary A.—Photograph of the dedication ceremony of the Supreme Court and Library Building, May 10, 1937.

Klein, L. E. ("Coyote Bill")—A large framed photograph and a small one of Mr. L. E. Klein in buck-skin costume showing the type of dress worn by the early day trappers and traders. This suit was purchased about 1909 or 1910.

Shaffner, E. B.—Two snapshots: Sibley Point near Old Horseshoe Station, which was burned in 1868. Picture of the tree under which Ted Pollard and Edith Austin were married in 1897.

- Hilt, Mitchell (Sargt.)—Four snapshots of Old Fort Laramie taken Sept. 3, 1937.
- Houser, G. O.—Picture post cards of Fort Laramie: (1) Prison and Guard House. (2) "Old Bedlam." (3) Barracks. (4) Sutler's Store. (5) "Old Bedlam" & Hospital. (6) Old Fort Laramie Bridge. (7) Ruins-Soldiers Barracks.
- Osborne, Dr. John E.—A photostatic copy of the "Rawlins Republican," Sept. 27, 1928, "Osborne Gives Shackles of 'Big Nose' George to U. P."
- Porter, Frederic H.—Through the Governor's office. A large unframed picture of the Council, The Eleventh Legislative Assembly.
- Bernfeld, Seymour S.—Pictures of grave markers of H. H. Vincent and Robert Widdowfield, deputy sheriffs of Carbon County, who were killed by "Big Nose" George and gang of desperadoes in 1878; death mask of "Big Nose" George; a pair of shoes made from his hide, and the Carbon County Court House built in 1882.
- Fox, Truman L.—1 snapshot of himself and his niece, Marion Eddy. 1 snapshot of himself, Mrs. Bowman, his sister-in-law, and Mrs. McMoran.
- Dan-American Archives Society—through Margaret Burke—Postcards: Aalborg, I Raebild Bakker. Udvandrerarkivet, Dan-American Archives, Aalborg. Det Amerikanske Bibliotek. The Rebild National Park, 5/8/1919. Arkivsalen. I Rebild Bakker. Picture of logs from the U. S. on their way to the site where the Lincoln Log Cabin now is erected. Galten Kirke ved Raebild Bakker. Aalborg, Nyforv i gamle Fage.
- Burke, Margaret—Picture of the Wyoming State Flag made especially for the California International Exposition at San Diego, 1935.
- Groshon, Maurice—Copy of a picture of Fort Bridger in 1889. 2 pictures of the Fort Bridger State Museum with Mr. Groshon standing in the foreground. Photostatic copy of an account of Fort Bridger with two maps of the fort.
- Kingham, Ruth—3 sets of early day pictures of Cheyenne, 2 of which are Souvenir folding post cards, and the other a miniature set, 1907. A brochure on Thermopolis and Hot Springs County, 1914.

BOOKS

Gifts

- "Army and Navy Legion of Valor." Presented to the Historical Department by the U. S. Army and Navy Legion of Valor. Autographed by H. H. Horton, D. S. C., National Deputy Chief of Staff. 1937.
- "Big Loop and Little, the Cowboy's Story," by Alice Rogers Hager. A gift from the publishers, Macmillan Company. 1937.
- "Columbia, Capital City of South Carolina, 1786-1936," edited by Helen Kohn Hennig, published by the Columbia Sesqui-Centennial Commission. 1936.

- "Historical Sketch of the Twentieth U. S. Infantry, 1861-1919." A gift from Edward Parmelee.
- "A History of the University of Wyoming, 1887-1937," by Wilson O. Clough. A gift from the University of Wyoming, Arthur G. Crane, President. 1937.
- "In Memoriam, Grace Raymond Hebard, 1861-1936," published by the faculty of the University of Wyoming. 1937.
- "Official Letters from the Hon. Commissioner Land Office to the Local Office at Cheyenne, Wyoming Territory." 1870-1874. A gift to the Historical Department from Mart Christensen.
- "Session Laws of Wyoming, 1935." "Session Laws of Wyoming, 1937." From the Secretary of State.
- "The Story of the Spanish-American War," told by W. Nephew King. 1900. Presented by George M. Brower.
- "The Tetons in Pictures," by Harrison R. Crandall. Presented by the Crandall Studios. No date.
- "Washington City and Capital," by the Federal Writers' Project Administration. American Guide Series. Presented by Mart Christensen. 1937.
- "West Virginia Blue Book," 1936. Compiled and edited by Charles Lively, Clerk of the Senate, Charleston, West Virginia. Presented By Mr. Lively.
- "When Beggars Choose," by Katharine Newlin Burt. Autographed and presented to the Historical Department by the author. 1937.
- "Wyoming Student Verse," 1927-1937. An anthology edited by Wilson O. Clough. A gift from the University of Wyoming. 1937.

Purchased by the Department

- "Across the Continent," by Samuel Bowles. 1868.
- "The Banditti of the Plains," by A. S. Mercer. A reprint. 1935.
- "Black Feather, Trapper Jim's Fables of Sheepeater Indians in the Yellowstone," by LeVerne Harriet Fitzgerald. 1933.
- "Blankets and Moccasins, Plenty Coups and His People, the Crows," by Glendolin Damon Wagner and William A. Allen. 1936.
- "The Book of Cowboys," by Francis Rolt-Wheeler. 1921.
- "Boots and Saddles," by Elizabeth B. Custer. 1885.
- "Campaigning with Crook and Stories of Army Life," by Charles King. 1890.
- "The Cheyenne Indians, Memoirs of the American Anthropological Association," 1907, by James Mooney.
- "A Complete Life of Gen. George A. Custer," by Frederick Whittaker. 1876.
- "The Conquest of the Great Northwest," by Agnes C. Laut. 1918.
- "Custer's Last Battle," by Charles Francis Roe. 1927.
- "Dave Cook of the Rockies, Frontier General, Fighting Sheriff and Leader of Men," by William Ross Collier and Edwin Victor Westrate. 1936.

- "End of the Track," by James H. Kyner as told to Hawthorne Daniel. 1937.
- "A Friend of the Mormons," by Thomas Leiper Kane. 1937.
- "Goteh, the Story of a Cowhorse," by Luke D. Sweetman. 1936.
- "History of Cheyenne and Northern Wyoming, 1876," by J. H. Triggs.
- "Incidents of Travel and Adventure in the Far West," by S. N. Carvalho. 1860.
- "Indian Fights and Fighters," by Cyrus Townsend Brady. 1913.
- "Marcus Whitman, Pathfinder and Patriot," by Myron Eells. 1909.
- "The Medora-Deadwood Stage Line," by Lewis F. Crawford. 1925.
- "Memoirs of the West, The Spaldings," by Eliza Spalding Warren. 1916.
- "The Mormon Menace," 1905, by John Doyle Lee.
- "My Life on the Frontier, 1864-1882," by Miguel Antonio Otero. 1935.
- "My People of the Plains," by Ethelbert Talbot. 1906.
- "Nevada, a History of the State from the Earliest Times Through the Civil War," By Effie Mona Mack. 1936.
- "The Open Range," by Oscar Rush. 1936.
- "The Pacific Tourist." Adams and Bishop's illustrated trans-continental guide of travel from the Atlantic to the Pacific ocean. 1884.
- "The Penn Patents in the Forks of the Delaware," by A. D. Chidsey. 1937.
- "The Range Cattle Industry," by Edward Everett Dale. 1930.
- "The Real Billy the Kid, With New Light on the Lincoln County War," by Miguel Otero. 1936.
- "Red Heroines of the Northwest," by Byron Defenbach. 1935.
- "Riding the High Country," by Patrick T. Tucker. 1936.
- "Sheridan's Troopers on the Border," by De B. Randolph Keim. 1870.
- "Shoshone and Other Western Wonders," by Edwards Roberts. 1888.
- "Stories of the Wild West and Camp Fire Chats," by Buffalo Bill. 1901.
- "Story of the Little Big Horn," by Lieut. Col. W. A. Graham. 1926.
- "Sweet Medicine" and other stories of the Cheyenne Indians, as told to Richard W. Randolph. 1937.
- "South of the Sunset," by Claire Warner Churchill. An interpretation of Sacajawea, the Indian girl that accompanied Lewis and Clark. 1936.
- "The Tabors," by Lewis Cass Gandy. 1934.
- "A Texas Cowboy," by Charles A. Siringo. 1886.
- "Thrills, 1861-1887," by Nate Craig. No date.
- "Triggerometry, a Gallery of Gunfighters," by Eugene Cunningham. 1934.
- "The Truth About Buffalo Bill," by Herbert Cody Blake. 1929.
- "Wailatpu, Its Rise and Fall, 1836-1847; a Story of Pioneer Days in the Pacific Northwest Based Entirely Upon Historical Research," by Miles Cannon. 1915.
- "A Warrior Who Fought Custer," interpreted by Thomas B. Marquis. 1931.
- "When Old Trails Were New, a Story of Taos," by Blanche C. Grant. 1934.

- "A Wyoming Big Game Hunt," by A. H. Cordier. 1907.
- "Wyoming, From Territorial Days to the Present," by Frances Birkhead Beard. Three volumes. 1933.
- "Yellowstone National Park," by Hiram Martin Chittenden. 5th edition. 1905.

Articles Collected by the State Historical Project After May 1, 1937

Fosdick, Mrs. Anna; Argesheimer, Judge J. C. and Hodgins, Mrs. Harriet L.—CORNET—This cornet was presented to Captain John Argesheimer, Band Master at Fort D. A. Russell, by Colonel Merritt as a thank offering for a musical composition written by Captain Argesheimer and honoring the birthday of Colonel Merritt. This cornet was carried by Captain Argesheimer throughout the campaign against Chief Red Cloud in 1877, and used regularly in Fort Russell and Fort Laramie, Wyo. It was also used by Captain Argesheimer in Whipple Barracks, Arizona, during the campaign against Geronimo. BUTTER DISH—This butter dish was presented to Captain John Argesheimer, chief musician, at Fort D. A. Russell, about 1880, by Colonel Brackett who was in command of the Post at that time. The gift was a thank offering for a musical composition written by Captain Argesheimer and called "The Brackett March." It was purchased at Zehner, Jackson and Buechner Jewelers of Cheyenne, 16th & Ferguson (now Carey).

Myers, Mrs. Bertha—Epulet worn by Mrs. Meyers' father, Mr. Morris Frank, in 1863. He was trumpeter in the State Militia in Kingston-Hudson. Pin made in Cheyenne before World War. Buttons from a military uniform. Old-fashioned spectacle holder. Little cabinet given to Mrs. Spaulding by Alice M. Hebard. Mrs. Spaulding gave it to her mother, Mrs. Myers. It was made for Miss Hebard about 1890 for Mrs. Spaulding. A large framed picture of Mrs. Myers' husband, Wm. Myers, a crayon made from a photo taken by Mr. Kirkland about 1875. An old picture frame which in 1937 was about 70 years old.

Waite, Mrs. Edrie—A light globe used by Mrs. Waite's mother when she first started keeping house about thirty or thirty-five years ago.

Wyoming Annals

Continuing the Annals of Wyoming

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No. 2

Harvard Law



Published Quarterly
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CONTENTS

	Page
Edwards, Elsa Spear	Fifteen Day Fight on Tongue River.....51
Campbell, John A.	Diary 1869-1875 (Continued).....59
Owen, Wm. O.	The First Ascent of the Grand Teton.....79
Beard, Mrs. Cyrus	Early Days in Wyoming Territory.....90
	Wyoming Firsts89
	Accessions95

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A FIFTEEN DAY FIGHT ON TONGUE RIVER, 1865

Contributed by ELSA SPEAR EDWARDS*

The story of adventure and exciting experiences of the Sawyer expedition which traversed the Sheridan country in 1865 is likened unto wild fiction with harrowing tales of Indian fights, distraction wrought by lack of water, and all the other vicissitudes of an overland trip with a wagon train made up of crude prairie schooners and drawn by the slow and easy going oxen. At times joy filled the hearts of the men and then again gloom brought on a terrible despondency. The trials and tribulations suffered by the men in this expedition scarcely recompensed them for the pleasure they had of wonderful fishing and hunting.

In 1912 Mr. A. M. Holman, of Iowa, one of the survivors of this trip, was in Sheridan trying to locate the route taken by the Sawyer expedition and related his experiences as follows:

"In 1864 the government appropriated \$50,000 for the purpose of finding a shorter route to Virginia City, and to establish an emigrant road connecting Sioux City with Virginia City. J. A. Sawyer was appointed commander of the expedition. On May 1, 1865, he crossed the Missouri at Sioux City near Yankton and made the final details of the trip. Included in the overland train was 15 wagons with 3 yoke of oxen apiece; 18 double wagons with 6 yoke apiece and 5 emigrant wagons with 3 yoke each. The expedition was finally on its way June 13th. From the initial starting point it was on the road for six months, arriving at its destination October 14, 1865.

"I was 19 years of age, at the time, and I was employed as a driver of the oxen. Most of the command were young fellows and we all received a salary of \$40 a month with the food and other experience, thrown in.

"As very little of interest of the expedition up to the time of arriving in this country occurred I will start in with the story after arriving on the Cheyenne. We followed up the

*Elsa Spear Edwards is a native daughter, born and brought up in Sheridan. She is a student of Wyoming History.

north fork of the Cheyenne river to the Bell Fourche country and then on to Powder river. In the Powder river breaks we were first harassed by Indians. Two thousand of the red devils swooped down on us and succeeded in killing three men of the expedition. We were annoyed by them for five days and finally a peace conference was called. We bought them off by making them a present of a wagonload of food.

"We found our way out of the bad lands there through Pumpkin Buttes and proceeded to Fort Connor on Powder river, afterwards called Fort Reno. This location is about twenty miles south of Kaycee. We found that General Connor had left a week before for a stockade on the Big Horn and it was there that we learned from Captain Kidd, commander of the fort, why the Indians on Powder river had desisted in their attacks and were so ready to make peace. They were being followed by General Connor and his troops and were driven down the Powder river when they ran onto us. The Indians communicated with each other by means of signal smokes and several nights before the peace conference we saw the skies illuminated by the fires and in the daytime smoke. Their purpose of course was mystifying to us until we were afterward acquainted with their method of communication. They were kept informed of the approach of the soldiers and when their proximity was too close for comfort they hastily declared peace with our expedition and departed. Connor knew of our coming into the country when he left Fort Laramie but we didn't know of his presence. At Fort Connor we made arrangements with Captain Kidd for an escort of cavalry and parts of two companies of the Michigan cavalry were detailed to us, consisting of about forty men. They were all fresh from the civil war and had seen active service of three years on the battlefield. Their enlistments had begun to expire and they disliked the idea of further service but finally yielded to the inevitable and accompanied us. They were of little use as they persisted in hunting along the route and at nights would camp by themselves.

"We followed General Connor's trail until it diverged into the Bozeman trail, the route taking us along the base of the Big Horn mountains.

"The events of the trip were written by myself about twelve years ago and to my recollection there were 65 or 75 men in the party, most of whom were employed in driving the oxen, leaving the expedition without adequate protection. We all carried the old-fashioned Springfield army muskets and revolvers and were fully supplied with ammunition. A six-pound howitzer was also included in our arsenal of defense.

“Referring back to the trip in the Powder river country. We had followed the course of the Niobrara for about 250 miles and took up the north fork of the Cheyenne river at about the location of Edgemont, S. D. After following this dry fork for many miles we turned westward to the head of the Belle Fourche. Between the Belle Fourche and Powder river we struck a terrible rough country and at one place we were three days traveling thirty-six miles. The fourth morning we drove the cattle loose to the Powder river, sixteen miles distant, and saved them from dying of thirst. Between the Belle Fourche and Powder river the distance is about fifty miles.

“After we left Fort Connor with our military escort we were bumping over the country until one day were surprised to meet twenty cowboys, mail carriers for General Connor, who had been attacked by Indians and were retreating. Twenty of our escort reinforced the mounted mail carriers so they could again go to the front and through to their mission.

“The soldiers were ordered to keep near the wagon train both day and night but to no avail. They declared they had seen three years of the battlefield and had no fear of the Indians. Consequently they employed their time according to their own liking and many times ignored the protection of their charges.

“We passed through this country one-half mile west of Lake De Smet in Johnson County, fording Little Goose Creek in the neighborhood of the present town of Big Horn and reaching Wolf Creek, sometime in August, 1865. Captain Cole, commanding the company of the Sixth Michigan cavalry, preceded the train on the west or north side of the river. In company with Lieut. Moore he rode up the steep bluff on the west side of the river for a better view of the country and rode into a veritable ambush of the Indians. The two officers were confronted by a large force of the painted warriors and with one volley from their guns, Captain Cole fell from his pony, pierced through the heart by a bullet. The lieutenant retreated down the embankment at a mad gallop and escaped uninjured though no effort was made by the redskins to overtake him. They were evidently satisfied with one death at this time. The next morning we broke camp and passed over the scene of the tragedy, between Wolf Creek and Tongue River. The distance between the streams at this point was about two and one-tenth miles. We did not bury Cole's body at this time, but thought it would preserve long enough to have it taken back to Fort Connor for interment.

“We knew hostile Indians infested the country and so were guarded against any emergency which might arise and

kept our arms ready for instant use. Upon descending into the Tongue river valley we saw smoke from numerous campfires rising slowly from the trees and from indications there must have been a veritable horde of the redskins. From our previous experience we knew they were not friendly. We trained our howitzer on a spot where the smoke was the thickest and sent a few shells flying into the camp. The result verified our suspicions for the Indians literally swarmed from the trees and underbrush. They were arrayed in war paint with feathers, bells and animal skins for their garb. In a double column our train forded Tongue river,* but this task was so arduous that by the time the last wagon was over the leading wagons were half a mile in the lead. Forty head of loose oxen were bringing up the rear and were still in the water when the Indians, about 100 in number, and of the Arapahoe nation, swooped down on them and succeeded in cutting several off from the train. The wagon drivers couldn't use their guns as their oxen required their entire attention. We formed an irregular corral with our wagons and took the defensive against the Indians who by this time had been increased to about 600. They would ride in circles around our corral and shoot at us from under their horses' necks. All were bareback and the way they yelled would shame the most ardent football rooters of our big colleges.

"The Indians were short of powder so that force of the bullets was insufficient to inflict dangerous wounds. In fact, the marksmanship of the Indians was good but their bullets didn't hurt either the cattle or men. Had they used more powder and shot less, they would have done far better execution and the list of fatalities would have been far more, even making it a doubt whether any of us would have escaped. The Indians swarmed the dense timber along the river and toward this point we decided to direct a heavy fire from our baby howitzer. We hauled the cannon to a commanding position and dropped a few shells into their midst. The Indians yelled with rage and we knew the cannon balls had done execution. The Indians did not retaliate but started building great fires and a barbecue of the stock captured from us was soon in progress. We thought the Indians would be appeased for the time being with their bellies full so we broke corral and in two columns entered the low hills beyond Tongue river. The Indians saw our move and attempted to frustrate it by riding ahead and firing upon us from the hills. We did not know how far it was to the next stream and rather than be

*Probably the Bozeman Trail crossing at Dayton.

cut off from a water supply we decided to go back to Tongue river.

"The Indians divined our motive and attempted to cut off our retreat. From there until we reached the river it was as pretty a skirmish fight as ever occurred, according to our military escort of twenty soldiers. The Indians attacked us from all sides but seemed to concentrate their strength on our rear. They poured volleys into the wagon train but the bullets lacked force and many of them landed on the hides of the oxen with a thud but failed to even break the skin. We approached the river farther down than our first fording point. Twenty-five Indians circumvented the train and rode ahead to a vantage point along a high bank. We continued toward this bank in two columns with the bullets flying thick and fast, denoting a much superior force than first opposed us. James Dilliner, driving an oxen team in the lead, was killed by a bullet which struck him in the back, and in a few minutes, E. G. Merrill, an emigrant of Sioux Falls, was also killed by a bullet while standing near the wheels of his wagon. Both men were placed in one of the wagons and as no reserve drivers were in the train, Dilliner's wagon followed along without a guiding hand.

"For the fifth time since reaching Tongue river we made corral but now we were out of rifle range. This point was between Ranchester and Dayton about the location of the old 76 ranch or to others known as the Bingham crossing. Here sixty canvas-covered wagons were arranged in a large circle with all the oxen and cattle loose in the enclosure. The Indians were encamped one-fourth of a mile up the river. Both forces held these same positions the second night and the prospect of avoiding a massacre at their hands seemed very slim indeed.

"General Connor with his troops was fifty miles away on the Big Horn* and that night Colonel Sawyer offered a liberal reward to anyone who would volunteer to locate him and bring reinforcements. Three men with rations stealthily stole away that night on this perilous undertaking. There was no change of position of the Indians or our wagon train the third day. The weather had turned colder and a severe storm ensued. The Indians began leaving their camps in large numbers and retreated to the canyon. The stock waded around the enclosure in mud up to their knees and almost every man in the outfit was benumbed with cold. The night of the third day, one of the drivers was restless while trying to sleep and he became much annoyed at a steer which kept rubbing its side against his wagon. He gave it a punch with a stick and

*Should be Tongue River.

started it on a frightened run. In return this steer startled others and in a few minutes all the animals had joined in the movement which by this time was a regular stampede. The darkness was intense and the noise of the bellowing animals sickened one's heart. They broke through the wagons and went their way. Every man in the train had been sleeping on their arms that night and so all were up at the first commotion. It was the general impression that the Indians had stolen into the camp and had purposely stampeded the animals. Confusion reigned supreme for some time and dark figures were seen everywhere scurrying back and forth through the cold and clammy mud. Finally the word was passed around explaining the cause of the commotion. Nobody followed the animals. We didn't know where they had gone and we didn't care. We were all dejected in spirits, because of the cold and inclement weather and because we seemed doomed to destruction by the superior force of our enemy.

"The next morning we found our cattle quietly grazing in the timber near the camp vacated by the Indians. They had fled before the storm and had sought a retreat in the Tongue river canyon. We built big fires, warmed ourselves, dried our clothing and then started westward again with our wagons. What was our dismay on getting several miles out to see the pesky varmints again riding down on us. We prepared for a defense but on their closer approach we discerned their white flags waving above their heads.

"They were flags of truce so we quietly let the chiefs of the tribe enter our camp without molestation. They wanted peace and in talking of the affair they explained their motive in attacking us. They thought we were soldiers and as the blue coats were known to be in the neighborhood against them, they concluded we were but a party of the detachment. Upon learning we were an emigrant outfit they decided to cease war upon us. While the seven chiefs were parleying in the camp, other Indians would stalk bravely into camp requesting a word with their chiefs. They tried to deceive us and the move was a fine piece of strategy on their part. At one time they did succeed in placing 27 armed men inside our corral and the other 300 braves were drawn up outside. They had planned to annihilate us with one blow but couldn't succeed in getting the proper number of men into our camp at one time.

Considerable objection had been made to Sawyer and much grumbling and complaint was heard against him in his treatment of the Indians. He was warned repeatedly not to let the savages enter the camp but he only ignored these protestations.

Finally an indignation meeting was held of everybody in camp and with a majority vote of about 60 to 5, Sawyer was deposed. By a similar vote the fate of the seven Indian chiefs held as hostages in our camp was decided and they were released together with other Indians who had remained both day and night. They were all told to get out and stay away. Some of the boys could hardly refrain from shooting them down for their attempted treachery, but they were finally prevailed upon to allow the red devils their freedom without further trouble.

"While in this camp the bodies of Captain Cole, Dilliner and Merrill were buried in one grave. The next captain of the expedition used diplomacy in the ceremonies, and kept it a secret else the remembrances of their tragic death would have caused a revolt against the Indians in camp. On that night, in order that the Indians in our tent would not know what was going on, our fiddler took out his violin and in front of the tent regaled them with music. To add further to the amusement and divert the minds of our guests from the real purpose a number of boys danced cotillions, jigs, and reels. In the center of the corral was a much different scene, for there another group was solemnly digging a grave.

"As a successor to Colonel Sawyer we selected one of our number, a brave and fearless leader, and he followed out the wishes of the majority. We had been in camp for thirteen days and it was the consensus of opinion of all that we should abandon the remainder of the trip and return to Fort Connor, 100 miles back. Colonel Sawyer was appealed to but he was determined to push ahead. We knew well our mutiny against him and we tried to induce him in another plan, to destroy all but thirteen wagons as the remainder were only superfluous and burdensome. Seven lives had already been lost on the trip and it was declared that the train could not proceed in such a country without adequate protection. With the wagons reduced to thirteen the remaining drivers could act as guards. Sawyer would not counsel such an action so under the new leader we decided to retreat to Fort Connor and left camp in two columns the next morning on the backward trip. We must have been about ten or twelve miles from Tongue river when we were overtaken by the U. S. cavalry from General Connor's command on the Big Horn. There were about 100 mounted soldiers under command of Capt. Brown and most of them had enlisted from California. They were accompanied by a great number of Winnebago Indians under Little Priest, all of whom were allied with the soldiers against the Sioux, Arapahoe and other tribes. The sight of the cavalry and their

allies was a most welcome one to us and their arrival was surely at an opportune moment. They had reached our evacuated camp that morning and had correctly guessed we had turned our steps homeward. By following our trail they came upon us in time to get a good warm meal. Many a cheer was thrown to the farthest echo of the Big Horns upon their arrival and even several of our expedition wept with joy on clasping the hands of the fearless and brave soldier boys. The three couriers sent from our camp several days previously had fulfilled their mission and they returned as heroes to their comrades. After camping for a day and night we again turned westward and were escorted to the Big Horn river by Captain Brown and his troops. On Pass creek 200 Indians approached our camp and seeing our superior numbers declared their mission to be only friendly. They were supplied with guns and ammunition and undoubtedly would have attacked a force greatly inferior to theirs. It was with great difficulty that the Winnebago Indians were held in check as they had sworn vengeance on this very tribe. The captain was forced to point his revolver at Little Priest's head before the Indian ally would give the word to his followers to desist their preparations for a fight. Had the encounter taken place, everyone of the 200 hostile Indians would have been massacred.

"From the Big Horn the expedition went through to its destination without encountering additional hostile Indians. *The fifteen day fight* on Tongue river was the memorable event of the trip and everyone of the expedition told the story to astonished people on the safe arrival at Virginia City.

"Mr. Sawyer kept an incomplete record of the entire trip and never even mentioned any one of the Indian engagements. He never referred once to the Bozeman trail although I am confident we followed the same route selected by Bozeman just the year previous to our trip. I do not attempt to say, however, that our trail was the Bozeman trail, but I have tried faithfully to locate the trail followed by the Sawyer expedition.

"We crossed the Tongue river about the first of September 1865, I believe, just a few days before the memorable engagement of General Connor with the Indians at the grove near Ranchester in which the Indians were whipped and utterly put to rout with loss of many dead and several wounded. It was in this battle also that the soldiers captured about 300 head of Indian ponies.

"The name of the Indian guide who chose our route from Fort Connor was Estes Desfond, who afterwards appeared with General Crook in the campaign of '76. He was inexperienced at the time he enlisted with us."

DIARY
JOHN A. CAMPBELL
1869

(Continued)

June 12, 1869

Remained at Laramie, while Senator Wade and party went on to San Francisco. Had long talk with Alek Snodgrass. In the evening train were Gen. Sheridan and Staff en route for Salt Lake—started with them. Sheridan will let me have what troops I want at Sweetwater. Rode all night, and in the morning—

June 13

Found that car with Senator Wade and party had been attached to our train. At Bryan made arrangements to send Newton's trunk to Sweetwater. Stage coach went out this morning and ran every alternate day. Went with party to Wahsatch where we staid all night on cars, finding there car with Gen. Dodge and Mr. Wilson.

June 14

Breakfasted on Officers' car and when our extra train started rode with Genl's Sheridan, Boynton, Forsythes, and Dr. Asch on cow-catcher through Echo Canon. At Deseret took stage coach for Salt Lake City and went over in three hours—two and a half hours running time. Visited Theater in the evening with party.

June 15

Visited with party, Tabernacle, Young's gardens, &c. Called on Gen. Durkee, but found him indisposed. In the evening went to camp—Senator Wade and party left for California.

June 16

Saw Mr. Head, Mr. Julian and others at Salt Lake City. In the evening started with Gen. Sheridan and staff for the R. R. and at about 3 A. M.

Mem.—To write to Secy. of War to curtail Fort Bridger Military Reservation to one mile square from flag-staff—

June 17

Started East. Arrived at Carter's station at about 11 A. M. Breakfasted and road over to Fort Bridger. Dined with Gen. Gilbert, &c.

June 18

Remained at Bridger. Wrote to Gen. Woodruff for map. Party at Judge Carters.

Mem.—Fred Zerinner interest in Young America.

June 19

Gen. Sheridan started with Staff. Remained at Bridger. Lt. Stambough informed me that the company of Cavalry was at Granger *en route* for Sweetwater and were ordered to escort me to Wind River from South Pass City.

June 20

Rode over with Judge Carter from Bridger to station—From Carter's station to Bryan where, it being Sunday, they had two fights. During the night a man named Clarkson was killed in a drunken row.

June 21

Rode from Bryan to South Pass City on stage coach leaving Bryan at 6:20 A. M. and arriving at South Pass City at 9 P. M.

June 22

Conversing with people and writing letters—Visited Mr. Daniels' Gulch mine.

June 23

Visited Atlantic City and saw Arrastra and Quartz Mill in operation—In the evening wrote to Gen. Augur about reported Indian raid.

June 24

At South Pass conversing with citizens &c.

June 25

Rode horse back to Miner's Delight by invitation of Major Gallagher, Judge Kingman, Mr. Slack, Clk. of Court, the Sheriff and Bro. Newton accompanied us. Saw Comstock discoverer of Comstock lode in Nevada—had good dinner, and initiated into the entire process of getting gold.

June 26

From South Pass City to Point of Rocks by Judge Larri-mer's Stage line. At Point of Rocks made speech to people.

June 27

From Point of Rocks to Cheyenne. On cars made acquaintance of Mr. E. Kinney and Mr. Gibson, bankers of Cincinnati.

June 28

At office writing letters and attending to business.

June 29

Wrote to George, Walter and Newton, offering the latter Deputy Collectorship.

July 1

Saw Tom Donaldson as he passed thro' to Boise City.

July 2

Writing letters, &c. Wrote Banker about borrowing \$1000—Went to camp. Saw Col. Bartlett and took tea with Woolley.

July 3

To Sherman to attend celebration. Sec. Garbanati[8] and I made speeches. Remained at Sherman and came down in regular train with Senator Wade's party. Had very pleasant time.

July 4

Went to Episcopal church. Dined with Mr. and Mrs. Davis. Wrote to Miss F. General Boyd, Judge Carter about delegate, Secy. of War for arms. Col. Mann Indian Agt.

July 5

Rec—dispatch from Atlantic asking for arms for which I telegraphed to Gen. Augur.

July 6

Rec—telegrams about Indian troubles at Sweetwater.

July 7

Amasa[9] came from home *en route* for his new station on the R. R.—Dined with Major Slaughter. Gen. Augur telegraphed that he would send arms.

July 8

Amasa started off on the morning train. Chicago party of Commercial travelers Trumbell, Judd, Grant Bowen and others came along, and I went with them as far as Miser[10] on R. R. and returned on the evening train.

July 10

Attended Republican meeting. Rode out to see Mrs. Bartlett. Had conversation with Sam'l Bowles, Springfield *Republican*.

July 11

To Presbyterian church—Dined with Major Howe.

July 12

Lee and Carey started to Sweetwater. Newt. arrives from Sweetwater. Snow informs me that Corlett[11] will be candidate for Congress. I insist that it shall be made public.

[8] Henry Garbanati, lawyer and newspaper man connected with the *Argus*.

[9] Brother of writer.

[10] Miser now a ghost siding was a station on the Union Pacific Railroad eight miles north of Lookout. Adams and Bishop. *The Pacific Tourist*, 1889, pg. 89.

[11] Wm. C. Corlett well known early attorney who came to Cheyenne 1867. He was defeated by S. F. Nuckolls for delegate in Congress at the first territorial election, and the next year was appointed postmaster of Cheyenne, which position he held about 3 years. From 1870-1876 he was prosecuting attorney of Laramie County and in 1876 was elected delegate in Congress. Bartlett History of Wyoming, vol. 1, pg. 970.

July 13

Howe goes to Sweetwater. Newt. comes over from the mines.

July 14

Continued busy writing. In the evening went out with Sherman and Bishop—Called at Carling's on Mrs. Bartlett and staid all night at Col. Whittling's.

July 15

Busy in office. Called on Mrs. Howe—Eastern train did not come in.

July 16

At work in office. Saw Ramsdell of N. Y. "Tribune," and friend Noyes of Washington "Star" *en route* for San Francisco. Newt. goes with Wanless to Denver.

July 17

Again hard at work all day. Rode out with Sheriff Boswell.

July 18

Presbyterian church. Good sermon from Mr. Jackson. Dined with Major Woolley. Letter from K.

July 19

Busy in office. No census taken yet. Good lesson for me, as it will teach me hereafter whom I can trust. Wherry writes that he and Gen. S. will be up here in a few weeks. Telegraphed to Augur that I would be ready to accompany him to Sweetwater on Friday. Wrote to Gen. Dodge about lots.

July 20

Saw Mr. Hammond new Supt. Pacific R. R. Senators Scott and Rice. Representatives Morrell and Root. Judge Jones came from Laramie. Wrote to Boynton.

July 21

Election in city for Alderman. Wrote to Amasa. Judge Carter &c. Enclosed Amasa dft. for \$100. Sent H. N. Fisher dft. for \$100. Newt. went to Laramie. Attended Turnverein in evening. Informed that Republicans are anxious for issuance of proclamation—Dayton, Rep. elected Alderman.

July 22

Judge Jones goes to Laramie. Sent for Howe and Hawes. Newt. came down. Wrote to Baldwin, Tatem, Chas. W. Campbell and P. O'Connell. Issued proclamation calling term of District Court Tuesday, 2nd Sept.

July 23

Directed Newt. to take one of two houses for me. Started on train for Sweetwater *Via* Bryan. Gen. Dodge. Miss Dodge. Mrs. Lapp, Miss Mizer, Admiral Farragut, and wife. Gen.

Augur, Myers, Capt. Adams, &c. At Laramie Judge Jones & Col. Woodbury joined. Col. Donnellan is candidate for Congress.

July 24

At 8 A. M. left Bryan for Sweetwater in stage with Gen. Augur, Gen. Myers, Woolley, Carter, Gordon and Mrs. Augur. At 8 P. M. arrived at South Pass City. Had long talk at night with Judge Kingman. Lee came in at night slightly under the influence of liquor and had talk about congress.

July 25

Had talk with Gen. Augur about Indian Reservation. Promised Woolley position. Telegraphed that I would not postpone calling court. Am stopping with Judge Kingman.

July 26

Rode with party to camp on Little Popo Agie where we remained all night, tried to catch trout without success.

July 27

Went on with party to Col. Brisbin's camp on Big Popo Agie. Tried troutng again without success.

July 28

Remained all day in camp.

July 29

From camp to South Pass City.

July 30

From South Pass City to Bryan.

July 31

From Bryan to Cheyenne.

Aug. 1

Gen. Schofield arrives with Wherry. Dined with them and Prof. Bartlett at Col. Carling's.

Aug. 2

Gen. Schofield and Wherry leave.

Aug. 3

Issue proclamation for election. Gen. Dodge in town. Wrote to Mother, Amasa, Gen. Schofield &c. Headache.

Aug. 5

Judge Jones comes down. Had talk with Baker.

Aug. 6

Colfax, Gov. Bross, Bowles and party in town. Rode with them to Sherman, where I met the train.

Aug. 7

Republican meeting to select delegates to Congress.

Aug. 9

Saw Senator Harlan and Judge Cooley.

Aneroid Barometer (Pocket) apps. 443 strand £7.2d with table Compensation.

Aug. 10

Walked out to Carlings—Remained all night.

Aug. 11

Breakfasted with Col. Bartlett—office.

Aug. 14

At work at office. Spoke in evening at German meeting. Nuckolls [12] nominated.

Aug. 15

At Church. In evening rode out with Woolley and called on Gen. King.

Aug. 20

Walter arrived and Senator Patterson and Retrenchment Committee with Andrews passed thro on R. R.

Aug. 21

In office at work.

Aug. 26

U. P. & C. P. R. R. Com.—Genl's Boyd, Comstock, Walbridge, and Winslow, came over in cars and I went with them to Carter's station where we arrived—

Aug. 27

At noon went over to Fort Bridger where I attended party in the evening at Dr. Walters—Met Mr. and Mifs. Blakesley.

Aug. 28

Left Fort Bridger and returned home where I arrived.

Sept. 1

At office. Lt. Adams in town.

Sept. 2

Election. Lt. Adams dined with me. Beaten at election.

Sept. 4

Went to Omaha.

Sept. 6

Saw Gen. Augur and others.

Sept. 7

Started back to Cheyenne.

Sept. 8

Arrived home. Find Newt at Cheyenne.

[12] Stephen F. Nuckolls was the first delegate to Congress from Wyoming territory. Bartlett History of Wyoming vol. 1, pg. 470.

Sept. 10

Senator Schwartz passed thro' Cheyenne.

Sept. 11

Gen. Dodge and party in town.

Sept. 12

Gen. Strickland and party in C. Did not go to church. Cold.

Sept. 13

Filed bond for \$20,000 with Judge Howe and Church Howe as securities—chwt. \$20. Told Capt. Winsor to survey land for preemption for Newt, Walter, self and Loring. Wrote to Mother and Mifs F. Had visit from Prof. Spencer.

Sept. 16

Col. Schofield in town.

Sept. 17

To Laramie Lt. Dodge on train.

Sept. 18

In Laramie. Saw Col. Merrill who informed me that Fort Bridger Reservation would be cut down as requested by me. Saw Alek Snodgrass. Supper and ball given to me in evening at Mr. Baker's.

Sept. 19

From Laramie to Cheyenne. Did not attend church.

Sept. 20

In morning Gen. Dodge sent for me to meet Committee of eminent citizens. Rode to Bushwell with them. In evening with Judge Howe and Secy. Lee counted the votes.

Sept. 22

Saw Gen. Augur and Mr. Stappleton.

Sept. 23

Wrote annual Report as Supt. Indian Affairs.

Sept. 24

In office at work. Anna Dickenson at night.

Sept. 25

In cars to meet Eastern train with Senator's Morrell, Warner, Patterson, Cattell, Representative Walker, Beaton, Gov. Bross and several ladies.

Sept. 26

Returned to Cheyenne. Did not go to church. Went riding with Lords Waterpork and Paget who brot letters to me from Gen. Sheridan and Rothbone.

Sept. 27

In Denver cars to end of track to see track laying with Gov. Bross, Lord Paget, Maj. Smith and others. Gave Newt \$30. and sent him to Bridger on Indian business. Saw at cars Sam Setcher, Capt. Adams and others.

Sept. 28

Busy in office. Called on Mrs. Howe.

Oct. 2

Whitehead apologized to Court. Admiral Farragut in town.

Oct. 3

Went to Church. Saw Gen. Thomas and staff with Edger Weles *en route* East. Dined with Woolley called on Howe and wife.

Oct. 7

Saw Frank Blair and had talk with him "Colfax party" arrived on evening train. Saw Mifs Bross and others. Col. Finley Anderson in town. Also, went to Camp to see Gen. Augur who was there with Arrapahoe Chiefs, Medecine Man, Sorrel Horse, Little Wolf, Friday and Cut Foot who were in charge of an officer and came to see me to make arrangements for treaty with Washakie. Newt and Walter went to Laramie.

Oct. 8

Thirty four years of age (Rode out to camp with Judge Howe and saw Gen. Augur, who was there with five Arrapahoe Chiefs yesterday). Had interview with Frank P. Blair. Hard at work in office—P. C. Kent \$17—Colfax spent evening at my house.

Oct. 9

Bad news from home about Amasa. Judge Howe closed Court.

Oct. 10

Had talk with Vice President in reference to meaning of certain section of organic Act. Went to Episcopal Church. Saw Newton. Wrote to Mother.

Oct. 11

Newton was going to Omaha, but Walter persuaded him to remain.

Oct. 12

Legislature met.

Oct. 13

At about 12 o'clk was waited on by Joint Committee of Legislature, and went down and delivered my message, Gov. Bross spent evening with me.

Oct. 14

Lee told me that he thought of starting a paper and wanted me to go in with him. Advised him to buy Leader. Saw Senator Cole.

Oct. 15

Busy at house.

Oct. 16

Judge Howe and Gen. Lee started East.

Oct. 17

Walter and I dined with Maj. Woolley.

Oct. 18

Walter went to Laramie. Sidney Andrews in town. Gave directions to Lt. Breslin about taking Arrapahoes to see Wash-a-kie. Prof. Hayden went West. Send off messages. Issued Thanksgiving proclamation [13]. Wrote to Mother.

Oct. 21

John G. Saxe in town introduced him to audience in the evening.

Oct. 22

Most of the day with Saxe.

Oct. 23

Mr. Saxe and wife called on me.

Oct. 26

Wrote to Gen. Bresben.

Oct. 27

Went to Laramie with Gen. Thomas. In the evening went to Councilman Murrin's.

Oct. 28

Judge Carter arrived.

Oct. 29

Carpet burned.

Nov. 1

Left Ford with Walter and Loring and went to mess to board.

Nov. 2

In evening at Poole's with Council. Had Blame appointed Post Trader at Fetterman.

Nov. 4

Had some arguments with Walter. In the evening attended "Mite Society" at Mr. Cook's.

[13] Governor Campbell's first Thanksgiving proclamation. Thanksgiving Day was November 18, 1869.

Nov. 5

Committee from Legislature called on me to appoint either Gallagher or Carbanatti Auditor, and Murrin or Foglesong Treasurer.

Nov. 6

Had talk with Woolley. In evening went out to camp—took tea with Gurking, and spent evening at Wooley's #100.

Nov. 9

Strong and Wanless called. Have neuralgia. Have been elected, in connection with W. F. Thompson, N. A. Baker and C. R. Buel Trustee of the Society of the 1st Pres. Church. Called with Jones on Mrs. Ivinson and Miss Geoghan.

Nov. 10

Neuralgia badly.

Nov. 11

In the evening attended reception at Nuckoll's.

Nov. 12

Had conference with Arrapahoe Chiefs. Judge Kingman arrived.

Nov. 13

In office at work. In the evening callers. Mr. and Mrs. Gosline, Mr. Cook and Mifs Peters, Judges K. and J. & Col. Steele—Whist.

Nov. 14

Neuralgia kept me from Church. Dined with Mr. McLaughlin. Judge Kingman spent the evening.

Nov. 15

Sick all day. Col. Crittenden and Capt. Sauntman called. The latter gave me a dog which I lost in the evening.

Nov. 17

Had talk with Rockwell about sending Kingman off. It wont do.

Nov. 18

Thanksgiving. Wrote long letter to Gen. Nick Anderson. Dined with Col. Whittlesey. In the evening attended party at Col. Carling's. Walter was with me.

Nov. 19

Find that Legislature intends not to send me any bills until last week of sessions in order that I cannot veto.

Nov. 20

Writing letters, &c. Hard wind. Wyoming Tribune appears.

Nov. 22

Rode out with Charley Sherman and diner with Col. Whittlesey. Whist in the evening. Gov. McCook arrives. Lt. Fleming reported.

Nov. 23

Judge Kingman leaves town. Gov. McCook, Gen. King, Col. Crittenden, Woolley, Lane, Fleming, Nuckolls, Prof. Hayden and others called. Signed first bill as Governor. Leader abuses Lee.

Nov. 24

Wrote to Judge Howe and to Mark Hamsie for suit of clothes.

Nov. 25

Busy writing. Called at Rectory.

Nov. 26

Col. Donnellan, Judge Jones and Gen. Lee in evening at Whist.

Nov. 27

In evening went with Charley Sherman to Whittlesey's. Whist.

Nov. 29

To Church. Charley Sherman starts to Chicago.

Nov. 30

All morning reading to Walter. Church Howe arrives.

Dec. 1

Newton and Judge Jones go to Laramie.

Dec. 4

Sent nominations of Gallagher for Auditor and Donnellan for Treasurer to Council. Council recommended Walter for Treasurer. Declined.

Dec. 6

Rec^d present of \$1000. Sent in veto to Mongolian bill. H. of R. recommended Walter for Treasurer.

Dec. 7

Vetoed bill for Judicial District.

Dec. 8

Wrote to H. of R. that I could not appoint Walter Treasurer. Vetoed Legislature compensation bill.

Dec. 9

Vetoed bills appointing officers for counties, and bill licensing gambling.

Dec. 10

Signed large number of bills. Vetoed bills for city officers of Cheyenne—Veto sustained. Was in Secretary's office signing bills until 12 P. M. when I went to ball given to me and Legislature. Wrote to Secy. of State—Signed Woman *Suffrage* Bill.

Dec. 11

Telegraphed for Judge Howe.

Dec. 13

Donnellan and Gallagher called. Appointed County Commissioners and other officers. Rec^d clothes from Eyears.

Dec. 14

Wrote number of letters. Had interview with persons elected for City Trustees.

Dec. 15

Judge Howe arrived.

Dec. 16

Arranged with Gallagher and Donnellan about office &c. To hop at Post.

Dec. 17

Dr. Latham and other callers.

Dec. 18

Talk with Judge Howe about surveyor generalship &c.

Dec. 19

Judge Kingman arrives. Dine at Woolley's.

Dec. 20

Close up a/c's &c. and get ready to start East. Walter argues the case for me in reference to the appointing power Cong. asserts (?). Strut and Garbanati on the other side. Walter is also retained in and argues case of Laramie Co. vs. U. P. R. R. Co.

Dec. 21

Judges Howe and Kingman deliver opinion on case of self *vs.* the Legislature wholly and entirely in my favor. Start with Judge Howe for the East, after arranging with Lee about appointments, &c.

Dec. 22

Reach Omaha about 4 P. M.

Dec. 23

Call on Genl's Augur and Dodge and leave Gen. D's house for C. & R. Depot where I take train.

Dec. 24

Reach Kewanee with Judge Howe at about 2:30 P. M. Party in the evening at the Judge's.

Dec. 25

Dined with Judge Howe and at 3 P. M. left Kewanee for Pekin where I arrived about 10 P. M. and found George and Amasa.

Dec. 26

To Dutch Reformed Church with George.

Dec. 27

At 4 P. M. left Pekin for St. Louis—staid at Jacksonville all night.

Dec. 28

Arrived at St. Louis at 11:30 and found all well. Dined with Gen. Schofield. Staying at Rathbone's house.

Dec. 29

Visiting—Dined with rest of staff at Col. Wherry's. Called on Mrs. Orrock, Mela Treat and Mifs Blaine.

Dec. 30

Saw Robt. Craig. Dined with Wheeler Schofield at Southern. Attended party in evening at Henry Hitchcock's.

Dec. 31

Visiting. In evening started for Chicago, where I arrived.

Jan'y 1

Called at Mr. Scammon's who at once got out his carriage and we went out to make New Year's calls. In evening attended party at Mr. Pullman's. Mr. Scammon insisted on my making my home at his house during my stay in town.

Jan'y 2

Remained quietly in house until evening when I went up and dined with Mifs Dunlery. Called on Miss Carter.

Jan'y 4

Called on Gen. Sheridan with whom I lunched and afterwards called on Mifs Stewart and Mifs Dunlery. Dined at Gov. Bross'. Mrs. Scammon gave magnificent party in the evening.

Jan'y 5

Made several calls. Mrs. Scammon had Mifs Bross to dinner.

Jan'y 6

Had long talk with Mr. Scammon on politics and the New Church religion. At 4:45 P. M. started on Michigan Southern R. R. for Cleveland where I arrived on the Morning of.

Jan'y 7

Saw Mark Hanna and other old friends and at 3:35 started for home where I arrived about 7:30 P. M.

Jan'y 8

Wrote to Walter and Judges Kingman and Howe. Made several calls. Dr. Reed in town.

Jan'y 9

To church with Dr. Reed. To Boyles very cold.

Jan'y 10

Calling on friends in Salem.

Jan'y 13

In evening at President's reception.

Jan'y 14

Call on Parker, Secy. Cox and others. Am before the Indian Commission and at Capitol.

Jan'y 15

Call on President and at Secy's. Cox and Fish's. Depts (?) Theater in evening with Mifs Dunn and Mifs Perry.

Jan'y 20

Attended Receptions at Secy. Fish's and Speaker Blaines.

Jan'y 26

Secy. Cox's reception.

Jan'y 27

With Col. Schofield.

Jan'y 28

With Col. S.

Jan'y 29

To New York with Col. S. and Gen. Fullerton.

Jan'y 30

In N. Y.

Feb'y 1

In evening ret'd. to Washington, where I arrived.

Feb'y 2

Appeared before Senate Committee on Indian Affairs.

Feb'y 3, 4, 5

Nothing recorded.

Feb'y 9

Calling with Mifs Cox at Secy's Reception in evening.

Feb'y 10

Calling with Gen. Sheridan. Theater in evening.

Feb'y 15

At Mifs Grant's and Gen. Sherman's.

Feb'y 22

In evening at ball.

Feb'y 23

To see Gen. Cox and Gen. Smith. Carey in city.

Feb'y 24

Wolcott leaves. Call on Gen. Smith.

Feb'y 25

Not much of anything. Called on Miss Chandler & eat candy—making myself very agreeable all the time.

Feb'y 25

The day.

Feb'y 26

Church. Tea at Gen. Dunn's.

Feb'y 27

In evening left Washington.

Feb'y 28

At 9:30 arrived at Pittsburg—At 7:15 at Youngstown.

Mch. 8

Left Youngstown for Chicago where I arrived.

Mch. 9

At Fremont House but accepted invitation to Gen. Sheridan stay with him.

Mch. 10

Dined at Mr. Scammon's.

Mch. 11

Dined at Gov. Bross'.

Mch. 12

Dined at Judge Dunlery's.

Mch. 13

Dined at Gen. Sheridan's.

Mch. 14

Started for Omaha via C. & N. W. R. R.

Mch. 15

Snow bound on R. R. at Denison, Iowa.

Mch. 16

Ditto.

Mch. 17

In evening (or at night) started West.

Mch. 18

Arrived at Omaha.

Mch. 19

Left Omaha for Cheyenne.

Mch. 20

Arrived at Cheyenne.

Mch. 22

Waited on by committee of Big Horn association. Writing letters.

Mch. 23

Writing letters. Attended theatricals at Post.

Mch. 24, 25

Nothing recorded.

Mch. 26

Talked with Judge Howe in reference to assignment of Jones in his place should he go to Washington. Told Mr. Rogers it was my intention to assign Jones. Called at Harlan's.

Mch. 27

Judge Howe tells me he thinks I had better assign Kingman. Tell him my word is passed and if Jones is in town must assign him. Howe leaves for Washington. Attend church with Walter.

Mch. 28

Assigned Jones. Called on Mrs. Rogers.

Mch. 29

Capt. Wilson called.

Mch. 31

Explanation with Judge Kingman.

April 1

Start west to meet remains of Gen. Thomas.

April 2

At Carter's meet Col. Willard with remains of Gen. Thomas. Also Lt. Fleming Indian Agent.

April 3

Reach Cheyenne. Telegram in relation to Indian massacre.

April 4

Issue order organizing militia.

April 5

Wrote Gen. Parker in relation to Indian raid.

April 6

Wrote to Lt. Fleming and others.

April 10

Bishop Randall preached.

April 13

Tremendous snow-storm at night.

April 14

Storm continues.

April 15

Still storming. At night get on sleeping car and find.

April 16

A most delightful company on train. Delayed all day near Granite canon.

April 17

A delightful time with the pleasant company on the train from whom I was compelled to part at Evanston.

April 18

Arrived at Cheyenne. Gen. Lee has meeting.

April 19

Newt. returns from Omaha. Dentist.

April 20

My private Secretary Mr. Brooks starts home on visit.

April 22

Genl's Hartsoff and Breslins and Mr. William on train *en route* West. I start to Omaha.

April 23

Arrive at Omaha. Call on Gen. Augur.

April 24

Bishop Clarkson's Church. Home with Gen. Augur.

April 25

Go to Council Bluffs and have interview with Gen. Dodge.

April 26

Call on Mr. Bishop, Mrs. Barkalow and Gen. Strickland.

April 27

Start to Cheyenne.

April 28

Arrived at Cheyenne. Reinstated Rogers and Converse removed from office by Lee during my absence.

April 30

In Office. Appointed Dunn School Superintendent.

May 2

Gallagher resigned as Territorial Auditor and Commissioner.

May 3

Appointed Dr. Carey Commissioner.

May 4

Gen. Smith, Col. Jones and Mr. Stanley went West.

May 5

Spent day at Gen. King's with Gen. Augur. Rev. Mr. Jackson called to see me in evening with Trustees Presbyterian Church.

May 6

Went to Laramie with Gen. Sheridan.

May 7

Bought four lots in Laramie. Retd. to Cheyenne.

May 9

In office. Start Hathaway after Red Cloud.

May 11

To Laramie to Catholic ball.

May 12

Retd. to Cheyenne.

May 13

In office. Write to Colbath. Big Horn message.

May 16

Red Cloud, Big Horn and South Pass matters.

May 17

Wrote to Colbath and Kingman.

May 19

Red Cloud and Big Horn matters.

May 20

To Laramie with Col. Wherry.

May 21

Retd. to Cheyenne. To post to see Gen. Jno. E. Smith petition for appointment of Baker territorial Auditor.

May 22

Congregational Church. To post to see Gen. Smith.

May 23

Gen. Smith starts for Ft. Laramie after Red Cloud.

May 25

Brooks returned. Major Glafke reported. Judge Howe went home. Donnellan and bride in town.

May 27

Boston excursion party in town. Accompany them to Laramie. Red Cloud leaves Egbert station for Washington.

May 28

Return from Laramie to Cheyenne.

May 29

Judge Jones and Carey go to Sweetwater. Do not go to Church.

May 31

Receive summons from Gen. Parker to Washington. My Secretary Mr. Brooks leaves.

June 1

Prepare to go to Washington—Walter to go home.

June 2

Start for Carter's Station to meet Wash-a-kie.

June 3

Have interview with Wash-a-kie. Fail to arrange treaty. Start East.

June 5

Through Omaha to Council Bluffs where I meet Gen. Dodge. 105 sacks flour.

June 6

Thro' *via* R. I. R. R. to Chicago—thence *via* P. Ft. W. & C. R. R.

June 7

Walter leaves me at Crestline for Columbus.

June 8

Arrive in Washington see Secy. Cox and Gen. Parker, Commissioner Wilson and others.

June 9

Go with Secy. Cox and Gen. Parker to see President, with whom we have talk on Indian matters.

June 10

Council with Red Cloud.

June 14

Another Indian talk.

June 15

At Capitol. In evening go to New York.

June 16

In morning go to Cooper Institute.

June 17

In evening return to Washington.

June 18

At Capitol.

June 20

See President, Secy's Belknap and Cox, Gen. Parker and Sherman. Dine with Dr. Boynton and in evening start West.

July 4

Preside at celebration. Rathbone in town. Dance at Post.

July 5

Weather cold.

July 8

With Gen. Schofield and party to Laramie.

July 9

Returned to Cheyenne with Col. Mann.

July 15

To Laramie.

July 16

Talk with Meade. Returned to Cheyenne.

July 17

Dedication of Presbyterian Church.

July 18

Wrote to Col. Stanton.

July 19

Gen. Augur passes thro' city.

July 20

Have talk with Baker.

July 21

Kingman and Donnellan in town.

July 22

Gov. McCook in town. Hop at Post.

July 23

Col. Mann in town.

July 24

Presbyterian church.

July 25

Start East.

July 26

At Omaha and Council Bluffs.

July 27

See Col. Hammond, and return home.

July 28

Arrive at Cheyenne. See Gen. Augur.

July 29

In office. Woolley returns.

Aug. 1

Convention for Jones.

Aug. 2

To Laramie with Gen. Dodge and party.

Aug. 3

Return to Cheyenne.

(To Be Continued)

THE FIRST ASCENT OF THE GRAND TETON WITH A LITTLE OF ITS HISTORY

WILLIAM O. OWEN*

In Washington Irving's "Astoria," Chapter 29, you will find these words: "In the course of the day they came to a height that commanded an almost boundless prospect. Here one of the guides paused and, after considering the vast landscape attentively, pointed to three mountain peaks glistening with snow which rose above a fork of the Columbia River. These remarkable peaks are known to some travelers as the Teton; as they had been guiding points for many days to Mr. Hunt. He gave them the name of the Pilot Knobs." This refers to the Astorian Expedition under Wilson Price Hunt—1810-1812—which was headed for the Pacific coast to carry on the fur trade for John Jacob Astor, and which later founded the little town of Astoria, near the mouth of the Columbia River. This, so far as I can find, is the earliest reference to these noted peaks. That they were christened some years previous to this date is evident from Irving's language but exactly how long before will probably never be known. I can state with certainty however that they were named by French trappers and before the year 1800. My authority for this is Tom Sun, now dead, a well known resident of central Wyoming, who for years had a ranch on the Sweetwater River just above the Devil's Gate and not far from Independence Rock—that far-famed landmark on the old Oregon Trail.

Tom Sun, of Canadian-French stock, was a most remarkable and trustworthy frontiersman. He knew nearly all those Canadian voyageurs who formed the backbone of Fremont's expeditions.

Sun told me many times that these men had frequently mentioned the fact of their fathers' talking of "Les Trois Tetons" when the former were mere boys and that these fathers knew of these peaks long before the boys were born. This would throw the christening most certainly back to at least the last quarter of the 18th century. They are mighty landmarks and were doubtless known for many years before they were named. Fremont mentions them in the official report of his 1842 expedition and gives a bearing to them

*This writer needs no introduction to Wyoming People. This article was written at Jackson, Wyoming, in 1929.

from the summit of the great Wind River peak which he climbed that year and which now bears his name.

I first saw the Tetons in 1883, from points in Idaho far to the west of the peaks, while on my bicycle trip to the Yellowstone Park—the *first bicycle tour* ever made of that wonderland. Even 75 and 100 miles distant these mighty summits make an extraordinary impression upon one, and this view, coupled with what I had read and heard of them (particularly the fact that they had never been climbed) fixed me with an ambition to scale the highest of this noted trio that nothing but an attempt on the great peak itself would assuage. Accordingly in 1891 M. B. Dawson and wife with Mrs. Owen and myself, all of Laramie, Wyoming, planned a summer outing that should include a tour of the Yellowstone Park and an attack on the Grand Teton. We drove from Market Lake, (now Roberts Station) on the railway from Ogden to Butte, to a point in Teton canyon, not far east of the Wyoming and Idaho line and about eight miles west of the Tetons. Here we pitched camp as we could take the wagon no farther, and on the following morning Dawson and I with our wives, with Alonzo Daw as guide, set out afoot for the peaks. We carried no bedding and had only a slab of bacon and some bread for food. There was no trail in Teton canyon above the forks of Teton creek in those days and we had a rough and toilsome climb all day. At about sundown we reached a point at the west base of the Grand Teton and not more than a mile, horizontal measurement, from its summit, here, 5,000 feet lower than the summit, we lay out all night, and at day break the next morning set out for the great attack. We knew nothing of the country and our guide was little better. After a hard struggle, at four in the afternoon, at an altitude of 13,000 feet (only 747 feet below the summit) we reached a point beyond which our utmost efforts would not take us, and with utmost reluctance we gave it up and hurried back to our bedless bivouac at the base of the peak. The following morning we trudged back to our main camp and enjoyed a night talking the trip over. This is the first attempt ever made by women to climb the Grand Teton. On our way up the peak we paused a few moments at the big saddle and I there caught my first view of the renowned Jackson Hole. I think I have never seen anything more beautiful and I resolved then and there to apply for a contract of Government surveying to cover this splendid country. If successful in this it would give me an opportunity to study the Teton and devise further plans for scaling it. I secured my contract and carried the *first lines*

of the public survey into Jackson Hole the following year, 1892. Business kept me from another attempt that year but I gained much information that helped me later on. In the following years, with Frank L. Petersen, of Jackson Hole, I made various attempts on the peak but only failure was my portion. But these failures did not discourage me. I remembered Edward Whymper's attacks on the Matterhorn, the renowned Swiss peak, and recalled that great mountaineer who made seven unsuccessful attempts before the one which took him to the summit. My last unsuccessful attempt on the Grand Teton was made in 1897. Petersen and I had been at it several days but we could never get above a zone about 600 feet below the summit. The word IMPOSSIBLE seemed to be written all around that zone. In camp the evening of our last attempt in 1897, Petersen and I, somewhat dejected from repeated failure, were discussing possible future moves. Petersen finally said: "Mr. Owen, can you come up again next year?" I told him I could. "Well, you come up and we'll make a camp near this old peak and stay all summer if it takes that long to climb it!" I jumped at this proposition and in the following winter I began making plans to carry out our scheme.

Early in 1898 in the midst of my preparations for our proposed siege of the peak I received a letter from the president of the Rocky Mountain Club, at Denver, of which club I was a member, asking if I would head a party to make an attack on the Grand Teton. How beautifully this fit in with the plans Petersen and I had agreed upon! I wrote the president at once that nothing would suit me better than to comply with his request. He wrote again asking if there would be any objection to Bishop Frank Spalding's joining the party and I wrote him by all means to send the bishop along, naming the date when I should be ready to start. Accordingly one morning in August Mr. Thomas Cooper, of Cheyenne, an old-time scout and packer for the Hayden Geological Survey, and thoroughly familiar with the Jackson Hole and Teton country and I met Bishop Spalding at the railway station in Cheyenne and continued on to the Market Lake, Idaho, now Roberts station. Here we were met by Frank Petersen who took ourselves and baggage over the long, tedious 3-day drive to Jackson Hole and Teton Pass. We left our wagon at Menor's ferry on Snake River and proceeded thence with packs, Petersen having previously arranged for this change. At Menor's we added to our party John Shive and Hugh McDermont, two experienced mountaineers. We packed near to timberline, 9,000 feet above

the sea and pitched our tent in the shadow of the last fir that grace the mountain side, two and a half miles south of the Grand Teton whose lofty summit was glistening with a fold of snow of superlative whiteness. At Spalding's suggestion our bivouac was named Camp Owen.

At 5 a. m. August 11, 1898, the entire party left camp. There were six of us: Bishop Spalding, of Erie, Pennsylvania; Thomas Cooper, of Cheyenne, Wyoming; Frank L. Petersen, and John Shive of Jackson, Wyoming, and William O. Owen of Laramie, Wyoming, then auditor of the State and temporarily residing in Cheyenne. Our camp was on the south wall of Bradley canyon and a sharp descent into that gorge was necessary.

Leaving this canyon we began an ascent over snow fields which, this year, extended almost to the big saddle connecting the Grand and Middle Teton. We had no difficulty in reaching the saddle but at this point Cooper said the work was too tough for him and returned to camp. We returned to camp. We turned up the long coulee on the west side that ends at the immediate base of the last 600 feet of the great peak, and digressed here to visit the stone enclosure described by N. P. Langford, and which stands on the arête running south-westerly from the west face of the peak. It is 1100 feet west of the summit and 500 feet below it. Mystery surrounds this stone enclosure. No one knows who put it there nor the date of its placement. One thing is certain, however, it was built by human hands. It is a rudely circular enclosure about six feet diameter and is built of black gneiss blocks stood on end. I have often wondered if it were not the work of Michaud, the French trapper who, so far as we know, made the *first* attempt to climb the peak.

Returning to the head of the coulee we worked our way northward along the rim of partially detached slabs of granite over a route which I had never tried before and in sixty feet landed on a bench large enough for the four of us to stand upright. Falling almost sheer 3,000 feet was the solid granite west face of the peak. At first blush it looked as if we could go no farther but we finally found a shelf or ledge running north from our bench which proved to be the key to the ascent! This shelf is about 16 inches wide and 25 feet long and had probably never been seen before by human eyes. It is the result of fracture by frost or some other equally powerful natural force, and without it I am confident the Teton cannot be climbed on the west side. A solid granite roof overhangs this shelf and the only way to negotiate it is by lying flat on one's stomach and wiggling

across. The granite slope, 3,000 feet almost sheer, falls from the shelf, and one's left arm hangs down while making the passage. As Leslie Stephen said about a slope he once encountered, if a man ever slips here he will spend the rest of his life sliding down that slope! Near the north end of the shelf we found a chimney 50 feet long with more or less blue ice and having a slope of not more than 18 degrees from the vertical. This we passed in safety and soon encountered another with about the same slope and 75 feet long. Here we used the rope and reached the top. Thence we turned south without difficulty and made a partial circuit of the peak not more than a hundred feet below the summit, till we reached a point on the east face. Here our troubles ended and we rushed to the top with wild cries of exultation, touching the topmost rock at 4 p. m. We made most diligent search for evidence of a former visit but not a shred could we find. Not a stone turned over nor displaced—everything just as nature left it! We were the *first human beings ever to reach the summit!* We unfurled the stars and stripes to wave in the breeze where no flag ever waved before and then gave attention to the picture which lay around us. Our thermometer registered sixty-five degrees F., and the sky was almost cloudless. The gigantic circle of our horizon enclosed an area as great as the entire state of New York. Within its vast expanse we embraced the utmost limits of the Yellowstone National Park, five huge mountain ranges and the birthplace of three of the mighty rivers of this continent—the Colorado, Columbia, and Missouri. Seventy-five miles to the southeast Fremont's Peak stood out in faultless definition, the entire Wind River Range being visible from end to end. One hundred and fifty miles to the northwest, overshadowed with ghostly gray, the jagged silhouette of the Salmon River Range cut its form on a band of azure and gold. Vast portions of four great commonwealths: Wyoming, Utah, Idaho, and Montana—lay within our vision, and the very heads of the Green, Snake, and Missouri Rivers were plainly visible, anyone of them at this point so tiny that a toddling child could step across it! A mile below us, at the foot of the Middle Teton, lay Glacier Lake, serene in its bed of rock—a granite bowlful of ice-cold blue water. The wildest freak of imagination laid on canvas would be tame in comparison with this gorgeous picture. But now the shadows warned us of night's approach and we proceeded rapidly with the work of fixing a record of our ascent. We chiseled our names on the top-most rock, inserted the steel rod of the Rocky Mountain Club's metal banner in a crevice in the

granite, and began the erection of cairn, when Bishop Spalding said: "Boys, let me make a suggestion. It is quite late and we must be off this mountain before dark. We haven't time to build the kind of a mound we should erect to mark the first ascent of a mountain like this. I have a day or two to spare. Let's start for camp and make another ascent and build this mound right." We cheerfully assented to this and immediately began the descent. We passed the dangerous points in safety, reached the big Saddle at dusk, and at eleven p. m. arrived at Camp Owen after a most thrilling night-trip along and out of Bradley Canyon, the happiest four men on this planet.

Seventeen hours were consumed in making the trip and one hour of this was spent on the summit. We lay in camp next day and on the 13th made a second ascent to build a proper mound and get photographs showing the last 600 feet of the ascent. It was decided that Spalding, Shive, and Petersen should go to the summit while McDerment and I should carry my camera and plates to the "Enclosure" and snap the climbers at numerous points on their ascent of the last 600 feet so that we might make a composite picture showing the trail over the most difficult portion of the peak. We had great success in this work; and a mound of stone five feet high and of equal base was built on the highest point to prove to subsequent climbers that some one had been there before them. The following day, Spalding, Shive, and Cooper returned to Jackson Hole while Petersen, McDerment, and Owen crossed the Saddle onto the west side of the Range to take photos of the peaks from various points on that side. We secured many beautiful views and on August 15th set out for the valley via Glacier Canyon, through which runs a fine stream into Jenny Lake. The trip through this canyon was most delightful—no trail, everything virgin and in its pristine glory and loveliness!

The canyon as we progressed, grew deeper and deeper and the underbrush and foliage in places became so dense as completely to shut out the light. Now and then an opening appeared and the mighty Tetons, in their majestic reach heavenward, burst into view, their tremendous height, by contrast, giving a most extraordinary impression of depth in the canyon. Somewhat before noon, at the west shore of Jenny Lake, under a cloudless sky, we emerged from the depths of the mighty canyon and entered the peaceful valley smiling with sunshine and the silvery rippling of resplendent sheets of water—out from the awfulness of God's omnipotence into the beauty of his love! We skirted the west shore of

Jenny Lake and early in the afternoon reach Menor's Ferry. The trip was over but our exultation was still rampant. We had a celebration at Menor's and I visited the U. S. Geological Survey Camp. Mr. T. M. Bannon in charge—and enjoyed a good view of our monument and metal banner through the large theodolite in use by the topographers. Bannon had already seen them and congratulated me heartily on our success. He said they had been trying to scale the peak for two weeks but couldn't make it.

The *first recorded attempt to scale the Grand Teton* is that of M. Michaud a French trapper. It is not known to what altitude he climbed, but I have a strong suspicion that it was he who built that enclosure just west of the Grand Teton, heretofore referred to—500 feet below the summit. Other recorded attempts are those of Stevenson and Langford, in 1872; Cooper, Pollock, and McKean, in 1877; A. D. Wilson of the U. S. Geological Survey, and Harry Yount, in 1878; Owen and Dawson and their wives, in 1891; and Owen and Petersen, in 1896 and 1897. Of all these attempts the most remarkable, in my judgment, is that of Wilson and Yount. They carried a large theodolite (used by the Topographical Survey) to the enclosure—only 500 feet below the summit, but could get no farther. And this is the greatest elevation ever attained by anyone previous to August 11, 1898, when the Owen party reached the true summit, with the possible exception of my own attempt on the south side of the peak, where my barometer showed that I reached a point only about 400 feet below the top. After this first ascent, August 11, 1898, no soul reached the summit for a full quarter of a century. Then, August 25, 1923, Quin A. Blackburn, Andy DePirro, and D. F. DeLap made the ascent and brought back to the world positive evidence that the Owen party had been there as claimed. They found our large monument absolutely intact—not a stone had crumbled nor fallen from its place! They found also our written record and the metal banner we planted there in 1898. Lightning had struck the banner and fused it from the staff but otherwise the metal was uninjured. On August 23, 1924, just one day after my sixty-fifth birthday, in company with Paul Petzoldt, I made another ascent of the peak and beheld once more the record we had left there 26 years before. Our monument was still intact and the names of our party, chiseled on the granite, plainly visible. Up to date probably fifty or sixty people have climbed the Grand Teton and every soul of them has reached the summit by the self-same route that the Owen party located in 1898!

That our ascent of the Grand Teton, August 11, 1898, is the first ever made of that peak, has been proved beyond all question and our claim has been approved and indorsed by four official and authoritative bodies, as follows: October 5, 1926, the Board of Commissioners of Teton County, Wyoming, by unanimous vote; February 9, 1927, the State Legislature of Wyoming, by unanimous vote, the United States Geographic Board, at Washington, D. C.; March 4, 1929, the National Park Commission, in its official circular of that date says: "The first successful climb of this mountain (the Grand Teton) was made by W. O. Owen and three companions, in August, 1898."

In recognition of this first ascent the U. S. Geographic Board, at Washington, gave my name to the second highest peak in the Teton Range whereby, for me, paraphrasing Horace, they have raised a monument more enduring than one of brass, and loftier than the pyramids of Kings; a monument which shall not be destroyed by the consuming rain nor by the mad rage of the north-wind, nor by the countless years and flight of ages.

I have been greatly interested in a statement made not long ago by a writer who had made the ascent. He made light of it and said that he couldn't understand why Mr. Owen had been so long in finding a way to the summit when the ascent is so easy! Now, I happen to know that this man consulted Mr. Gib Scott and got complete information from him as to the Owen route before attempting the climb. Scott is one of the best guides in Jackson Hole and knows every inch of the Owen route by heart. He gave this gentleman and his friends such full and explicit directions that they couldn't have failed to find the path—the only way to the summit on the west side. And he wonders why I didn't find the way to the summit before I did. How easy it is to talk! It is the exact history of the great Swiss peak the Matterhorn. For years every guide in the Alps had pronounced this peak inaccessible and few of them would even attempt it. Whymper, the great English climber set his heart on this peak however, and determined to climb it. For years he attacked it and finally, after seven unsuccessful attempts, he reached the summit—1865—and he says the ascent was made with an ease that none could possibly have anticipated! Since then hundreds of people have climbed the Matterhorn, many women and children among them, and ascents are being made every year by all classes of people. But this great peak was "utterly inaccessible" till Whymper found the way. Now anyone can climb it. In point of wild, rugged grandeur the

Tetons have no rival in this country. There are no foot hills, and it is the startling abruptness with which they rise from the valley that makes them so impressive. I can take you to a point in Jackson Hole only four miles from the summit of the Grand Teton from which you can see every foot of the east slope of that great peak from base to summit—an unbroken sweep of seven thousand feet. You cannot parallel this anywhere in the United States. Striking views of the Three Tetons may be had from almost any direction but I think none of them is more startling and awe inspiring than the view one gets from a point where the Sheridan Trail crosses the Continental Divide. A little incident will be interesting here. Mr. Nelson Yarnall, known generally as "Charley," gave me the facts. In 1882 President Arthur and General Phil Sheridan made a tour of Yellowstone Park. They went from Fort Washakie, Wyoming, by saddle horse and an immense pack train. Nelson Yarnall was their head packer. They came up the Big Wing River and crossed the Continental Divide between Twogwotee and Union Passes. They camped one night just east of the Divide. Next morning President Arthur, General Sheridan, and Mr. Yarnall set out ahead of the party and at about nine a. m. reached the summit where the Tetons flash into view. Yarnall, of course, knew what was coming but the great surprise awaited his distinguished companions for they had no suspicion of what was in store for them. One glimpse and Sheridan reined in his horse, lifted his hat, and turning in his saddle said: "Mr. President, have you ever seen anything like that?" The President stopped, removed his hat, and said: "Never in my life have I seen anything so sublime!"

With bared heads, in utter silence and reverential attitude they stood there several minutes with eyes fastened on those wonderful peaks—"Les Trois Tetons." I fully realize their feeling for I have seen the picture from the self-same spot.

The Teton Mountains are the Alps of America. They are a part of the great Rocky Mountain System and extend southwesterly from Pitchstone Plateau, in Yellowstone Park to a point about six miles north of the great canyon through which the South Fork of Snake River runs just before crossing Wyoming's west boundary and entering Idaho. Throughout its length the Teton Range bristles with summits running from 8,000 to almost 14,000 feet in altitude, many of which have not yet been climbed. The renowned "Three Tetons," with Mt. Owen, are the culminating point of the Range. The Grand Teton, 13,747 feet, is the highest point; Mt. Owen, 12,910 feet, is second; the Middle Teton, one of the "Three

Tetons," is third, with an altitude of 12,769 feet; the South Teton, also one of the "Three Tetons," is fourth, and its altitude is approximately 12,550 feet. For fifth place the contest lies between Mt. Moran, 12,100 feet, and several other summits whose altitude has not yet been determined.

The Teton Mountains are the Alps of America. They have no rival in this country. Their wild and rugged beauty with absence of anything like foothills gives them an impressiveness and titanic grandeur that beggars description, and puts them in a class by themselves. They are Wyoming's noblest scenic possession and the world is just becoming aware of that fact. If you see them once, the picture will never fade from your mind. No where else in this great country of ours has nature painted so grand a picture. These Teton peaks have enthralled me for years and I am still under the influence of their mystic spell which I am utterly unable to explain, fathom or understand. I love them and I love the great commonwealth that claims them.

I left Wyoming under orders from the Government to discharge my duties as examiner of surveys in various states. Fortunately or unfortunately I know not which, my orders designated Los Angeles as my headquarters for several years. I fell under the spell of that balmy, listless, seductive climate; and several years residence there forged the chains which bind me to that Utopia and which I have never been able to sunder. But my heart still finds sanctuary in Wyoming, in her grass-carpeted valleys, among her giant peaks and fragrant pines, her forests and crystal lakes. And I do not forget her people for among them are the best and truest friends I have ever known. The Grand Teton is still my ideal of mountains and ever I see it mounting up and up into the very blue of heaven—the great Titan of American mountains, the peerless peak, the Matterhorn of America!

L' Envoi

TO THE GRAND TETON

Thy mighty form O Grand Teton
Through fleeting years did lure me on,
And filled me with a made desire
To scale thy lofty rugged spire.

Whence came the power O Teton gray,
O'er minds of men to hold such sway?
Did Sirens lend thee spells divine
Or Circe give thee of her mine?

Or does the mystic power you hold
Reside in icy gorges cold?
In granite crags, or fields of snow
That with the seasons come and go?

For countless years men tried in vain
O'er granite slopes thy top to gain,
But from thy sullen brow was hurled
Defiance bold to all the world.

But eighteen ninety-eight rolled round
When mountaineers a pathway found
To reach thy summit, Peerless One,
A task supreme, a work well done!

But Grand Teton is still thy name,
Defeat detracts not from thy fame,
Thou'rt still the noblest in the land,
Majestic, rugged, wild, and grand!

William O. Owen,
Jackson, Wyoming,
July 8, 1929.

WYOMING FIRSTS

The first complete winter tour of Yellowstone National Park was made in the winter of 1887 by Frank Jay Haynes, pioneer park photographic concessioner, and three assistants. The route was from Ft. Yellowstone via Norris Geyser Basin, Lower Geyser Basin, Midway Geyser Basin, Upper Geyser Basin, Grand Canyon then over Washburn Mountain to Yanceys north of Tower Falls and back to Ft. Yellowstone at Mammoth Hot Springs. Crossing Washburn Mountain was hazardous. The party lost its way in a blinding blizzard and wandered for three days without food or shelter. Temperatures ranged from ten to fifty-two degrees below zero during the twenty-nine days of travel. A distance of nearly two hundred miles was covered and many fine photographs were taken by Mr. Haynes. Norwegian skis were used and the equipment was carried in knapsacks with the food. (See Hiram Martin Chittenden's *Yellowstone National Park*, 1895 edition.)

EARLY DAYS IN WYOMING TERRITORY

MRS. CYRUS BEARD*

The signature of President Johnson affixed to the Organic Act on July 25, 1868, created the new territory of Wyoming. Section 17 of this Act provided that the Act should be effective immediately upon the Executive and Judicial officers being duly appointed and qualified.

It is unnecessary to go into the reasons for the appointments having been delayed until April 7, 1869. John A. Campbell of Ohio was appointed Governor; the office of Territorial Secretary went to Edwin M. Lee of Connecticut. Both the Governor and Secretary qualified each for his respective office on April 15. The following day Governor Campbell started west but did not arrive in Cheyenne until May 7, 1869. In less than a month after Governor Campbell qualified for his high office the organization of the Territory was completed according to law.

The Governor issued his first proclamation on May 19, and on the 28 of May he instructed Church Howe, the new United States Marshal, to take "a census of enumeration of the inhabitants of the several counties of districts of the Territory as provided by Section 4 of the Organic Act."

For various reasons there were delays in getting the work started—not the least of which was a big territory and few people so that it was August before the census could be completed. The enumeration totaled 9,118. Church Howe was the first person interviewed. He reported his taxable property at \$2,000. This was the census of 1870 and is the *first* census taken in Wyoming.

The new Territory was 355 miles long and 276 miles wide. There were only five counties and they extended from the northern boundary to the southern. As a rule Railroads follow settlements but a unique situation existed in what is now Wyoming. Up to the coming of the Union Pacific the 97,890 square miles which we call our State belonged to Dakota and had been inherited from Montana because it was without law or settlements. When it became known that the Railroad would cross the entire width of this Territory from east to west and would have a winter terminal some place on Crow Creek, a floating population rushed in and when the rails reached Cheyenne on November 13, 1867, there was a hetero-

*Mrs. Cyrus Beard was State Historian of Wyoming 1923-1933. This article was read at the Kiwanis noonday luncheon, Cheyenne, July 17, 1930.

geneous crowd assembled, made up in large part of undesirables who had floated in from the last station to the east which was Julesburg, Colorado. In the winter of 1867 and 1868 the population of Cheyenne was said to be 6,000. For the most part this was a moving mass which either kept ahead of, or followed, track laying and the same lawless crowd was to be found in turn at each new terminal.

When the census was taken in Cheyenne in June 1870 the population had become somewhat stabilized and the returns gave the young town only 1450 people and it was the most densely populated spot in the territory. John M. Koch, a laborer in Cheyenne, gave his age as forty years and said he was born in Wyoming, which would make 1830 the year of his birth. He is classified as white and no other of his family is enumerated. Among the 828 recorded at Fort D. A. Russell, now Fort Francis E. Warren, were three who claimed Wyoming as their birthplace. These were Captain Deanne Monohan, who gave his age as forty-four; Lieutenant Frank Heath, as 34, and Eliza Gill, a domestic servant, of forty years. The dates of their births would be 1826, 1836, and 1830, and would seem to answer the frequent question as to when the first white child was born in Wyoming. Of the 39 counted at Granite Canyon, six were women and girls and one native born boy one year old. The remaining 32 were foreign born men. Granite Canyon, located at a point 25 miles west of Cheyenne, was a Union Pacific grading camp and was fairly typical of the settlements along the Union Pacific Railroad during the construction period.

Beyond Granite Canyon was the small construction camp which General Grenville M. Dodge named Sherman for his old Civil War Commander. The Railroad Company built a five stall Round House there and always kept one or two engines in it for emergency use for this was the highest point on the Union Pacific Road. General Dodge gave the elevation as 8,236 feet. For many years Sherman was the highest railroad station in the world. It was a very small settlement but it did a big business in sawed lumber, wood, and telegraph poles which were taken from the nearby hills. In 1881 and 1882 the Ames Monument was erected at this point. The monument is a memorial to the brothers Oakes and Oliver Ames of Massachusetts, without whose unabated zeal in raising money the Union Pacific Railroad could hardly have been built. When the process of straightening the road began something more than 30 years ago, Sherman was left to one side. Today the Ames Monument, some ties, and iron rail or two nearly buried in native grass are all that remains to mark the original town site. Sherman has passed into the oblivion of a ghost town.

The Railroad entered Laramie on May 9, 1868, and in two weeks 500 structures answering for buildings had been erected. Two years later the census showed a population of only 708. For the most part these were bona fide residents. It is thought that for its population Laramie more than any other town in the state has a greater number of present day inhabitants who are descended from those whose names are found in the first census record, with Rawlins a close second.

The need for fuel was met by opening mines and a coal camp of 244 people was established at Carbon. The coal proved to be unsatisfactory for domestic use and in a short time mines were opened at Almy and Rock Springs and the Carbon Coal was used by the Union Pacific Company. Carbon had a native born white child six years old which suggests there were homes in Wyoming in the early 60's. Carbon succumbed to improvements and it too is a ghost town. The original town of Carbon was a little east of the center of Wyoming.

A popular game in the new Territory was "guessing" the location of the next railroad terminal; a decision reached, a new town immediately came into existence. In 1868 the camp followers guessed that the next station would be on the Platte river near the present Fort Steele. In a single night a village of 500 inhabitants sprang up in the sagebrush and they named it Brownsville, but the Union Pacific officials elected to locate the station three miles further west and to call it Benton. Benton was undoubtedly the wickedest and the most spectacular of all the early settlements in Wyoming. The railroad was completed to that point late in July, 1868, and it was made a division station. A town of 3,000 inhabitants came into being as if by the wave of a wand. The townsite was platted into squares and laid out into five wards and lots sold for as high as \$2,000. There was a daily newspaper and a volume of ordinances for city government and a Mayor and a Board of Aldermen chosen from the most disreputable classes. At no time did the administration attempt to preserve law and order and the very name of the place became a synonym for vice and crime but the road was winding its sinuous way westward and in less than two months Benton had faded away.

The road was completed to Bryan in the western part of the Territory in September. The location was well selected. The Sweetwater mines and South Pass City with its population of fifteen hundred souls was not far distant. Atlantic City was only ninety miles away and but eighty miles to Pacific Springs on the Oregon Trail. The Company maintained a

regular eating station at Bryan, built machine shops and a round house with twelve stalls. Freight was shipped on to this place to be reshipped and distributed by wagons to other points. There was a daily stage in summer to the Sweetwater Mines which left, so public notices read "When the cars arrived." It looked for a time as if Bryan might be permanent and it really did remain a freighting station for several years, carrying on a heavy freighting business with the Sweetwater Mines and vicinity. But crime, lawlessness and restlessness accompanied the stringing of rails and the lively Bryan lost most of its population only to reappear a short distance east of the present town of Evanston as Bear River City.

In November the graders reached a point about where the old Overland stage route came down over the mountains into the Bear River Valley. The "Toughs" located themselves in the hills to the north of the tracks and a small town of respectable people was established on the south side of the tracks. Stephen W. Nuckolls, our first Territorial delegate in Congress, had a store on the South Side. The Railroad townsite officials named the place Bear River City. Crime characterized the town. Murder and debauchery was common and lawlessness led to the organization of a vigilance committee and three desperadoes were hung. A riot followed in which sixteen rioters were killed and the printing press of Leigh Freeman was destroyed. This riot is known as the "battle of Bear Town" and from that day the Union Pacific Railroad Company dropped the place. With this riot the flotsam and jetsam of Society disappeared from the Territory and thereafter the settlements took on a different atmosphere.

While the Railroad was building across the Territory there was a great demand for ties and telegraph poles. Trees for these purposes were found in the nearby mountains—the Medicine Bow, Sierra Madre and Uinta ranges furnishing the greater quantity.

Following the construction of the road came the demand for lumber for business purposes and for homes. This brought about the organization in 1873 of the Hilliard Flume and Lumber Company which created a major industry in the infant Territory. A V-shaped flume 24 miles long was constructed and received its first flow of water from Bear River 2,000 feet up in the Mountains. At the lower end of the flume, east of and near to Bear River City was the little village of Hilliard. Through this elevated flume (the cars ran under it) cordwood, lumber, ties and saw logs were floated down to the town of Hilliard and picked up by the Railroad to be shipped elsewhere. Twenty-nine kilns furnished the city of Salt Lake with its charcoal supply for smelters. Charcoal sold for as high as 27 cents per

bushel but the use of coke in smelters killed the charcoal industry and the old Hilliard Flume fell into disuse.

The development of the Territory was slow. The public lands had not been surveyed and the Railroad had been built to provide a commercial outlet to the Pacific Ocean; there seemed to be nothing to attract settlement and little thought was given to the development of a commonwealth. It is known that there were a few isolated ranches in the upper Green River Valley as early as 1866. The Murphy ranch on the little Popo Agie was a landmark in 1873. The Eagle ranch was near Camp Brown. Shade Large was raising stock near Bryan in 1870. Jack Robinson, the lone settler, had located in the Fort Bridger district in 1832 and Judge Carter in 1857—both were stockgrowers. By 1875 there were a goodly number of well developed ranches and stock raising was an established industry. During the decade of the 70's much foreign capital was invested in Wyoming and some of the large ranches established in that period were those of the Frewen Brothers in the Powder River district; Ashworth and Jervens, original owners of the Pitchfork ranch; Otto Franc on the Greybull; Douglas-Willan in the Laramie Peak country; the Oelrich Brothers in Laramie County and the Swans in the Chugwater district. These men had the adventurous spirit of the pioneer but lacked his staying qualities and eventually left the territory never to return, except Otto Franc, who accidentally killed himself while shooting rabbits.

The census returns of 1880 were 20,789 and again Laramie County led with only a small margin over Albany County. By '85 thoughts of Statehood began to take shape and on April 9, 1889—the lamented late Senator Warren in his inaugural address as Territorial Governor expressed a willingness to cooperate with a movement by the people looking to Statehood. In the following June delegates were apportioned to the ten districts, based on the last Congressional vote. On the second Monday in July delegates were elected to the Constitutional Convention and the number of delegates was fixed at fifty-five. The Convention met at the Capitol in Cheyenne on the first Monday in September 1889 and framed the Constitution which was later submitted to a vote of the people and adopted as framed.

When the bill for admission came up in Congress the Suffrage Clause was found to be a stumbling block but through the convictions and determination of our delegate in Congress, the late distinguished Joseph M. Carey, the bill went through and on July 10, 1890, the young Territory stepped forth in all the glory of Statehood.

ACCESSIONS

January 1, 1938 to April 1, 1938

Museum

Mabbitt, Archie—A Mexican dollar, dated 1842; a loan to the Historical Department.

Slater, Mrs. L. E.—An Indian utensil found 10 miles east of Slater, Wyoming.

Dewey, R. E.—Three gizzard stones from dinosaurs found near Como, Wyoming. Key that unlocked a door of a Chinese laundry on Eddy Street. Crystalized sponge from Pine Bluffs, Wyoming. Crystalized agate from Como, Wyoming.

Hutchinson, J. D.—Bullets from a 45-70 rifle found at the Natural Fort near Fort Collins, Colorado.

Christopolous, Louis—A Tailor's charcoal iron which is about 50 years old.

Van Benthuyssen, Thomas—Roots of three teeth from a pre-historic animal found 13 miles north of Hillsdale, Wyoming. 2. Four specimens found on the Road Ranch. 3. Bone of a 25 ft. pre-historic reptile taken from gravel pit 12 miles north of Hillsdale, Wyoming. 4. Pre-historic animal egg shell. 5. Pre-historic stone implement used for skinning hides and scraping same. 6. Ox shoe found on Road Ranch. 7. Gold prospector's candle stick used by Thomas C. Van Benthuyssen, Sr., in the Laramie Mountains during late 80's and early 90's. Made from a steel rake tooth. 8. 14 combination calendar playing cards made by Tom Van Benthuyssen.

Daniels, Hiram—First National Bank Check made out to C. P. Organ by Governor De Forest Richards.

Pamphlets

U. S. Dept. of Interior—Decisions of the U. S. Board on Geographical Name decisions rendered between July 1, 1936 and June 30, 1937.

Montana State University—Historical Reprints: "Bannaek and Gallatin City in 1862-1863; a Letter by Mrs. Emily R. Meredith," edited by Clyde McLemore. Sources of Northwest History No. 24. Montana State University.
"The Great West: Interviews" edited by Maurice Howe, Sources of Northwest History No. 4.

American Anthropological Association—"Memoirs of the American Anthropological Association"—"The Flathead Indians of Montana," by Harry Holbert Turney-High. Contribution from Montana State University. No. 48.

Wyoming State Department of Agriculture—Arling Gardner, Commissioner, 2 copies of "Wyoming Agricultural Statistics" No. 12.

Newspapers

Kendall, Norman R.—"The Kendall Journal" No. 2.

Miscellaneous

Groshon, Maurice—Picture of the first school house in Wyoming and of the Community Milk house at Fort Bridger. The school was a 7 family school and the milk house a 6 family one.

Johnstone, R. L.—Photostatic copy of a poem by Robt. G. Goes entitled, "Poem of the Old 'J K.'"

Brandon, C. W.—On The Trail of Moose and Elk, Hunting in The Jackson Hole of Wyoming.

Wyoming State Training School—"A Christmas Carol" by Charles Dickens.

Fobes, Fred S.—An official envelope for the Territory of Wyoming Department of the Interior, Secretary's Office. The envelope is blue and made of heavy linen-like material.

BOOKS**Gifts**

Haynes, Jack Ellis—Haynes New Guide, The Complete Handbook of Yellowstone National Park, by Jack Ellis Haynes. Forty-fourth revised edition.

The Story of Yellowstone Geysers, by Clyde Max Bauer, illus., by Jack Ellis Haynes, first edition 1937.

Purchased by the Department

Custer, Gen. G. A., Life on the Plains, or Personal Experiences With Indians, 1874.

Business Executive's Handbook, edited by Stanley M. Brown.

Dewey Decimal Classifications and Relative Index.

C. A. Cutter's Three-figure alfabetic order Table.

"Fort Laramie" 1834-1890.

Maps

J. H. Colton's Nebraska, Dakota, and Montana, 1864.

Mitchell, 4 maps. Show the evolution of Wyoming, 1862, 1863, 1865, 1869.

Johnson's Nebraska, Dakota, Idaho, Montana, 1867.

Colton's Oregon, Washington, Idaho, 1869.

Barthomew, Kansas, Nebraska, etc. 1873.

Colton's Dakota and Wyoming, 1869.

Johnson's Nebraska, Dakota, etc. 1865.

Same, Double Sheet 1867 Territory of Wyoming 1883.

Wyoming Annals

Continuing the Annals of Wyoming

Vol. 10

July, 1938

No. 3



Published Quarterly
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STATE DEPARTMENT OF HISTORY

NINA MORAN
State Librarian and Historian Ex-Officio

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CONTENTS

	Page
Foreword	99
Modern Map Showing John Colter's Map In Clarks' Map 1814.....	100
Tracing from Map 1814 English Edition.....	102
The Yellowstone River as Placed by Degrees..	104
Barry, J. Neilson John Colter's Map of 1814.....	106
Wyoming Firsts	110
Ghent, W. J. Sketch of John Colter.....	111
Barry, J. Neilson Autobiography	117
Maurice Groshon, In Memoriam.....	119
Campbell, John A. Diary 1868-1875 (Continued).....	120
Accessions	144

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FOREWORD

In preserving the early facts of Wyoming history the name of John Colter stands out above all others for he was the *First* American to set foot in what is now Wyoming and while only seven years of his life from 1803-1810 were spent in the far West, in this time he discovered Yellowstone Lake and the wonders of that surrounding region. His description of this section led to the derisive phrase "Colter's Hell" in spite of his previous record of truthfulness and trustworthiness.

Because of the place John Colter has in Wyoming history we are paying special tribute to his name by devoting this number of the Wyoming Annals to his accomplishments.

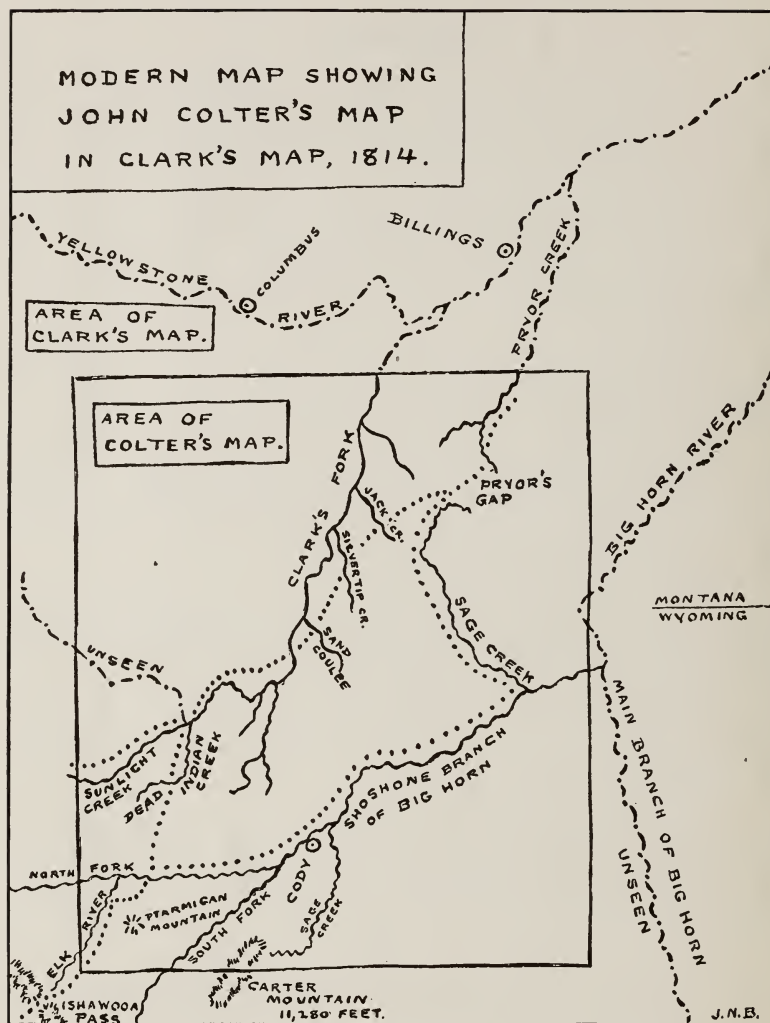
The three maps which appear in this issue were a gift to the Wyoming Historical Department from J. Neilson Barry, now of Portland, Oregon. Mr. Barry has clearly explained them and close examination will show how accurate Colter was in recording geographical locations.

The Wyoming Historical Department is very glad to print these maps for the first time for the use of research workers and our many readers.

The Department feels particularly fortunate to be able to print an article by W. J. Ghent of Washington, D. C. on John Colter as Mr. Ghent is undoubtedly the authority on Colter in the United States.

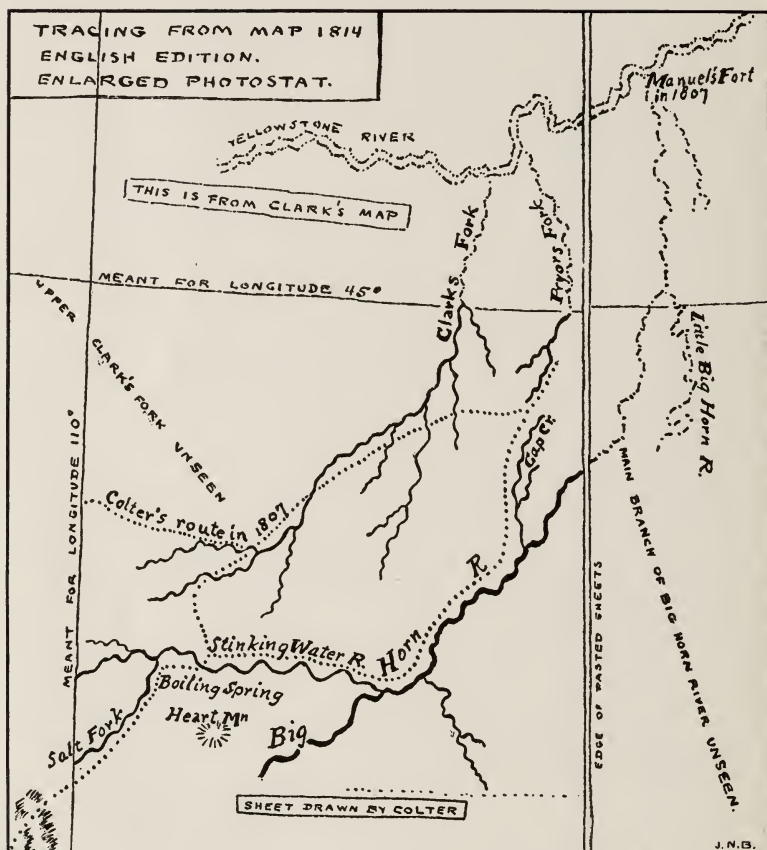
The Wyoming Historical Department wishes to take this opportunity to thank the contributors to this issue for their interest in Wyoming history and cooperation, which has made this issue possible and includes material never published before.

NINA MORAN,
State Librarian and Historian Ex-Officio.



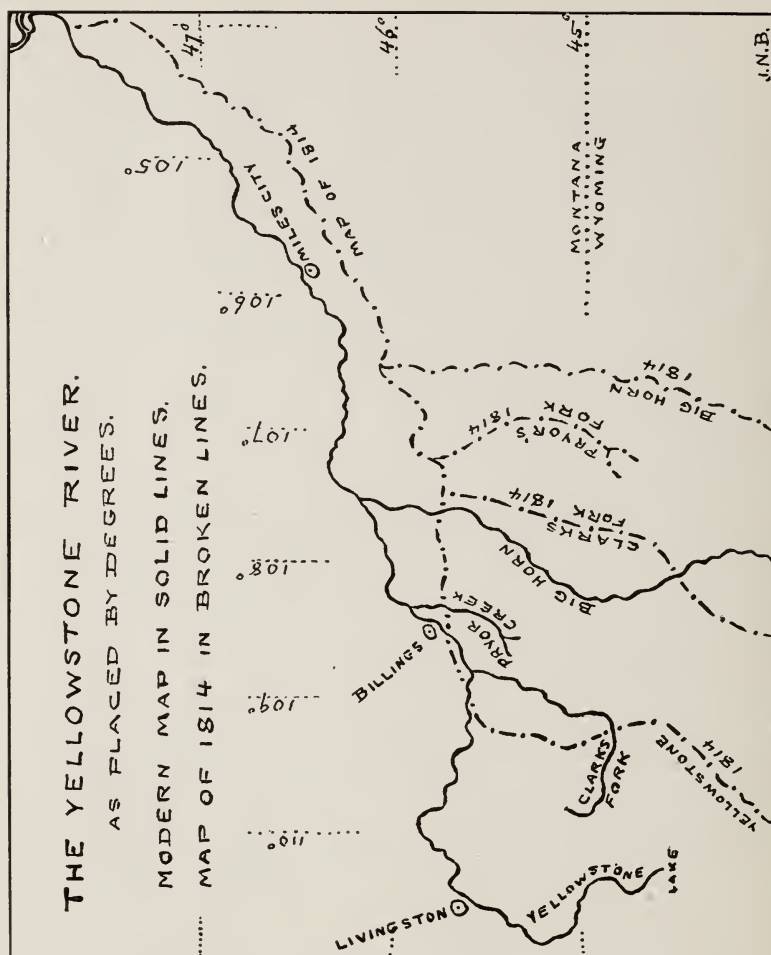
This is an accurate modern map of the area shown in the tracing from the map of 1814, which was drawn by Samuel Lewis of Philadelphia from sheets of various areas which had been sent by Clark from time to time. The large map of the West was published in the compilation of the journals of Lewis and Clark, being slightly different in the English and the American editions, yet not in this area. Comparison should be made of the three maps in this set, and also, if possible with the original maps in both editions. The sheet drawn by John Colter himself is indicated on this map, and it is truly astonishing how accurately Colter depicted the geographical features. If a tracing on transparent paper be made from this, and placed upon the original Colter map the agreement is most striking. Colter in crossing the rough country from Clark's Fork to the North Fork of the Shoshone, overestimated distance, which slightly dislocated that stream to the southward. "Heart Mountain" may be Ptarmigan mountain, but more probably the double-peaked Carter mountain, the summits being 12,000 and 11,090 feet. If so he underestimated the distance. The slight dislocation of North Fork indicates a southward journey from Clark's Fork, since the other streams are placed relatively. Colter did not see the upper portion of Clark's Fork, nor the largest branch of the Big Horn, so naturally assumed that the Shoshone branch was the main stream. The obvious identification of Gap Creek with Sage Creek excludes all possibility for controversy.

J. NEILSON BARRY.



The compilation of the journals of Lewis and Clark was published in 1814, both in England and in the United States. Each had a large map of the West, drawn by Samuel Lewis of Philadelphia from sheets for the various areas, which had been sent by Clark from time to time, and then inserted by Samuel Lewis as nearly in respect to latitude and longitude as imperfect knowledge permitted. Naturally the portions depicting the region explored by Lewis and Clark were first drawn. Subsequently John Colter returned to St. Louis and a sheet representing part of his journey in 1807-8 was inserted so as to connect with the three streams whose lower portions had already been drawn. This is a tracing of an enlarged photostate of the English edition of the map of 1814, omitting many details except such as show the connections with the sheet drawn by John Colter, and on it omitting imaginary mountain ranges, etc., which were obviously injected by either Clark or Samuel Lewis. All features along the route of John Colter are traced without alteration. Longitude 110 limits this map on the west, since another sheet west of that line is from a different map, on which that part of Colter's route was very inaccurately inserted. This sheet drawn by Colter himself is most remarkably accurate, as may be seen by comparing it with the same area shown on the mounted map of this set of three. Although Colter started from Fort Manuel (Raymond) and returned there, the dotted line for his route begins and ends on Pryor's Fork (creek). Since Colter did not see the largest branch of the Big Horn, he supposed that the Shoshone branch was the main river.

J. NEILSON BARRY.



The compilation of the journals of Lewis and Clark was published in 1814, both in England and in the United States. In it was a large map of the West drawn by Samuel Lewis of Philadelphia from sheets sent by Clark from time to time. It is a sort of patchwork quilt upon which the areas depicted by the various sheets were placed in relation to the lines for latitude and longitude as accurately as the very limited knowledge permitted. The astronomical instruments of Lewis and Clark were defective, although the mouth of the Yellowstone river is very accurately placed, a really marvelous accomplishment. Since distances were estimated, Clark in descending the Yellowstone in canoes made the distance seem shorter than it really is. The result is that on the map of 1814 all places are too far eastward. This map accurately locates the river by latitude and longitude, and also similarly places the river as shown by Clark's map. All details are omitted, except three of the tributaries of which extensions are depicted on the sheet drawn by John Colter, which was inserted in this map of 1814. This is shown by the two other mounted maps in this set of three.

J. NEILSON BARRY.

JOHN COLTER'S MAP OF 1814

By J. NEILSON BARRY, Portland, Oregon

John Colter was one of the most prominent frontiersmen of the West. He accompanied Lewis and Clark and then spent several years as a trapper and had numerous adventures which have been graphically recorded, yet very little is known of his midwinter journey in 1807-8 except that he was sent by Manuel Lisa from Fort Manuel or Raymond, at the mouth of Big Horn river to invite Indians to bring furs to the fort. He started late in November 1807 alone and on foot, carrying a thirty-pound pack on his back, besides his gun and ammunition. He must have returned in the spring of 1808, since he made several trips from Fort Raymond that year, with many exciting experiences. His only recorded remark was that loaded wagons might easily cross the mountains where he had travelled, while his unrecorded descriptions of the wonders of our present Yellowstone National Park caused it to be known by the jocular term of Colter's Hell. Also a Great Tar Spring seen by him is traditional.

When the compilation of the journals of Lewis and Clark was published in 1814 it contained a large map of the West on which a dotted line is labeled "Colter's route in 1807" which has caused much speculation as to where he traveled, and innumerable guesses. This map was drawn by Samuel Lewis of Philadelphia, a man of some prominence. It was based upon maps of various localities sent by Clark at different times. An analysis shows that Lewis had platted the latitudes and longitudes, and then filled in spaces from the sheets Clark kept sending. Such data as the Henry Fork of Snake river could only have become known to Clark when Andrew Henry returned to St. Louis shortly before the map was completed, so the map must have been at first only the region explored by Lewis and Clark, and subsequently the other regions added from time to time. That the line intended for latitude 45 limited the Lewis and Clark portion northward of Colter's journey is obvious, since while Colter started from Fort Raymond, and returned there, the dotted line for Colter's route begins and ends on Pryor's fork just south of the line meant to be latitude 45, but misplaced.

A comparison of the Lewis and Clark portion of the map shows that Samuel Lewis had attempted to fit the various sheets sent to him with regard to latitudes and longitudes. Since defective instruments for astronomical observations had been used, and much estimate for distances was affected by the irregularity of the routes, and conditions of the country,

it caused much dislocation. Apparently distances were largely estimated by time, so that the estimated mileage in rough country was too great. The long portage from where canoes were left, now Armstead, Mont., to where canoes were made, now Orofino, Idaho, is depicted on the map as 100 miles too much. Along the Missouri and the Yellowstone in what is now Montana the space on the map is 50 miles too short, which dislocates all the places in that region. They are depicted along the Yellowstone both too far eastward and too far southward.

For the portion of the map south of the route of Lewis and Clark there was very little information available, and Clark did much weird guessing, such as making the four rivers whose sources are hundreds of miles apart, all rise in the same locality. The Platte, "Arkansaw," Rio Grande del Norte, and the Willamette ("Multnomah") all are depicted as rising in the vicinity of what is now the southeastern corner of Idaho. Dislocations are as great as 500 miles. An Indian map of amazing accuracy was inserted. The Colter route is in two portions, divided by the line meant to be longitude 110. The writer spent months in analyzing the western portion which is probably the most extraordinary jumble of muddled geography ever drawn, and depicts Colter as crossing three tributaries of the Rio Grande del Norte in the immediate vicinity of the Platte and "Arkansaw." That a small lake labelled Lake Eustis was The Thumb of Yellowstone lake at the source of the river marked Big Horn, which should be Brooks lake at the source of Wind River, the main tributary of Big Horn river, if the popular identification of the Big Horn on the map were correct. This mystery-lake is labelled Lake Riddle on the map of the English edition, and Lake Biddle in the American edition, both published in 1814, and varying considerably. As a matter of fact, the space west of what is intended to be longitude 110 is a medley of befuddled guessing and can only be interpreted after elaborate analysis.

Eastward of that line for longitude 110, misplaced, the route of Colter is shown south of the Lewis and Clark portion and west of where two sheets were pasted together, and is obviously an approximately square sheet which was inserted in that space. It is undoubtedly a map drawn by John Colter himself, and copied without alteration beyond injecting mountain ranges to fill blank spaces of prairie country. This map-sheet tells its own story of the wonderful ability of Colter to understand geographical features, and his skill in depicting them with remarkable accuracy.

Although the distortion of the Lewis and Clark portion of the region northward, slightly dislocates the relative position of the Yellowstone the three tributaries still retain their names, Clark's Fork, Pryor's creek ("fork") and Big Horn river. Since that portion of the large map had already been drawn there is no dotted line for Colter's route from Fort Manuel, or Raymond. The dotted line begins just south of the line intended to be latitude 45, but misplaced. Colter ascended Pryor's fork to its source at Pryor's Gap, and Colter named the present Sage creek "Gap Creek," but probably went westward from Pryor's gap across Jack and Silvertip creeks and Sand Coulee and then crossed Clark's fork and continued up it to Dead Indian creek. Since Colter did not see the upper part of Clark's Fork it is not shown.

Colter by then had probably joined some Indians and had obtained a horse. He crossed the rough country to the North Fork of the Shoshone, and accurate measurements show that the distances was over-estimated five or ten miles, since he placed that stream a little too far south. He there noticed the odor of sulphur and gave that stream an appropriate name. He seems to have found a band of Yeppe Indians and presumably heard from them of the wonders of what is now Yellowstone Park, so made a short sight-seeing trip, going via "Salt Fork," our modern Elk or Wapiti river, across the Ishawooa Pass, and around The Thumb of Yellowstone Lake to Sunlight creek which is on this map-sheet.

He descended parallel with that creek to where he had previously been, and again ascended along Dead Indian creek, and retraced his steps across the rough country to the sulphurous North Fork, which he followed down to the Shoshone branch of the Big Horn, which he assumed was the main stream, since he never saw the now well-known largest branch which we call the Big Horn and Wind river. Colter traveled along the north side of the branch we now term the Shoshone to Sage creek, which he called Gap creek, and along which he traveled to Pryor's Gap, and then back-tracked his former route via Pryor's Fork to Fort Manuel. This is a really wonderfully accurate map, and was *the first* to correctly depict any portion of Wyoming and is extremely valuable both on account of history and geography.

That Clark only sent this portion to Samuel Lewis may have been that he feared that the terrible experiences and sufferings of Colter had deranged him, when Colter told of the large Yellowstone lake and the geysers etc. and therefore retained the other two sheets drawn by Colter, which may still exist somewhere. The subsequent return to St. Louis of Andrew Henry, with information of Henry's Fork of Snake

river provided the needed data of the region between the supposed longitudes of 110 to 115, and since Colter's second sheet pertained to part of that large area, Clark used it as a background on which to combine his weird notions, and he most certainly did make a stupendous muddle on it.

The route of Colter west of his longitude 110 was inserted on it, but not the large lake, of which Clark did not believe. He therefore showed Southwest Arm as little Lake Biddle (Riddle) and The Thumb as Lake Eustis and distorted the Yellowstone river to make it connect with where he had seen that river. That sheet is a sort of geographical nightmare, and yet when analyzed and the obvious injections eliminated it is found to be a crude map of our Yellowstone Park with the lake as it appeared to Colter traveling along its western side. Since Colter had drawn a very small area, and the sheet was used as background for a very large region. Colter's long lake with The Thumb drawn like the head of an animal became enlarged to the size of Lake Ontario, yet was completely disguised by making its outline into mountains, and may be easily found on the map. Colter's route was re-drawn yet both the English and the American editions depict Lake Eustis similarly to what Colter had drawn, like an animal's head.

An elaborate analysis of that sheet shows that Colter crossed Ishawooa pass, and via Pass creek to Thorofare creek and across the upper Yellowstone river, up Atlantic creek, across Two Ocean Pass, to Pacific creek. Then across two headwater streams of Snake river, and over Chicken Ridge to Southwest Arm of Yellowstone Lake, which the re-drawing depicts as Lake Biddle (Riddle). Colter then traveled westward along the lake and around The Thumb, but beyond that the space prevented any use of a third map Colter must have drawn, while "Hot Spring, Brimstone" was all that Clark was willing to indicate of what Colter had told of the wonders he had seen. There was also a "Boiling Spring" some miles above the mouth of Elk (Wapiti) river, on the east side. It is hoped that this may be re-discovered. Colter never went to the confluence of Elk river with the North Fork. Owing to the confused muddle of the queer sheet westward it is impossible to explain details of analysis without elaborate explanations and numerous illustrations. Yet the unaltered eastern map by Colter is so plain as to be obvious, and it indicates that his short sight-seeing trip was between Ishawooa Pass and Sunlight creek, merely around Yellowstone lake without any approach to New Mexico and the Rio Grande del Norte. While this upsets many guesses based upon failure to recognize Sage creek as Gap creek, yet

if anyone still desires to identify the "Big Horn" of this map-sheet with the now known Big Horn and Wind river, and should be unwilling to recognize that the line for longitude 110 separates two different sheets, such a person must necessarily identify Lake Biddle (Riddle) with Brooks lake. Then let him try to find how Colter reached The Thumb of Yellowstone lake by a short distance across level country. This remarkably accurate map by John Colter tells its own story of where Colter traveled and is a very valuable contribution by Colter to the State of Wyoming.



WYOMING FIRSTS

Yellowstone Park was the First National Park established in 1872. Since then twenty-two national parks have been established in the United States. See: Chittenden, Yellowstone National Park, page 267.

Devil's Tower was the First National Monument set apart in 1906. Since then seventy-three other National Monuments have been established.

Fort Bonneville was the First Fur Fort in Wyoming established in 1832. See: Jim Baker by Nolie Mumey, page 18.

The First School Building in Wyoming dedicated to free education was opened in Cheyenne, January 5, 1868. See: Bartlett, History of Wyoming, Volume 1, page 430.

First boat on Yellowstone Lake was "The Annie" christened for Miss Anna L. Dawes, daughter of the Hon. H. L. Dawes, at that time Senator of the United States. The frame and cover for this boat were brought from Salt Lake City and assembled at the lake. See: Chittenden, Yellowstone National Park, page 95.

First white woman to visit Yellowstone Park was Mrs. H. H. Stone of Bozeman, Montana, in 1872. See: Chittenden, Yellowstone National Park, page 93.

First book printed in Wyoming—Dictionary of the Sioux Language compiled with the aid of Charles Guerreu, Indian interpreter, by Lieuts. J. K. Hyer and H. S. Slarring, U. S. A., and is as complete as a perfect knowledge of the Lacotah Language can make it. Fort Laramie, Dakota, December, 1866. Found in Newberry Library, Chicago, also in Huntington Library. The Wyoming Historical Department does not have a copy.

A SKETCH OF JOHN COLTER

By W. J. GHENT

John Colter was the son of Joseph and Ellen (Shields) Colter and was born in or near Staunton, Va. His birth-date is unknown, but was probably some time in 1775. The surname was variously spelled, both his great-grandfather Micajah and his grandfather Michael seeming to prefer the form Coalter. Of his early youth nothing is known. It is apparent that several Colters, about the 1780's, moved from Virginia to the region of Maysville, Ky., on the Ohio River, some sixty miles east of Cincinnati; and it is further apparent that on one of these migrations the boy was taken along. The John Colter who was born in 1739 and died on July 7, 1789, at Washington, near Maysville, was probably his uncle.

The younger John Colter is first mentioned as a volunteer who at Maysville was provisionally accepted by Capt. Meriwether Lewis on his voyage down the Ohio. Some days later, October 15, 1803, at Louisville, where Lewis and Capt. William Clark united their little squads, Colter formally enlisted for the journey to the Pacific. Doubtless he was already experienced in woodcraft and the use of firearms; and as he was strong, active and intelligent, his fitness for the journey was quickly recognized. At the winter encampment, on Wood River, opposite the mouth of the Missouri, he was at first somewhat unruly, as one might expect a young frontiersman to be, and at one time was deprived of permission to leave camp for a period of ten days. Very soon, however, he settled down to a strict observance of discipline, and he became one of the most dependable members of the company.

The copious journals of Lewis, Clark and Sergeant Ordway make repeated mention of Colter. Of the other diarists, Whitehouse names him but six times, while Floyd and Gass mention him not at all. This neglect, however, implies no lack of regard. "One of our men" did so and so; "one of our hunters" performed such and such a feat, they were content to write, with no thought that the rest of the world would ever care to know the names of those who had distinguished themselves by exceptional deeds.

On May 14, 1804, the expedition left Wood River, crossed the Mississippi and began its slow and difficult passage up the treacherous Missouri. On October 26 it arrived near the Mandan villages, some fifty-five miles above the present Bismarck. Here the voyagers built Fort Mandan, which was to be their winter home, and made further preparations for their journey into the unknown interior and on to the sea.

On April 7, 1805, they again set forth—a total of thirty-three souls, including Toussaint Charbonneau; his wife, Sacagawea, the young Shoshone woman who was to render inestimable service to the expedition, and their infant child, Jean Baptiste Charbonneau. After incredible toils and hardships they reached the mouth of the Columbia in the first week of November. Near the Pacific Ocean they built a post, which was named Fort Clatsop, where they spent the second winter.

They started on their return on March 23, and on August 14 they again camped near the friendly Mandans. Throughout the journey Colter had rendered valuable service. A circumstance now arose that was to provide him a field for the exploits which have made him so widely known. Near the mouth of the Yellowstone two trappers, Joseph Dickson and Forest Hancock, had been met—the first American whites outside the expedition to penetrate so far into the wilderness. The trappers at once turned about and accompanied the expedition back to the Mandan village. In some way they were especially drawn to Colter, and they asked him to join them. Colter, eager for the venture, applied to the captains for his discharge, and after some consideration they assented. "As we were disposed to be of service to any one of our party who had performed their duty as well as Colter had done," wrote Captain Clark, "we agreed to allow him the privilege." They stipulated only that no others should ask the privilege, and none did. Gifts of lead, powder and other useful articles were made to Colter by the captains and the privates; good-byes were said, and the expedition went on its way to St. Louis.

The trapping venture was probably unsuccessful. At some time in the following spring (1807) Colter set out in a dugout for St. Louis. In the meantime the little frontier city had become wildly excited over the reports, made by the returned voyagers, of rich beaver grounds on the headwaters of the Yellowstone and the Missouri. Manuel Lisa, the shrewdest and most adventurous of the fur traders, had formed a partnership with the traders Menard and Morrison, of Kaskaskia, and with fresh capital had organized an expedition of forty-two men to invade the region. About May 1 it left St. Charles, and probably about the end of June reached the mouth of the Platte. Here Colter, paddling downstream in his dugout, was met, and finding in the party three of his former companions—George Drouillard (Drewyer), John Potts and Peter Wiser—was easily persuaded to join. Narrowly escaping serious trouble with the bellicose Arikaras

and later repelling an attack by a band of Assiniboinis, the party arrived safely at the mouth of the Big Horn on November 21. Here they began the building of a post, which when completed was named Fort Raymond, though it was usually known as "Manuel's Fort."

From this camp Colter was immediately dispatched to the south and west to inform the Crows and other supposedly friendly tribes that a post had been established where they could sell their furs. He went afoot and alone. "With a pack of thirty pounds' weight," wrote H. M. Brackenridge, who knew Colter, "he went upwards of five hundred miles to the Crow nation; gave them information and proceeded thence to several other tribes." Doubtless he carried snowshoes and "webs," which were essential for such a journey. Doubtless, also, the winter was a comparatively open one or he would have perished. His route brought him to what is now known as Jackson Lake, to the vicinity of the Three Tetons and up through Yellowstone Park—the *first* white man to view this region. At some time in the spring of 1808 he returned to the fort. "All in all," says General H. M. Chittenden, "this remarkable achievement . . . deserves to be classed among the most celebrated performances in the history of American exploration."

Somewhere he had met a party of Flatheads, whom he had promised to meet at the Three Forks and lead to Lisa's fort. Again setting out, he found the party, and then started with them eastward, but on the second day's journey a large band of Blackfeet was encountered. A battle began; a party of Crows fortunately came up to engage the enemy, and the Blackfeet were driven off with severe losses. Colter distinguished himself in the fighting, but suffered a severe wound, from which he appears not to have wholly recovered for several months.

Despite his knowledge of the peril almost certain to be met, Colter was resolved to trap the region of the Three Forks. "Dangers," wrote his one-time companion, Thomas James, "seemed to have for him a kind of fascination." In the fall, with Potts, both mounted and well equipped, he again set out. The Jefferson was safely reached, but the men had hardly begun their work when they were attacked by Blackfeet. Potts was hacked to pieces, but to Colter, for some reason, was given a chance for life. Stripped naked, he was motioned to move forward perhaps a hundred yards and then signalled to run. As he started, a horde of the swiftest Indian runners, armed with spears, began the pursuit.

For more than five miles the gruelling race continued, Colter outdistancing all but one of his pursuers. Turning suddenly upon this one, Colter seized his spear, and as the Indian stumbled wrested it from him and pinned him to the earth. Instantly resuming his flight, he reached the Madison River, into which he plunged, and after a few strokes came up under a huge pile of driftwood, or as some say, in a beaver house. The pursuers thronged about the place, but finding no trace of him probably supposed him drowned and thereupon gave up the chase. In the night he silently swam across the river and then started on his desperate attempt to regain the fort, some 220 miles away. Seven days later, a mere shadow of his normal self, he arrived. He was naked, and his feet were pierced with innumerable thorns of the prickly pear. His sole sustenance had been an occasional "ground-apple," the edible root of a plant common to that region.

No sooner had he recovered than he again ventured to the Three Forks, this time in the hope of recovering the traps he had sunk in the Jefferson. On his first night's camp on the river he was again attacked, but somehow contrived to escape. He had now gained all the experience with the Three Forks that he craved, and he made a vow to God that he would never repeat the foolhardy venture.

From Fort Raymond, probably in the spring of 1809, he voyaged downstream to the upper village of the Minnestarees, near the Mandans, where he rested. It was there, late in September, that he saw the great expedition headed by Lisa and Pierre Chouteau, which had come up the river to trap beaver over a wide region. Some miles to the north the expedition halted, where it built another Fort Mandan, from which it sent out parties in all directions. One of its main objectives was the country about the Three Forks. Of course the leaders must have the now famous Colter to show them the way, and the trapper, forgetting the vow he had registered, consented to go.

In midwinter a detachment started on the way—Pierre Menard as bourgeois, or commander; Andrew Henry as field captain, and Colter as guide. The party made a brief stop at Fort Raymond and then went on, arriving at the Three Forks on April 3, 1810. A fort was built, and trappers were sent out. Colter again visited the scene of his miraculous escape from the Blackfeet and to some companions who accompanied him related the circumstances. It was not a reassuring tale, and its effect was to dismay his listeners with fears of another attack.

On the ninth day, while a party of eighteen were engaged at various tasks along a stretch of the Jefferson, the Blackfeet attacked. Five whites were killed, while the others were driven back to the fort, and most of the traps and horses and all of the beaver pelts were taken. The affair was a crushing blow to the enterprise, which was soon to be abandoned. To Colter, who had again narrowly escaped, it was the abrupt end of all efforts to outwit the Blackfeet. Coming into the fort, writes James, he said that he had once promised God to leave the country, and that "if God will only forgive me this time and let me off I will leave the country day after tomorrow—and be d—d if I ever come into it again." Several days later, with a companion, he stole from the beleaguered fort, and in time reached Fort Raymond. From here, in a dugout, the two reached St. Louis on the last day of May, in the almost incredible time of thirty days.

Doubtless he was warmly received in the little frontier capital. Though Lewis had passed away, Clark was now a person of authority—a brigadier-general of militia and the Superintendent of Indian Affairs. The English scientist, John Bradbury, and the American traveler and author, Brackenridge, eagerly sought the explorer and pressed him for accounts of his many adventures. To Clark he gave geographical information which first appeared on the map published in 1814 in the Biddle-Allen edition of the journals. Among those who heard his strange stories were many who were incredulous, and no doubt his reputation suffered. Those who knew him, however, and who knew something of the country he had traversed, were certain that he spoke the truth. "His veracity," wrote James, "was never questioned among us." What he told of his routes of travel was confirmed a year later by Andrew Henry, who with a small party had passed the winter of 1810-11 near the present St. Anthony, Idaho.

He now took up a tract of bounty land on the south bank of the Missouri, near the present village of Dundee, in Franklin County, and turned to farming. Also he married a young woman whose first name appears to have been Sally. He must often, however, have been in St. Louis, called there by business troubles. He had never received the money due him for his service in the famous expedition, and so he brought suit against the estate of Lewis, ultimately scoring a partial victory in the case. James also owed him money, but unable to collect anything from the fur company, could not pay.

Back on the farm, on March 18, 1811, he saw a part of the expedition of Wilson Price Hunt passing up the river on the way to Oregon. Bradbury, who was to voyage with the party as far as the Arikara village, came ashore and talked with him. "He seemed to have a great inclination to accompany the expedition," wrote the Englishman, "but having been lately married he reluctantly took leave of us." He must also, a little later, have seen Lisa's party beating its way up the river in a frantic effort to overtake Hunt, and again he must have fought an inner battle as to whether he should return to the wilds or remain on the farm. We know nothing further of the hero's life. In November, 1813, he died, as James says, of "jaundice." On December 10 following his personal property was sold, bringing \$124.44½.

In recent years Dr. E. B. Trail, a dentist of Berger, Mo., has interested himself deeply in the Colter legend and has sought to ascertain what can be learned of Colter the farmer. He fixes the home of the explorer on Boeuf Creek, near its entrance into the Missouri; he accepts the neighborhood statement that Colter left an only child, Hiram, and he finds that Hiram had eight children, a fact that would seem to explain the considerable number of Colters who now live in that section. He also accepts the local tradition that Colter was buried on what is known as Tunnel Hill, a nearby bluff overlooking the Missouri. In June, 1926, the Missouri Pacific Railroad opened a large cut in the hill. During the excavation a number of human bones were found, the remains of probably a half-dozen or more bodies that had been buried many years ago. To Dr. Trail it seems certain that among the remains dug up from this little burial plot and dumped on an embankment were those of John Colter.

Nowhere, insofar as the present writer is aware, is there so much a a marker to the memory of this indomitable hero. Even his bones are but scattered dust, and the place of his sepulchre has been obliterated. Is it not time that in some place—at the Three Forks, or in Yellowstone Park, or on the Missouri, near his last home—his life should be commemorated by a monument?

AUTOBIOGRAPHY—J. NEILSON BARRY

The readers of the Wyoming Annals will be interested to know something of the life of J. Neilson Barry, who has so kindly given the three Colter maps appearing in this issue. This is best told in Mr. Barry's own words in answer to my request for a brief biography.—Historian Ex-Officio.

The brief biographical note is all-sufficient for readers yet since you ask it, it may be as well to explain that since I am the descendant of forty-five soldiers in thirteen wars,—eight in the Revolution, and son of a major of the regular army, I naturally have been interested in American history. Especially since I was raised near Washington, amid scenes of Indians, the tribe whose arrow-points, etc., littered our home-land, were of Indians who fought Captain John Smith.

I went to school along the road where Washington traveled to Fort Duquesne, which was made into a road for supplies for Braddock's army. The countryside was full of memories of the Revolution, children of celebrities, and the town named for General Warren of Bunker Hill. The Hessians, captured at Trenton had settled near, on the estate of Chief Justice Marshall.

That was the bloody ground of the Civil War, and my delight from childhood was to find places of historical interest, picking up fourteen bullets on the battlefield of Bull Run in one afternoon, while every man in that region had been a soldier.

I continued this interest, always ferreting out places of historical interest, and always found many such, wherever I have lived. Some people find amusement in fishing or hunting, while I will not kill a worm. My recreation was to seek historical places and to ferret out the history of whatever place I happened to be.

I was educated in Virginia and New York City and ordained there, and was on the staff of Trinity parish, later rector at Charlotte Hall, Maryland, amid colonial and revolutionary episodes, vicar of St. Columba in Washington and honorary curate of St. Thomas where President Roosevelt now attends, and canonically connected with that Diocese.

However such parochial work was too limited, so four times I came West. The first three times as a missionary, aggregating over fifteen years, during which time I built

one church, two rectories and three parish houses. After about five years I would return east for a breathing spell in regular parochial work. The fourth time I came at my own expense to work among prisoners, until my money ran out, when I retired and came to Portland to enjoy historical research during the evening of life.

Since my education had been technical I took seven university courses then, after having been a professor, went to college when gray haired to learn the modern methods and how they differ from the seventies to nineties. Living with the young people, when I was over sixty was one of the most interesting episodes of my life, it was a great "lark."

Incidentally for side lines I was chaplain for actors and one of the terrible Y. M. C. A. men overseas in France. I was the colt trainer for my father, and was in the cotton business before going to the seminary, so have had a life chuck full of enjoyment and thrills, with over twenty trips across the continent, and have hiked over the Rockies, and now lug a knapsack with about thirty pounds over the hills, collecting rocks.

I have met three thousand actors, had charge of an aggregate of five thousand soldiers on hikes, been Deputy Commissioner for Boy Scouts in New York City, to tell history-stories, made thousands of talks at schools, published some 300 articles, and have personally known upwards of twenty thousand prisoners. Have baptized over 300 and buried nearly 250. Am hearty, with the best wife on earth, and a son in the airplane business, now at Beunos Aires.

J. NEILSON BARRY.

In Memoriam

MAURICE GROSHON

Born 1859, Saint Louis, Missouri

Died 1938, Fort Bridger, Wyoming

Little is known of the first years of Maurice Groshon's life in Saint Louis, but at the age of twenty-one he came to Fort Bridger, Wyoming, then a territory

Upon his arrival in the new country he secured a position as bookkeeper and clerk in a commissary operated by Judge Carter.

During the years in this capacity he met, wooed and married Lulie L. Carter one of the daughters of his employer. The happy couple continued to live at Fort Bridger until the late Governor Kendrick, upon being elected to office, appointed Mr. Groshon to serve as a member of the State Board of Equalization in which service he spent eight years.

With the election of Governor Ross he was appointed to the position of Pure Food Inspector for the State of Wyoming for a period of four years. It was during this time that Mrs. Groshon passed away, as a result of a fall.

When his appointment as Pure Food Inspector expired Mr. Groshon returned to Fort Bridger and in 1927 when the Historical Land Mark Commission purchased the site of old Fort Bridger, Mr. Groshon was chosen as custodian.

He served in this position until his death April 22, 1938.

Mr. Groshon, a very refined and cultured gentleman, loved by all who knew him, dedicated the last years of his life to the restoration of Fort Bridger and his great ambition was realized with the rehabilitation of the "Old Fort."

Mr. Groshon's work at Fort Bridger will be a lasting Monument to his name, which will always be remembered in the history of our great state.

DIARY
JOHN A. CAMPBELL
1869

(Continued)

ERRATA

In April issue of Wyoming Annals, page 61, footnote 11, should read W. W. Corlett.

Aug. 4

Judge Howe goes home.

Aug. 5

Go to Laramie.

Aug. 6

Return with Gen. Dodge &c. to Cheyenne.

Aug. 8

Letter from Jones that Albany Co. is for him. Loaned Col. Craig \$5.00.

Aug. 9

Leave Cheyenne for Sweetwater with Gen. Augur and party.

Aug. 10

From Bryan to South Pass City.

Aug. 11

From South Pass to Gordon's Camp.

Aug. 12

Return to South Pass.

Aug. 13

At South Pass.

Aug. 14

At South Pass.

Aug. 15

Start from South Pass with Augur, Perry, Sheppard, Carter, Mills, Leighton, Clark and Grugan and Beebe. Staid all night at Ed Mann's.

Aug. 16

Left Mann's and reached Bryan in the evening where we took cars for home.

Aug. 17

Reached Cheyenne. Saw Jones at Laramie. Wrote Gen. Dodge.

Aug. 18

Agent Wham reports. Gen. Seward in town.

Aug. 23

Go to Laramie. Meet Miss McCarty on train.

Aug. 24

Return to Cheyenne.

Aug. 25

Jones nominated for Congress by Republican Convention at Laramie. Gen. Bross and family.

Aug. 26

Democratic notification meeting.

Aug. 27

Miss Branot and Campbell arrive.

Sept. 3

Carey goes West.

Sept. 4

Gen. Sherman in city. Also, K. P. Excursion party. Go with them to Denver.

Sept. 5

Return from Denver to Cheyenne with Miss J.

Sept. 6

Election day. Result uncertain.

Sept. 7

Glorious news. Election of Jones.

Sept. 8

Good news confirmed.

Sept. 10

Col's. Mann and Donnellan in town. Rain storm.

Sept. 11

Meet Jones on R. R. Church in evening. Rev. Dr. Reed.

Sept. 12

Jones' Jollification meeting.

Sept. 13

Senator and Mrs. Corbett in town. Hop at Post.

Sept. 15

Goods for Red Cloud Sioux arrive.

Sept. 16

Judge Howe from Laramie *en route* home. Rain. Gordon and Baldwin in town.

Sept. 17

Talk with Commissioners. Rain at night.

Sept. 18

Out to post to make arrangements for going to Ft. Laramie tomorrow. Wrote to Miss F. Not at Church.

Sept. 19

Started from Cheyenne to Ft. Laramie in ambulance with Commissioner Branot and Campbell and War Secy. Mr. Fagel. Two companies of Cavalry commanded by Col. Crittenden as guard. Dr. Reed, Mrs. Anthony, Mifs Coyl and Mifs Wise with party. Went 25 miles to Horse Creek and encamped.

Sept. 20

Marched to near Chimney Rock on Chugwater and encamped.

Sept. 21

Marched to Fort Laramie, where we arrived about 2 P. M. Dined at Browns. Accepted invitation of Maj. Collier, 4th Infy. to stay with him.

Sept. 22

At Fort arguing about Indians, &c.

Sept. 23, 24

At Laramie.

Oct. 3

Dine at Major Powell's.

Oct. 4

Start for Cheyenne. Stay all night at mail station on Chug.

Oct. 5

Breakfast with Mrs. Phillips. Arrive at Cheyenne in evening to learn that Schofield and Sherman have passed thro' today.

Oct. 6

Count official vote. Call on Gen. Augur.

Oct. 8

Thirty-five years of age. Writing annual report.

Oct. 9

At Church. Agent Wham arrives.

Oct. 10

Mifs Branot and Campbell arrive from Ft. Laramie.

Oct. 11

Mifs B. & C. start home.

Oct. 12

Send off annual report and quarterly returns.

Oct. 13

Headache. Howe needs pay for taking census. Refuse it.

Oct. 14

Still sick.

- Oct. 15**
Doing nothing. Weather cold. Gave church \$31.50.
- Oct. 16**
First snow last night. Did not go to church.
- Oct. 18**
Went to Denver. Saw Wheeler Schofield.
- Oct. 19**
Visiting in Denver.
- Oct. 20**
Returned to Cheyenne—thence to Laramie with Newt.
- Oct. 21**
Remained at Laramie with Jones and Carey.
- Oct. 22**
Returned to Cheyenne.
- Oct. 27**
Go to Point of Rocks.
- Oct. 28**
See to shipment of goods.
- Oct. 29**
From Point of Rocks to Fort Bridger.
- Oct. 30**
Remain at Fort Bridger.
- Oct. 31**
Start home.
- Nov. 1**
Arrive at Cheyenne.
- Nov. 2**
Dr. Hayden calls.
- Nov. 3**
Senator Cole in town. Tea at Major Glafcke's.
- Nov. 7**
Go to Denver.
- Nov. 8**
See McCook, Bond, Mann and others.
- Nov. 9**
Return to Cheyenne with Gen. Schofield and Ennis. Receive order relieving me from duty as Supt. Indian affairs.
- Nov. 14**
Start to Omaha with Jones.
- Nov. 15**
At Omaha.

- Nov. 16**
Start to Cheyenne.
- Nov. 17**
Reach Cheyenne and start East again.
- Nov. 18**
Omaha and Council Bluffs.
- Nov. 19**
At Chicago.
- Nov. 20**
New Jerusalem Church.
- Nov. 21**
Start to Cleveland.
- Nov. 22**
Cleveland—Woman's Suffrage.
- Nov. 23**
Cleveland.
- Nov. 24**
Arrive Cumberland.
- Nov. 25**
Society meeting. Banquet &c.
- Nov. 26**
To Youngstown.
- Nov. 30**
From Youngstown to Cleveland.
- Dec. 1**
Cleveland to Chicago. M. A. H.—\$100.
- Dec. 2**
At Mr. Scammon's.
- Dec. 3**
Luncheon at Gen. Bross.
- Dec. 4**
To Presbyterian Church with Miss B. to hear Everett Hale.
- Dec. 5**
Call on Charley Sherman *et al*.
- Dec. 6**
In Chicago.
- Dec. 8**
Leave Chicago for Cheyenne.
- Dec. 9**
From Omaha to Cheyenne.

- Dec. 10**
Arrive at Cheyenne. Mr. Hooper on train.
- Dec. 12**
R. R. meeting.
- Dec. 15**
Snow storm.
- Dec. 18**
To Laramie City.
- Dec. 19**
To Laramie. Dine with Donnellan.
- Dec. 20**
Return to Cheyenne.
- Dec. 25**
Christmas at Episcopal Church.
- Dec. 26**
Town election.
- Dec. 30**
Judge Kingman in town. Party at Mrs. King's.
- Dec. 31**
Kingman and Carey go East.
- Jany. 2**
Calling. Stay all night at Col. Crittenden's.
- Jany. 7**
Ditto. R. R. meeting in evening.
- Jany. 9**
At Cheyenne.
- Jany. 10**
Left Cheyenne for East.
- Jany. 11**
At Omaha take C. B. & Q. R. R.
- Jany. 12**
Arrive at Chicago. Mifs Kate Perry, saw P. Bird Wilson call at 1098.
- Jany. 15**
New Church Dinner at 1098.
- Jany. 16**
At 9 P. M. leave for home.

Election Expenses

Aug. 1	Nomination	100—
Aug. 15	To Jones	100—
Aug. 29	To Wenwell	100—
Sept. 2	To Jones	200—
Sept. 6	To Carey	60—
Sept. 12	To Carey	50—
	To Abney & Rut	80—
	To A. B. C.	70—
	Expenses	100—
		<hr/>
		860—
	From Woolley	200—
	From Kingman	60—

From Jan., 1871 to Dec., 1871

Nothing of importance recorded except:

July 22, 1871

Send O'Brien \$21 for shirts. Geo. W. Rust & Co. \$2 for Stock Journal. Issue proclamation apportioning Territory.

August 26

Republican Primary meeting. Democratic Ratification meeting. Ferry P. O. Agent will not report against Abbott.

August 29

Interviewed by Correspondent Brooklyn Eagle. Republican Convention nominated for Council—Corlett, Carey, Cassets. For House—Appel, Johnson, Piper.

September 23

Judge Jones comes from Laramie. Judge Howe forwards resignation to take effect 31st Oct. Send specimens to Lamborn.

[14]

November 14

Stock Grower's Convention. Re-elected President.

November 17

House passed bill repealing Suffrage for Woman[15].

November 29

To a ball at the Post. Stay all night at Gen. King's. Woman Suffrage bill presented at 11 A. M.

[14] November 7th. The second session of the Wyoming Legislative Assembly met at Cheyenne in the old Courthouse, and continued until Saturday, Dec. 16, 1871.

November 9th. Governor Campbell delivered his message to the Legislative Assembly. For further details—see the Council Journal of the Legislative Assembly, 1871, page 3.

[15] See Footnote on page 127.

November 30

Am offered \$2,000 and favorable report of Committee if I will sign Woman Suffrage Act. Letter from Fisher—28th Deuteronomy. Dinner at Mr. Arnold's. Read proof of message. Write to B. and to Jones.

December 4

Sent in veto of bill repealing woman suffrage act[15].

December 14

Veto of bill repealing woman suffrage act sustained. Veto of Treasury bill sustained. Carey appointed Judge. Wolcott and Arnold have a row.

December 16

Legislature adjourned without passing appropriation bill. Laramie Co. Committee.

J. M. Carey, Chairman,
Geo. W. Carey,
Mrs. Post,
N. J. O'Brien,
Julesburg Baker.

January, 1872

Nothing of importance during January except:

Jan. 6, 1872

Land belonging to Post near Denver— $N\frac{1}{2}$ of $S\frac{1}{4}$ and $N\frac{1}{2}$ of SW (SW) $\frac{1}{4}$ of Section 13, T. 4—South of R. 69, west.

Jan. 8

Meeting of Board of Trustees of Church. Mem. To see Rev.-Mr. Dickson, Sec'y. New York City. Deeds sent Taylor & Smith Columbus 15th May, 1871.

Jan. 10

Meeting of Whitehead, Snow and self of Iron Mt. R. R. Julian's Coal Bill.

Jan. 13

Telegraphed B. Rent Converse's house for \$32 per month from 1st February.

[15] The legislative history of Woman Suffrage in Wyoming would not be complete without a brief explanation of this attempted repeal.

In 1869 the Wyoming Suffrage Bill was passed by a legislature unanimously democratic. In 1871 the alignment of the two parties was reversed on the proposition and the bill to repeal the act was supported by Democrats and opposed by Republicans. It passed both houses and Governor Campbell vetoed it with a lengthy message saying that to repeal the act would advertise to the world that the Women of Wyoming in their use of the franchise had not justified its passage. This Governor Campbell declared was an entirely false imputation. For full details see: Council Journal of Legislative Assembly, 1871, pages 78-84. Bartlett, History of Wyoming, Volume 1, page 203. Beard—Wyoming from Territorial Days to Present, Volume 1, page 241.

Jan. 26

Interview with Com. of Land office in Wolcott's case.

Feb. 1

Married[16] at 6 P. M. Start for Boston.

Feb. 2

Arrived at New York at 7 A. M. and start at once for Boston. Arrive at Boston at 5 P. M. and stop at Fremont House. Bright and pleasant day.

Feb. 3

Severe snow storm. Visited state House and went riding with Col. Fisher. Sidney Andrews.

Feb. 4

Col. Fisher and family visit us at hotel. Congregational Church at night—Dr. Webb's.

Feb. 5

In sleigh with Col. Fisher to Cambridge—Harvard Library. Mt. Auburn, &c. Dine at Col. Fisher's, Brooklyn Mrs. Harding and Young Mr. H.

Feb. 6

Visiting picture gallery, &c. in morning leave for New York via Newport Boat.

Feb. 7

Arrive at New York and stop at Fifth Avenue Hotel. Called on Mifs Aborn and Mifs Peck—Mr. Scammon and wife called.

Feb. 8

Shopping. Dined at Mr. Auburn's. At night Booth in Julius Caesar.

Feb. 9

Received callers. Out with Col. Treat.

Feb. 10

Pictures taken by Laromy. In the evening called at Mr. Aborn's on Mifs Nesbit. B. calls on Mifs Peck.

Feb. 11

Dr. Hall's church in the morning. Col. Treat, Walter Trumbell, Mifs Nesbit and Mifs Aborn dined and spent evening with us.

[16] The Wyoming Historical Department has diaries of Governor Campbell's wife for 1863, 1865, and 1866 signed Belle Crane Wurderly, Philadelphia and Washington, D. C. Mrs. John C. Campbell's picture appears in Beard's, Wyoming from Territorial Days to the Present, Volume 1, page 209.

Feb. 12

At 9 A. M. leave New York for Philadelphia where we arrive about 2 P. M. Met by Major Wolcott. Gen. Dodge and Judge Wilson. Shop at Continental. Call at Mr. Mitchells.

Feb. 13

With Dr. Lambone to Union League Mint, &c.

Feb. 14

Went with Mr. Ferrill to Germantown. Return to city and call on Mifs Mitchell and Henry McCook. Stay all night at Mifs Hamlin's. Mr. F. and Mr. Burns spent evening.

Feb. 15

Return to Continental about eleven o'clock. Mifs Mitchell calls. Leave Phila by Penna R. R. at 6 P. M. for Northumberland.

Feb. 16

Arrive at Northumberland at 3 A. M. take breakfast and start for New Berlin with Will & Annie Gross—reach New Berlin about noon.

Feb. 17

Ride around the country with Will Gross. Dine at Mrs. Slenkers, and in the evening go to Lewisburg with Will & Annie Gross to take train for Harrisburg.

Feb. 18

Arrive at Harrisburg at 4 A. M. stop at Trehiel Housenice hotel! Breakfast at 10. Walk for an hour—Call in evening upon Mrs. Dulb & go to church. Call after church on Mrs. Criswell.

Feb. 19

At 1 A. M. left Harrisburg for Pittsburgh by Penna Road. Arrive at Pittsburgh 9-15. Mr. Casselberry, Mr. Brunot, Mr. Harbough & wife call. Leave for Youngstown at 4-50 arriving there at 8 P. M. Mr. McMullan at depot to meet us.

Feb. 20

Resting.

Feb. 21

Ditto.

Feb. 22

Quiet day varied by a few calls. Spend evening at Mrs. Arnio.

Feb. 23

Rested.

Feb. 24

Judge Casey arrived about 10 A. M. Gen. Burnet & Caleb Wick called during the evening.

Feb. 25

Attended Church with Judge C. in the morning. At home the rest of day.

Feb. 26

Judge C. left early this A. M. Start for East Liverpool with Mr. & Mrs. McM. who leave us at Rochester. Arrive at E. L. about 7 P. M. Met at Dept. by Mr. Kelly & go to his house.

Feb. 27

Visited Pottene's in morning. Dine at Col. Hill's. Leave for Cleveland about 3 P. M. Arrive at Cleveland. Stop at Kennard House.

Feb. 28

Shopping in the morning. Dine at Mr. Haeman's. Remove to Mr. Hanna's in the evening.

Feb. 29

Mr. & Mrs. Chapin dine with us at Mr. Hanna's. Leave for Youngstown at 4 P. M.

March 1

Pretended to be sick so as to avoid returning calls with Mrs. C.

March 2

Sufficiently recovered to dine at Dr. Woodbridges.

March 3

Presbyterian Church in morning. Went to call at Mrs. Butler's in the evening. Refused to go to church with my wife after Mr. McM. called to request me to accompany them. Felt a little compunction on the way home however.

March 4

Made preparations for leaving Youngstown. Company to dinner at Susan's.

March 5

Start at 6 A. M. for Chicago. Detained en route two or three hours. Dined at Alliance and took leave then of Mr. & Mrs. McM.

March 6

Arrive in Chicago for breakfast at Fremont House. Mifs Whitehead & Gen. Sheridan call. Lunch with Gen. S.

March 7

Severe snow storm. Judge Dunlery called and sent carriage in the afternoon to take us to Mrs. Norse. Mifs Whitehead gave us party in the evening. Storm furious.

March 8

Storm unabated. Dine with Judge Dunlery, Mifs Bross calls.

March 9

Removed to Judge Dunlery's when Mifs D. gives a party in the evening.

March 10

Go to hear Prof. Swing. Day bright and beautiful. Mr. Murdock dines with us at Judge Dunlery's. Mifs Bross calls in afternoon.

March 11

At 10 A. M. leave Chicago for Pekin. At Penna meet Dr. Edwards and George. Arrive at Pekin about 8 P. M. and go to Mr. H. P. Westerman's.

March 12

Quiet day. Pictures taken for George. Trunk repaired involving a tragedy.

March 13

Visited Distilleries in the morning. Dinner party at Mr. W's. In the evening go over to Peina where we called upon Mrs. Edwards. Remained at Peina House all night.

March 14

At 7 A. M. start for Cheyenne. Detained some hours at Bureau. Take sleeper on Rock Island Road for Omaha. Mrs. Capeon on the train.

March 15

Arrive at Omaha without breakfast about 10 A. M. Meet Col. Manderson. Leave at 11-30 for Cheyenne.

March 16

Arrived at Cheyenne. Went at once to house where Judge Carey and Major Wolcott had everything prepared for us. They dined with us.

March 17

Presbyterian Church in the morning. Mrs. C. laughed & quite disgraced both of us—At home the rest of the day.

March 18

Busy arranging house during morning. Judge Carey & Major Wolcott dine with us. Judge Fisher & family & Mr. Cook call in evening. Mrs. Elderkin called during the day.

March 19

Engaged in office writing letters &c. To "Post" with Maj. Wolcott. Mrs. King & Mrs. Elderkin call, also Mrs. Glafcke. Refused to pay dft. of Amasa thro' Posey Wilson for \$75. Messrs. Robt. Carr, Pres't E. S. Bowen, Sup't. & Mr. Devereaure Land Com's. K. P. R. R. called.

March 20

Busy writing letters &c. though Nick, Woolley promises to pay dft. of Tho's Stephen for \$80. M. C. Brown in town. Write to George sending pictures.

March 21

Occupied in office during the day. Reception at Sec'y. Glafcke's in evening. Snow storm with moon shining.

March 22

Varnish furniture, &c.

March 23

Carey & M. C. Brown breakfast with us. Varnish furniture, &c. Mr. and Mrs. Kephart call.

March 24

Did not go to Presbyterian Church in morning. Sick all day.

March 25

Carey and Wolcott go to hop at Post with us in the evening. Letter from Mifs N. Sign number of Commissions.

March 26

Mrs. C. sick. At work on Croquet ground.

March 27

At work on Croquet ground. Major W. dined with us.

March 28

Write to Amasa. Brown from Ft. Laramie here. Call at Houseman's, Glafcke's, Steele's and Kephart's. Mifs Fisher at dinner.

March 29

Write to Newton. Buy hoe and shovel to commence gardening. Lots ploughed. W. W. Armstrong goes West. Dr. Latham in town. Wolcott dines with us. Judge Carey, Dr. Carey, Wolcott and Mr. Kephart in the evening.

March 30

Wrote to Judge Jones, Gen. Sheridan, Col. Brodhead, Gen. Dodge, Major Burt, M. C. Brown, Col. Donnellan dined with us. Severe snow storm in morning.

March 31

Church morning and evening. Col. Donnellan, Maj. Wolcott and Judge Carey dine with us.

April 1

Judge Carey and Major Wolcott start East.

April 2

Write to Col. Wherry. Mrs. Wagner in town. Mrs. Warren calls.

April 3

Wrote to Horace Potter about Hudnall. Also to Amasa. Rained.

April 4

Snow on ground. At work on Chicken House. Wrote to Jones, North and others. Called at Judge Fisher's.

April 5

Signed Bruner's Bond. Judge Fisher and wife called.

April 6

Mr. Fisher breakfasted with us.

April 7

Terrible snow storm last night and this morning. No congregation at Church. Wrote to Judge Jones. Letter from him.

April 8

Storm subsided. Remained in house.

April 9

Pearson and old Kingman call.

April 10

George and Posey Wilson dine with us. Pearson left town.

April 11

Severe wind storm. Talk with Carey and Woodley. Wrote to Judge Carey.

April 12

On account of storm, did not go to Salt Lake as we had intended. M. C. Brown and Fillmore in town en route for Denver. Wrote to Jones.

April 13

Nothing recorded.

April 14

Violent wind storm.

April 15

Rec^d \$100 from Judge Fisher. Brown returns from Denver.

April 16

Capt. Nickerson breakfasts with us.

April 17

Letter from Wolcott.

April 18

Start to Salt Lake. Major Sumner and wife on train. Also, C. Huntley.

April 19

See Morrison and Farmer at Green River. Whittier at Evanston. Ride on engine. Arrive at Salt Lake at night. Mr. Rowe and wife on train. See Amasa.

April 20

See Horace Potter, Gen. Woods, Gen. Morrow, Mr. Chance, Mr. Hudnall and others. Judge Hawley.

April 21

Gen. Morrow sends for us to go to Post, where we see Col. Hough and wife. At Tabernacle. Orson Pratt and others.

April 22

Leave Salt Lake at 5 o'clock for home. Breakfast at Ogden. See North and Whittier at Evanston.

April 23

Arrive at Laramie where we remain.

April 24

At Laramie. Dr. Hayford returns.

April 25

Return to Cheyenne.

April 27

Mr. Dereaux and Mr. Ball lunch with us. Long talk with D. Carey issues call for Convention. Blistered hands making hot bed.

April 28

At Church morning and evening.

April 29

Write to George, Newton and Walter.

May 1

B. sick. Col. Donnellan dined with us.

May 2

To Laramie. Reception in evening. Danced till 2 A. M. Primary meeting at Cheyenne in evening.

May 3

Returned to Cheyenne.

May 4

Planted in Bed No. 1. Radishes, Beets, Beans, Parsley, Brocoli (white Walcharew).

May 5

To Church morning and evening.

May 6

At work on garden. Mending fence, &c. Meeting Board Trustees of Church.

May 7

At work in garden.

May 8

Planted in hot bed, Beets, Radishes, Lettuce, Peppers, Brussel Sprouts. Col. Downey in city. (Early Bassano Beets) (Sweet Squash Pepper).

May 9

Plant onions (Red) sets in Bed No. 2.

May 10

Planted 27 hills of Early Rose Potatoes in North East corner of lot.

May 11

Judge Carey returns. Plant about 100 hills of Potatoes. Mrs. C. very bad tooth ache.

May 12

No Church. Mrs. McNaper and Mrs. Donnellan with us almost all day. Telegram from Jones.

May 13

Write Jones, Maggie Boyle and Hayford.

May 14

Plant in Bed No. 2—White onion sets.

May 15

Found Mushroom Bed.

May 16

Write Rev. D. J. Pierce.

May 17

Plant in Bed No. 3, Lettuce, Red Onion sets, Spinach, Beets, Carrots, Salsify, Parsnips, Celery, Also, Potatoes.

May 18

Plant in Bed No. 4, White Onions Seed. Bed No. 5, Savory. Bed No. 10, Plant Turnips. Planted balance N. E. corner in potatoes.

May 19

Episcopal Church morning and Congregational evening.

May 20

Telegram from Secy. Delano whom we accompany to Sidney. Erwin and wife with Mifs Grammer go West. Plant Cabbage seed in Bed No. 5. No's. 6 and 7 Phila Extra Early Peas. Nos. 8 and 9 Beans.

May 21

Return to Cheyenne. Letter from Donnellan about Lawyer's bill. Write Wolcott and Lamborn Robt. Clarke & Co. 30c—Suseribe \$25 for Library[17].

May 22

Send Donnellan dft. for \$200 for Lawyer. Set yellow hen.

May 23

Plant sweet corn.

May 24

Last rain.

May 25

Mr. Cook and Mifs F. play whist.

May 26

Telegram from Jones Wolcott's appointment. Methodist Church in evening. Col. Donnellan in town.

May 27

Col. Donnellan goes East with McNaper. Judge Carey starts for South Pass. Mrs. C. returned visits.

May 28

Col. Downey in town.

May 29

Plant cucumbers in West lot and squash, Muskmelons and watermelons in East lot. First potatoes planted are up.

May 30

Congregational Festival in evening.

May 31

Hat. Sent Mrs. W. dft. for \$50 yesterday. Visit Mrs. King, Mrs. Woolley and Mrs. Reynolds. Signed with Snow and Harlow—Wolcott's bond.

June 1

Wrote Jones, Wolcott, &c. Rain in evening and at night.

June 2

Congregational Church. Rain.

June 10

Ratification (?) meeting. Did not attend.

June 14

Dr. and Mrs. Woodbridge arrive.

[17] Territorial Library (Wyoming State Library) was established December 13, 1871 and December 16, 1871, Edward P. Johnson was appointed **First** Librarian. Mr. Johnson was an attorney of outstanding ability and took and active part in civic and educational affairs. Johnson School in Cheyenne and Johnson County were both named in his honor. For full information on Territorial Library see Council Journals of the Legislative Assembly, 1871, pages 27, 52, 69, 91 and 121.

June 15

Dr. and Mrs. Woodbridge remain. Long and Fred Anderson and Mifs Hays en route for Denver.

June 16

Attorney General Williams passes en route for Washington.

June 17

Go to Laramie with Dr. and Mrs. Woodbridge. Tom Donaldson and wife on train. Also, Mr. and Mrs. Hollister.

June 18

Return to Cheyenne. Billy Armstrong and wife on train. Leave Dr. W. at Laramie.

June 19

Glafcke presents letter from Steele about my veto and approval of extra pay for members of Legislature.

June 20

Major Wolcott arrives.

June 22

Posey Wilson tells me that Church Howe says he has letter from Judge Fisher regretting Wolcott's appointment. Also, that Kingman and Reed sent Nuckolls to Murrin with promise of \$500 cash and \$500 or \$1000 after election if M. would support Reed for Congress, and waited behind Presbyterian Church for answer. Murrin refused.

June 23

To Church. Mr. Kephart has returned. Justice Strong and wife present. Wolcott goes to Laramie. Posey Wilson tells me that Arnold says on 13th June C. H. had balance of \$7,800 in bank—was called on for \$12,000 and drew that out from bank on 20th and sent to Denver.

June 24

Dr. and Mrs. Woodbridge leave Wolcott returns.

June 26

Judge Carey returns. Water on garden first time.

June 27

Gen. Cowen passes through City. Mifs Hays dines with us.

June 28

John Delano and wife and Judge Peck lunch with us.

June 29

Judge Jones and Dr. Carey arrive. Set out cabbages.

June 30

Presbyterian Church. Judge Poland passed through.

July 2

Judge Jones and Major Wham dine with us. Buy "Roughing It."

July 3

Working in garden. Judge Jones goes to Laramie.

July 4

Celebration at the Lake. I preside. Ball at night.

July 6

Col. Stanton and Mr. Brunot pass through town.

July 7

Presbyterian Church.

July 8

Mrs. C. sick.

July 9

People's mass meeting. Col. Downey and Judge Brown in city.

July 10

Prof. Washburn, Mifs Kate Perry, Gen. Gorchman pass through city. Attend concert Berger Family.

July 11

Due J. G. Hapey \$216.

July 21

Church morning and evening. Judge Carey dines with us.

July 25

Judge and Mrs. Fisher to dinner. Terrible rain storm, one inch and a forty hundreths of water fell.

July 26

Secretary and Mrs. Glafcke and Judge Carey to dinner.

July 27

Receive quarterly salary. Call on Col. Downey and wife.

July 28

Letters from Mark Hanna, Newt and Gen. Dodge and Walter.

July 29

Lay out Croquet ground. Mrs. C. rides with Mrs. Glafcke.

July 30

To Laramie. Called at Hayford's, Fillmore's, Arnold's. Evening at Mrs. Rumsey's. Col. Donnellan leaves for Denver.

July 31

To Post Sanders. To Sociable at Mr. Arnold's.

August 1

To Hutton's Ranch with Judge Brown and Mifs Fillmore. Half-Anniversary.

August 2

Evening at Mr. Fillmore's.

August 3

Return to Cheyenne. Meet Senator and Mrs. Scott and Mr. Fillmore. Letter from Mark Hanna with one from Parson's. Croquet in evening with Carey and Mifs Hartings.

August 4

Church morning and evening. First beets out of garden.

August 8

Democratic Primary meeting.

August 17

Steele nominated by Dem. Convention at Laramie on 107th ballot. Col. Tom Scott, Gen. Dodge, Senator Sherman and party go West. Croquet party in evening.

August 27

John A. Wright will bring 100 men to Bordeaux's Ranch on Laramie from Wagner to Laramie City.

August 28

Return to Cheyenne.

September 3

Election—Jones defeated. Judge Fisher goes East.

September 8

To Sidney with Genl's. Dodge and Breslow and families.

September 9

Return to Cheyenne.

September 10

Write to Stanton and Donnellan.

September 11

Write to Boynton.

September 12

Attend party to Col. Reynolds.

September 15

Jones returns. Rev. Mr. McCandlesh dines with us.

September 16

Pardon McGovern. Sallie King dies. Tom Scott and party go East. Dig Potatoes. Hayford in city.

September 17

Judge Carey in city. Letter from Gen. White.

September 18

Dr. Latham in city.

September 19

To Denver. Remain all night at American House. See Col. Donnellan.

September 20

To Pueblo. Major Elderkin and Mrs. Drew, Mrs. Mathews and Gen. Hunt on train.

September 21

To Colorado Springs.

September 22

Remain at Springs.

September 23

Visit Queen's Canon and Glen Eyril. Mr. Sturgeon and party arrive.

September 24

To Denver.

September 25

Judge and Mrs. Bond call and we visit Fair with them. Mrs. Witter, Mrs. Hollister and Mr. Mathews call. Also Mrs. McCook and Phoebe Coyzens.

September 29

Presbyterian Church. P. S. Wilson dines with us.

October 5

Judge Carey starts East. Mrs. Stenhouse lectures. Letter from Boynton. Dr. Latham in town. Note for \$300 due.

October 6

Make coffee for breakfast. Belle sick. Presbyterian Church. Letter from Gen. Sheridan.

October 8

Birthday. Busy writing letters, &c.

October 17

Start to Salt Lake City. Mr. Allman and wife on train. Also, Oliver Filley, Mr. Millard, &c.

October 18

In evening arrive at Salt Lake City. See Major Woolley.

October 19

Mrs. C. goes to Fort Douglass in evening. See Gen. Williams, Col. Farmer and others.

October 20

Start on Utah Southern Cars to visit Amasa. At terminus of R. R. (Lehi) take carriage for Camp Floyd, where I see Horace Potter—thence to mines—thence to Ophir City, where we remain all night. Woolley and Capt.

October 21

To Dry Canon where I find Amasa visit Mona (?) mine, &c.—thence to where we remained all night.

October 22

Return to Salt Lake City—thence to Camp Douglass.

October 23

To City. See Mr. Nuckolls, Mr. Hooker and others.

October 24

To city with Mr. C.

October 25

With Gen. Morrow and wife. Col. Hough and wife. Maj. Gordan and wife and others to Lehi, thence on American Fork R. R. in canon with Mr. Wilkes, Supt.—thence to city.

October 26

To Fort Bridger. Salute. Col. Pracket and others call.

October 27

No Church.

October 28

See Clarence King and party start.

October 29

Diamond prospectors about[18].

October 30

Tell diamond stories.

October 31

Visit old Indian.

November 2

Start for home. Gen. Gibbon, Prof. Hayden, Senator Cole, Mr. Byens and others on train.

November 3

Stop at Laramie. Attend Mr. Arnold's[19]. Church. Dinner at Dr. Hayford.

November 4

Return to Cheyenne. At night at home.

November 5

Election Day. Write to Comptroller Currency.

[18] A section in Sweetwater County between fifty and seventy-five miles from Black Butte Station was "salted" with diamonds by Philip Arnold and John Slack garbed as miners who took a bag filled with rough diamonds to a powerful California Bank and deposited it for safe keeping. The Cashier and actual head of the bank became interested and eventually organized a company to develop the mine of precious jewels. Outstanding men who became associated with the enterprise were Horace Greeley, Gen. Geo. B. McClellan, Chas. Lewis, Tiffany of the famous jewelry house and Baron Rothschild. Arnold and Slack "Reluctantly" disposed of their holdings for \$700,000 before the fraud was discovered. For full details see: Wyoming State Tribune, June 3, 1932, page 14.

[19] Rev. F. L. Arnold father of Judge John Arnold of Evanston and the Grandfather of Carl Arnold, Dean of the Law School of University of Wyoming and Thurman Arnold former Mayor of Laramie and now in Washington, D. C.

November 6

Write to R. W. Taylor. Letter from D. G. Swan.

November 7

Write Col. Stanton.

November 8

Write Col. Fisher & Donnellan. Carey and Mr. Byens. Gen. Brestion dines with us.

November 9

Write to Newt, Mr. Brunot and others.

November 10

Presbyterian Church.

November 11

Nothing recorded.

November 12

Write to Amasa and D. G. Swan. Terrible wind storm.

November 13

Wind continues. Thirty ° below zero. Write to Jones.

November 14

Write to Jones, Rumsey, Brown, Carter, Amasa, Irish girl arrives.

November 15

Irish girl leaves. Charley Harry Wagner calls.

November 16

Mrs. C. hard at work.

November 17

Presbyterian Church.

November 18

Letter to President introducing Vaughin.

November 19

Mrs. Judah on train.

November 21

Wrote to Downey, Alek S., Boynton et al. Col Chittenden.

November 22

Wrote to Lamborn. Dr. Latham called.

November 23

Judge Carey returns with new suit, &c.

November 24

Presbyterian Church.

November 25

Send Christmas Box to Amasa.

November 26

Carey and Mr. Harrison call.

November 27

Mr. Parrish, Gen. Meigo, Tom Donaldson et al on train.

November 28

Mr. Kephart and family and Judge Carey dine with us today. Thanksgiving.

November 30

Write to Boynton and Donaldson. Stanton passed thro to Omaha. Did not see him.

December 1

Presbyterian Church.

December 2

Wrote to Bradbury, Jones et al.

December 3

Wrote recommendation for Evans, (Jno. D.) as Post Trader at Fort Laramie, and to Jones.

December 7

Letter from Judge Jones.

December 8

Presbyterian Church. Judge Carey dines with us.

December 9

Calling at Post in the evening.

December 10

Rec^d Christmas Box—Telegraphed Wham and wrote to Jones, Lamborn, Stanton and Donnellan. Go to theatre to see "Married Life."

December 11

Wrote to Amasa. Animal.

December 13

Wrote to Boynton.

December 14

Sent blanks for Atty. Genls. Reports.

December 22

No Church. Mr. K. sick.

December 23

Attend play in evening. "Spirit of 76."

December 25

Christmas.

December 26 to December 31, 1872

Nothing recorded.

ACCESSIONS

April 1, 1938 to July 1, 1938

Museum

Brown, Iva M.—Two western sage candles made by Iva M. Brown.
 Perkins, Mr. I. H.—One pair of shoes worn in the smelters at Hilliard, Wyoming.

Pamphlets

Union Pacific Railroad—N. A. Miller, Ticket office; Seven Pamphlets.
 No. 1, Summer Tours in Yellowstone, Zion, Bryce, Grand Canyon, California Pacific Northwest and Colorado. No. 2, Yellowstone and Grand Teton National Park. No. 3, California. No. 4, Colorado Mountains, Playgrounds. No. 5, Dude Ranches. No. 6, Zion and Bryce Canyon, Grand Canyon, and National Parks. No. 7, Pacific Northwest and Alaska.

The Frost Curio Shop, Cody—Indian Symbols.

Montana Highway Department—Indian Picture Writing.

Newspapers

Whittington, Mrs. C. O.—Photostatic copy of The New York Herald, April 15, 1865.

Edwards, Mrs. Elsa Spear—Six Newspaper clippings from the Sheridan Press, Biographical sketches of Mrs. Edward's mother and several historical articles on Wyoming. A manuscript on the fifteen day fight on Tongue River with three pictures of the Tongue River and place of Fight.

Miscellaneous

From a Friend—Picture of "Comanche" the only survivor of the famous Custer Massacre.

Mattes, M. T.—Map of the North Platte Valley Historical Sites.

Burt, Joseph—Map showing plan for the conservation of the waters of the Snake River basin.

Greenarnyre, Mrs. Helen E.—An addressing tag for shipments, 1871.

The Lutheran Champion—Article on Chapel of the Transfiguration and Its Altar that God Painted, Moose, Wyo.

Manuscripts

Evans, D. W.—One manuscript and four letters.

PURCHASES**Books**

Dye, Eva Emery—The Conquest. 1918.

Carter, Charles Frederick—When Railroads Were New. 1909.

Burt, Struthers—The Diary of a Dude Wrangle. New Rev. 1938.

Kelly, Charles—Journals of John D. Lee. 1938.

Baleh, F. H.—The Bridge of the Gods. 1901.

Dunraven, Earl of—The Great Divide. 1876.

Smith, C. W.—Journal of a Trip to California. 1920.

Remington, Frederick—The Book of the American Indians. 1928.

Winthrop, Theodore—The Canoe and The Saddle. 1863.

Chittenden, Hiram M.—Yellowstone National Park. 1933.

Bandell, Eugene—Frontier Life in the Army, 1854-1861. 1932.

Maps

Territorial Map of Wyoming showing the first five counties, 1869.

Territories of Nebraska, Dakota, Colorado, and Kansas, 1862.

Nebraska, Dakota, Idaho, Montana, Wyoming, 1869-1875.

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No. 4

CONTENTS

	Page
Foreword	147
Dr. Grace Raymond Hebard—picture.....	148
Olson, Ted. Dr. Grace Raymond Hebard.....	149
White, Laura A. Dr. Hebard Tribute.....	150
Larson, Alfred The Writings of Grace Raymond Hebard.....	151
Wyoming Firsts	185
Campbell, John A. Diary 1868-1875 (Concluded).....	155
Accessions	186

Published Quarterly
by the

STATE DEPARTMENT OF HISTORY

NINA MORAN
State Librarian and Historian Ex-Officio
Cheyenne, Wyoming

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FOREWORD

The name of the late Dr. Grace Raymond Hebard immediately comes to mind when we think of educational and historical development in the State of Wyoming.

She was a member of the staff of the University of Wyoming for forty-five years, serving as librarian, member of the Board of Trustees, and professor of political economy.

Dr. Hebard took an active part in the Suffrage cause and her efforts were rewarded by the adoption of the Nineteenth Amendment and a certificate for distinguished service from the National Suffrage League.

She was the **first** President of the Wyoming Library Association; served as director of the Wyoming Public Health Association and also on the advisory board of the Wyoming Historical Association.

Dr. Hebard was admitted to the Wyoming Bar in 1898 and to practice before the Wyoming Supreme Court in 1914.

In 1921 she received the bronze medal annually awarded by the Casper Kiwanis Club for outstanding public service.

Excelling in all these fields of endeavor she found time to devote to collecting facts and first hand information on the historical development of Wyoming and her writings on the History of Wyoming are among our most valued contributions to this subject.

In view of her many accomplishments and contributions to Wyoming, it seems only fitting and proper that this issue of the Wyoming Annals pay special tribute to the Memory of Dr. Grace Raymond Hebard on the second anniversary of her passing.

The Wyoming Historical Department wishes to thank the contributors to this issue for their co-operation in making it possible to honor the Memory of our beloved Dr. Hebard.

NINA MORAN,

State Librarian and Historian Ex-officio.



DR. GRACE RAYMOND HEBARD
Foremost Historian of Wyoming

Born July 2, 1861, at Clinton, Iowa.

Died October 11, 1936, at Laramie.

GRACE RAYMOND HEBARD

Editorial by Ted Olsen* in Laramie Republican-Boomerang, Oct. 12, 1936.

Grace Raymond Hebard is dead.

It was hard to believe, at first. Generations of University graduates, generations of Laramie residents, had come to regard Dr. Hebard as almost as enduring and ageless as the University she loved, almost as much a part of the Wyoming heritage.

Of the little group of brilliant and devoted scholars and teachers who joined the faculty of the infant University at its founding or soon after, none more attained a wider renown. Thousands of students learned the elements of economics and gained their first conception of the historic lore of their state in her classes, always popular and crowded. Many thousands more who never came to the campus knew her work and her personality through her textbooks in Wyoming history and government.

She loved teaching and, even after she passed the retirement age which would have permitted her to relax her labors or devote herself exclusively to her historical researches, she continued to meet one or more classes. But perhaps her first allegiance was to the history of the west and particularly of her adopted state. She was indefatigable in research and writing, tireless in tracing down clues that would illuminate some obscure passage in the chronicle of the pioneers. She interviewed countless frontiersmen and preserved for posterity their first-person records. Probably no one but herself knew the volume or the wealth of the material she thus collected. To the future historian it remains as a priceless compilation of sources which otherwise would have been irrevocably lost. And her own volumes, of course, are permanent contributions to the record of America's past.

Of her innumerable other activities it is impossible to speak in detail. Like most busy persons she found time somehow to respond to additional demands which would have constituted a full-time schedule for anyone of less inexhaustible energy. Her services to the cause of woman suffrage, the fight against child labor, World war work, naturalization, and many others are too well known to require summarizing. She was always ready to find place in her crowded program for any enterprise which aroused her quick sympathies, her deep sense of public responsibility.

Grace Raymond Hebard is dead. But her memory endures in the lives of thousands of Wyoming citizens who learned from her the meaning of tireless, devoted service to a chosen task.

*Reprinted through the courtesy of Mr. Olsen who is now on the staff of the New York Herald-Tribune, New York City.

DR. HEBARD TRIBUTE

LAURA A. WHITE

Head of Department of History, University of Wyoming

The State of Wyoming and the University of Wyoming owe a great debt of gratitude to Grace Raymond Hebard. Dr. Hebard had the spirit of those pioneers of whom she wrote so sympathetically and she herself blazed many a trail, both in the history of Wyoming, and in the social and political advancement of the state and its people—particularly its women and children. As a historian she had a genius for ferreting out the remotest clues and following them, for years if need be, to the complete unravelling, of a mystery. The materials for Wyoming and Far Western history which she collected with such great expenditure of time and money she shared with the utmost generosity with anyone who might ask for help. From near and far, students and scholars came or wrote to consult her. But probably her greatest gift to the state she loved was her imparting to generation after generation of college students of a new enthusiasm and admiration for Wyoming's romantic past and a new and vital interest in its future.

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Continuing the Annals of Wyoming

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THE WRITINGS OF GRACE RAYMOND HEBARD

ALFRED LARSON, PH. D.,
Instructor in History, University of Wyoming

Few citizens of Wyoming are not acquainted with one or more of the works of the late Dr. Hebard, who assembled much information and wrote extensively about the state's early history. A survey of her contributions soon convinces one that all who are interested in the state's fascinating history are substantially indebted to her.

Among Dr. Hebard's writings three works stand out: *The Bozeman Trail, Washakie, and Sacajawea*. The Bozeman Trail, which was published in 1922, is a two-volume work in the preparation of which Miss Hebard had the collaboration of E. A. Brininstool. The authors in these two volumes present much new and interesting information concerning Wyoming trails, forts, Indian battles, and white and Indian leaders. The chapter headings suggest the contents: "The Great Medicine Road of the Whites," "The Overland Stage and Telegraph Lines," "Fort Laramie," "Fighting the Indians on both sides of the Platte," "The Naming of Fort Caspar," "The Indian Fight at Platte Bridge Station," "The Bozeman Trail," "The Powder River Indian Expedition," "The Hated Fort on the Little Piney," "The Fetterman Disaster," "John Phillips, a Hero of Fort Phil Kearney," "The Wagon Box Fight," "Personal Experiences in and around Fort Phil Kearney," "Route of the Bozeman Trail; Description of Forts Reno, C. F. Smith, and Fetterman," "A Private's Reminiscences of Fort Reno," "Fort C. F. Smith and the Hayfield Fight," "Red Cloud, the Great Ogallala Sioux War Chief," and "Jim Bridger—The Grand Old Man of the Rockies." The chapter, "The Wagon Box Fight," was contributed by Sergeant Samuel S. Gibson who participated in the fight as a private; the chapter, "Personal Experiences in and around Fort Phil Kearney," was written by F. M. Fessenden, former sergeant and principal musician of the Eighteenth U. S. Infantry band at Kearney; and the chapter, "A Private's Reminiscences of Fort Reno," was written by A. B. Ostrander.

Washakie, which Dr. Hebard published in 1930, is a eulogy of the famous Shoshone chief who was consistently friendly to the whites. Miss Hebard tells how Washakie probably won his name, "The Rattler," from his use of a rawhide rattle which he used to frighten Sioux horses in battle. Information concerning Washakie's early years Miss Hebard got through an interview with the chief's son, Dick, in 1926. The chief is described as a benevolent despot in the best sense. For nearly sixty years he ruled his people with iron discipline. When some of his young men hinted that he was getting too old to win victories in battle, he disappeared for two months, then reappeared with the scalps of seven hostile Indians. He had come across a band and taken the scalps single-handed. Horse-stealing was a cherished avocation for many Indians, but Washakie would not permit his band to steal horses, at least not from whites. The westward movement of white population would have been a different story had there been a few more chiefs like Washakie. His forceful personality is presented before a rich back curtain into which is woven much Wyoming history concerning white migration and Indian hostilities. An appendix to this volume describes ceremonial dances, beliefs, and customs of the Shoshone tribe.

The third of Dr. Hebard's principal works, *Sacajawea*, published in 1932, embodies the results of research extending over a period of three decades. As long ago as 1907 she wrote an article, "Pilot of the First White Men to Cross the American Continent," for the *Journal of American History*, in which she expressed her conviction that the Sacajawea who died on the Wind River Reservation in 1884 was the Sacajawea who had accompanied the Lewis and Clark expedition. *Sacajawea* is a charming story. No one can read it without appreciating the unflagging zeal with which Miss Hebard pursued her research. The Indian woman's remarkable contributions to the Lewis and Clark expedition are detailed at length. It seems, however, that Sacajawea's husband, Charbonneau, did not appreciate her fully. Somewhere in western Oklahoma or Kansas Sacajawea quarreled with another of Charbonneau's wives. Charbonneau whipped Sacajawea for causing trouble, whereupon she fled, never to grace his tepee again. She wandered for some time and then made her home with a tribe of Comanches, one of whom "with the aristocratic name of Jerk Meat" she married. She spent a number of years among the Comanches, but soon after Jerk Meat was killed in battle, she was overcome with a desire to see her own people. Eventually she found her Shoshone tribe, then under Washakie's chieftainship, and was reunited with her two sons. Included in an appendix is the testimony of Indian agents, missionaries, teachers among

the Shoshones, Shoshone Indians, and Comanche Indians. Miss Hebard used government interpreters to get information from Shoshones and Comanches with which to reconstruct the life of Sacajawea. She gleaned information concerning Sacajawea's son, Baptiste, from the papers of Prince Paul of Wurtemberg preserved in the Stuttgart archives. She found that Sacajawea was of great influence among her people, and very helpful to whites.

Miss Hebard also wrote several textbooks. Her *History and Government of Wyoming* first appeared in 1904 and has been published in a total of eleven editions. Designed primarily for grammar-school and high-school use, it contains a wealth of information on many phases of Wyoming history and government. Another text, *The Pathbreakers from River to Ocean*, was published in six editions, the first one in 1911. It deals with early explorers, fur traders, great trails, missions, gold discoveries, soldiers, settlers, cowboys, and the railroads. The chief concern as in all of Miss Hebard's works is with Wyoming. *Civics for Use in Wyoming Public Schools* was published in 1926, and a revised edition appeared in 1928. Here again the emphasis is on Wyoming. Examples cited are usually drawn from within the state. Also of pedagogical significance is *Teaching Wyoming History by Counties*, which Miss Hebard prepared for the State Department of Education. It was published as Bulletin No. 9, Series B. This work lists salient historical data for each county, and provides references where illuminating information may be found.

Miss Hebard also wrote a number of shorter pieces which appeared in various forms and places. In an article, "The First Woman Jury," in the *Journal of American History*, Vol. 7, No. 4 (1913) she presented very interestingly the background of women jury service, described the experiences of the first women jurors, and told of the Wyoming, national, and world reception of the innovation. Her article, "How Woman Suffrage Came to Wyoming," was published in the *Proceedings and Collections of the Wyoming State Historical Department*, 1919-1920. The same theme she later developed in collaboration with Marie Montabe Horton in a one-act play, "The Birth of Wyoming Day" (1935). In the first scene members of the House of Representatives of the First Wyoming Territorial Legislature debate the question of giving women in the Territory the right to vote and to hold office. A minority offers spirited opposition before the measure is carried, 8-4. The second scene shows the signing of the suffrage bill, December 10, 1869, in the presence of Mrs. Esther Morris, "Mother of Woman Suffrage."

Dr. Hebard prepared a report for the Wyoming Daughters of the American Revolution, "Marking the Oregon Trail, the Bozeman Road, and Historical Places in Wyoming, 1908-1920." This is an elaborate report of progress with many pictures of markers. Miss Hebard was chairman of a committee which compiled a survey, "War Service of the University of Wyoming," published as a University of Wyoming Bulletin. She wrote three short articles: "The First White Woman in Wyoming," *Washington Historical Quarterly*, Vol. 8, No. 1 (January, 1917); "Jacques Laramie," *Midwest Review*, Vol. 7, No. 3 (March, 1926); and "James Bridger," *The Frontier*, Vol. 9, No. 2 (1929).

A survey of Dr. Hebard's writings would not be complete without mention of her maps, "The Oregon Trail and Overland Stage Routes," "The Bozeman Trail," and "The History and Romance of Wyoming." With the last-named map she was assisted by Paul M. Paine. She prepared also a bibliographical guide which serves as a complement to this map. Most of Miss Hebard's works are profusely illustrated with maps and reproductions of pictures and sketches.

Dr. Hebard left her library to the University of Wyoming. It is a large collection of manuscripts, letters, books, maps, and pictures. This material will be catalogued as soon as possible and will be added to the University Library.

The state is indeed richer for the tireless efforts of this versatile woman. All who wish to strike out on new paths in the fascinating history of our state will appreciate how aptly in the Preface to *Sacajawea* Dr. Hebard applies to herself this quotation from Cotton Mather: "'... the author has this apology: he has done as well and as much as he could, that whatever was worthy of mention might have it. . . . And now he hath done, he hath not pulled up the ladder after him; others may go on as they please with a completer composure.'"

DIARY
JOHN A. CAMPBELL
1873

(Concluded)

(Copied from the original found in the Historical Dept.)

Nothing recorded from Wednesday, January 1, to Wednesday, February 12, 1873.

February 13—Left Cheyenne via Denver Pacific R. R. at 1 P. M. Supper at Denver with Col. Donnellan. Left Denver via K. P. R. R. at 7 P. M. Leave with \$263.

February 14—Through Kansas on K. P. R. R. At Fort meet Capt. Fr. Daniels. Write to Belle.

February 15—Arrive at Kansas City early in the morning. Take North Missouri R. R. for St. Louis where we arrive at 9 P. M. See McCullough.

February 16—See Mr. Harbough, Joe Fullerton, Gen. McDonald, Fred Grant and others. Dine at Col. Campbell's. Write to Belle. Leave St. Louis at 3:30 via "Bee Line" for Indianapolis.

February 17—Arrive at Indianapolis in the morning and remain all day at Col. Holloway's Office. See Markland and wife. Write to Belle. In the evening leave for the East.

February 18—Arrive at Crestline early. Write to Belle. Take P. F. W. train East. Arrive at Salem at noon. Go to Mr. Boyle's.

February 19—Mother comes from Youngstown. Write to Belle. Leave Salem at 3 P. M. Leave Pittsburgh at 11 A. M. Write to Belle and Homer Boyle.

February 20—Arrive at Harrisburgh in morning and at Washington in the evening. Mr. Munroe of Chicago on train. Stop at Willard's. Call at Judge Careys.

February 21—See Judge Jones, Branst, Dent, Babcock, Wolcott, Gen. Brislow and family and others. Lunch at Welcker's with Blackwell and party go to Judge Carey's to stay.

February 22—Go to the Navy Dept. to see about John McNaper. Thence to the Capitol—then called with Mrs. Carey and Mrs. Warford, Mrs. Randolph, Ben and Mary—then to Mrs. Grant's Reception.

February 23—To Church with Judge and Mrs. Carey.

February 24—See Babcock who tells me President says he will make no change in Governorship of Wyoming. Called on Gen. Cowen and Mrs. McKee. Dined at Mrs. Randolph's. Called at Ben's.

February 25—At house listening to Credit Mobilus debate. Dine with Judge Carter at Arlington. Take Mrs. Boynton to see Rept. Van Winkle.

February 26—Called with Mifs Dunling and Mrs. Grant, Mrs. Babcock and Mrs. Bryan. Dined with Ben and Mary.

February 27—Nearly all day at Capitol listening to Credit Mobilus debate. Remained until 12 P. M.

February 28—Shopping with Mrs. Carey. At the Capitol. In the evening call on Mrs. Tayler, Judge Ambler and Mifs Gor Wells.

March 1—Called on President who promised to re-appoint me Governor. Called with Mrs. Carey and Mifs Julia Waller, Mrs. Robinson, Mrs. Kennedy, Mrs. Mitchell, Mrs. Davis and Mrs. Tilden.

March 2—To Church. Ben dined with us. Spent evening at his house.

March 3—See P. M. Gen'l. Crestwell and Ally Gen'l's clerk. Almost all day and until 2 o'clock in the morning at Capitol. Memorandum Book with R. R. pafses lost.

March 4—Inauguration Day. In Senate Chambers witnessing proceedings. After dinner called at Dr. Boynton's, Mr. Randolph's, Ben's and at Arlington and Judge Carter.

March 5—See Attorney General, Dr. Dotham, Carey and others. Leave Washington at 10 P. M. for Philadelphia.

March 6—Arrive at Philadelphia at 8 A. M. Bath and breakfast at Continental. See Mr. Carey and Bristow. Call on Mifs Mitchell and Mifs Foster. Henry McCook et al. Dine with Bristow and family. B. will furnish us money for sheep. Leave Philadelphia at 10:10 P. M. via Penn. R. R.

March 7—Arrive at Pittsburgh. Col. Bowman and wife of Ashland, Ky. on train. See A. Q. Cofselberry and J. Dickson. Arrive at Youngstown at 8 P. M.

March 8—Call on Robt. McCurdy, Harris McEwen and Mr. Strong.

March 9—To Church. Robert and Harris call in the afternoon. In the evening call on Mrs. Woodbridge and Mr. and Mrs. Butler.

March 10—Leave early in the morning. Take way train and stop at Canton with John Rellit and Will Nixon for exprefs. Col. Jackson in train.

March 11—Arrive at Chicago early in morning. Procure canary from Mifs Dunlery. Dine at Mrs. Whitehead's with Mifs Hays. Call at Mr. Scammon's. Stay at Tremont.

March 12—Breakfast at Mr. Whitehead's. Start at 10 A. M. via C. B. & Q. R. R. for the West. Col. Hopper and family on cars.

March 13—Arrive at about 10 A. M. at Omaha. Procure pafs over U. P. R. R. to Cheyenne. Meet Dr. Miller of the Herald. Start West.

March 14—Arrive at Cheyenne at about 1 P. M. with #14.

March 15—Write to Gen. Cowen, Gen. Boynton, Judge Jones, Col. Donnellan and Mother. Judge Kingman recommended buy cage for canary. Procure and write up his Memorandum Book to date. Mr. James dies.

March 16—At Church Mr. Kephart preaches. Write to McClurg, Col. Stanton and Mr. Collins call.

March 17—Nels Patrick and Mr. Blackwell at Depot. Col. Stanton goes home. Write to Mr. Arnold, Newton and Amasa. Weather pleasant. Posey Wilson says Jones has written for his a/c. H. and Belle \$40.

March 18—Weather very pleasant. Write to Walter. Set yellow hen. At night hear of Latham's appointment as Surveyor or General.

March 19—Weather pleasant. Hear of removal rec^d of Glafke and Kingman. Mr. C. Brown in town. Judges Fisher [20] and Carey, District Att'y, Johnson and Marshal Wolcott call. Appoint Whitehead Notary Public. Write to Mrs. Carey.

March 20—Weather pleasant. Ride with Judge Carey to see bricks. Write to Col. Whurry.

March 21—Weather pleasant. Col. Downey calls.

March 22—Letter from Grant that Rogers is after Governorship. Wolcott telegraphs Boynton.

March 23—Write to Jones. To Church in morning. Belle does not go. Wolcott goes to Denver. Dr. Corey returns.

March 24—Stormy and cold. Receive frank over W. W. Tel. lines. Telegram from Boynton. Judge Carey and Posey Wilson call in the evening.

March 25—Weather more pleasant. Write to Secretary Richardson. Rec^d from Gen. Cowen notice of reappointment as Governor by the President. Telegraphed thanks to President and request for Secretary Glafke's situation. Mrs. Post and Mifs Fisher call.

March 26—Wrote to Jensen McClurg and Senator Ames. Sent "Leader" with notice of my appointment to the President. Cowen, Boynton, Scamman, et al. Major Wolcott returns and dines with us. John Blaine in City. Senate adjourns. Weather pleasant.

March 27—Write to Newton, A. T. S. Dr. Hayford, Col. Donnellan.

March 28—Terrible rain and storm. Eye very much inflamed. Could not venture out until evening. Hear that Senate confirmed me as Governor on Wednesday, 26th inst.

March 29—Beautiful morning, but day closed with violent wind storm. Letters from Amasa, Brown, Stanton et al. John did not come. Wrote to Sickels for pafs.

[20] Father of Joe Fisher who was Clerk of the District Court. Joe Fisher was also a printer on the Wyoming Tribune in 1871.

March 30—Not at Church. Rec^d letter from Mother about Reuben to whom I telegraphed and wrote to visit us.

March 31—Violent wind storm. Wrote to Stanton.

April 1—Wind storm continues.

April 2—To Denver with Major Wolcott. Call on Mr. Byers. Rufsian Bock.

April 3—Interview Col. Donnellan and C. E. Albany about house. Dine with Champ Vaughan. Mr. Hawley calls.

April 4—Return to Cheyenne. Dr. Latham and Mr. Grant come from the East.

April 5—Snow fell to depth of 3 inches last night. Dr. and Mrs. Latham and Grant call. Letter from Mother about Reuben.

April 6—Did not go to Church. More snow and drifting. Belle writes to Mifs Nesbit. Judge Carey called. Receive by mail my confirmation as Governor of Wyoming for second term.

April 7—Weather cold. Sworn in as Governor. Col. Downey in town. First chickens hatched.

April 8—Weather milder. Wrote to Col's. Donnellan and Stanton. See some galloway cattle. Receive Buriun from Denver.

April 9—Weather quite pleasant. Donnellan, Downey and Brown go to Laramie. Heenan bids for house \$5,558.40. Send plans to Adams at Laramie. Belle sick at night.

April 10—Belle in bed. Make fire in bedroom. Weather pleasant. Letter from Susan and Ed McCook. Belle has one from Ben.

April 11—Splendid weather. Dig a little in garden. Summoned us witnefs vs. Q. S. Wilson for contempt. Dr. Page prescribes for Belle.

April 12—Weather quite pleasant. Wilson case postponed until Monday. Hire a new girl. Belle sick and I have no sleep tonight.

April 13—About 4 o'clk I was sent for Doctor Page. Belle comfortable during the day, but had no rest at night. Violent snow and wind storm all day and night.

April 15—Storm abates somewhat. Telegraph to Mr. McMillan and Mrs. Carey. Belle and baby both comfortable.

April 16—Write to Mr. McMullan, Newton, Amasa, Ben, Dr. Hayford and Jack Casemint. Weather pleasant. Rutledge estimating for house. Belle and baby all right.

April 17—Weather pleasant. Belle and baby not so well.

April 18—All well. First train since Monday from the East.

April 19—Weather very disagreeable. Plant a few radishes.

April 20—Do not attend Church.

April 21—Write to Mr. McMullen.

April 22—Mr. Brown, Secretary of Territory arrives and calls. Weather unpleasant.

April 23—Call with Mrs. Thunderly on Judge Brown and wife. Baby not very well. Snow storm. Major Woolley [21] and wife arrive. Set hen in box.

April 24—Belle sits up. Telegraph Col. Stanton to see Rogers. Write to Dr. Woodbridge and Mrs. Casey. Learn that President will be here.

April 25—Weather stormy. Talk with Woolley. Latham and Grant go to Denver to see President. See Rutledge about house. Maj. Gordon, Mr. Chase, Col. Nugent, Major Burke call.

April 26—Weather quite pleasant. Col. Stanton arrives and also Sam and Mrs. Bowles. Judge Burnham and Col. Brisbin start East.

April 27—Do not go to Church. Telegram from Babcock that President will be in Cheyenne Tuesday. Inform Col. Barnford, Major Woolley, Col. Nugent, Gen. De Trobriand and Maj. Gordon start West. Baby very colicky.

April 28—Telegrams from Babcock and Col. Fisher. Make preparations for dinner and reception for President. Letters from Col. Hough and Gen. McCook.

April 29—President and party in City. After dinner and reception I accompany party to Sidney. Spend the evening with Rumsey at Col. Dudley's.

April 30—Return in violent snow storm to Cheyenne. Letters from Jack Casement [22] and Capt. Carters.

May 1—Write to Col. Donnellan and Mother. Mr. Chofee in city. Figuring with Hienan on house.

May 2—Weather quite pleasant. Letter from Col. Donnellan. Write to Charley Wagner. Judge Carey and Major Wolcott call.

May 3—Wind. Col. Stanton cleaning up his house. Charley Wagner, Mr. Poole, Mr. Kephart, [23] Mrs. Bradley and Mifs Dewey call. Write to Senator Oglesby, Amasa, Rob't. Adams et al.

May 4—Col. Stanton breakfasts with us. His family arrive in town. Write to Walter.

[21] Major J. D. Woolley was Sutler at Fort Russell.

[22] One of the Casement Brothers who were contractors for the Construction of the Union Pacific R. R.

The **First** hose cart in Cheyenne was given by the Casement Brothers and named for them.

The U. P. R. R. gave Cheyenne its **first** Fire Engine which was called The Durant Engine in honor of Dr. Durant.

[23] Mr. Kephart was Pastor to the Presbyterian Church.

May 5—To Laramie. Wolcott goes along. See Charley Wagner.

May 6—Remain at Laramie to ride to Fort Saunders and penitentiary. Call at Waldrun's, Finfrock's and Fillmore's.

May 7—Return to Cheyenne. Letter from Col. Donnellan. Snow storm at night. Snow one foot in depth.

May 8—Warm. Snow thawing very fast. Letter to Secy. Delano, and send plans to Adams.

May 9—Set two hens. Snow thawing fast.

May 10—Col. Stanton goes North. Wolcott goes to Sidney with Willshire. Baby very restless.

May 11—Weather pleasant. Dr. Casey and Wolcott return. Baby better. Judge Carey goes to Laramie.

May 12—Weather delightful. Mrs. C. calls on Mrs. Stanton. Receive plans from Adams and send them with letter to Donnellan.

May 13—Weather very fine. Plant some sweet mamjoram, lettuce and radishes. Mrs. Stanton calls.

May 14—Baby one month old and weighs 9 pounds.

May 15—Write to Mother. Rain all night. Mr. Kephart leaves.

May 16—Rainy, damp and foggy. Write to Babcock and others.

May 17—Showery. Genl. Cowell and party pass through. Plant some beets and beans. Write to Wherry.

May 18—Showery. Belle has caught cold. Write to Senator Oglesby and Charley Wagner. Speaker Blaine and party of R. R. men in town. Miss Midy Morgan in town.

May 19—Speaker, Blaine and party leave for Denver. Stanton returns. Garden ploughed.

May 20—Pleasant weather. Receive letter from Sec'y Delano. Major Burt and Gen. Bradley go East. Woolley in town.

May 21—Windy. Speaker Blaine and party go West. Judge Carey calls in evening.

May 22—Still windy. Write to Chas. Campbell.

May 24—Weather pleasant. Wolson plants potatoes and we make garden.

May 25—Weather pleasant. No Church.

May 26—Wolson cleaning stoves and making garden. Judge Carey starts to Sweetwater.

May 27—Judge Fisher and Wolcott go West. Ride out with Col. Stanton to the East to see Dr. Page. Mrs. W. plants beans.

May 28—Dr. Page calls. Thinks baby is all right. Loan Stanton \$100. Mrs. C. rides out for first time.

May 29—Stanton tells Woolley about efforts being made for his removal. Lt. Young pafses thro' city. Snow tells me about Brown's invitations. Write to Wagner accepting proposition to pay \$600 in 4 mos. for lots. Send Manderson \$60 taxes on Nebraska land.

May 30—Drizzling rain all night.

May 31—Pay Capt. Brent \$5 for Wolcott.

June 1—No Church.

June 2—Hattie commences work.

June 3—Capt. Alsord of Indiana. Commission calls.

June 4—Telegram from Donnellan. Telegraph Sec'y of Navy and Capt. Carter about John MacNafsen. Find at Depot Mr. McNoper and Gov. McCook. MacNafsen Woolley et al go to Rawlins. Dine at Col. Stanton's with Indiana Commissioner.

June 5—Write to Donnellan. Ride to Post with Col. Stanton to call on Gen. Bowford. Visit Artesian Well (at Fort Russell).

June 9—With Stanton and Wolcott to Denver. Raining. Mr. Jones and family of Chicago on train.

June 10—See and decide on house. Talk with Col. Donnellan. Go to races with Judge Bond and family. Contract with Dr. Davis agent for Benito Baca for 3000 ewes @ \$2.50 per head.

June 11—Return to Cheyenne. Dr. Page calls to see about insane man. Get dft for \$112.34. Gold to send to barbados.

June 12—Write to Donnellan about house.

June 15—No Church. Ride with Col. Stanton and family. Wolcott goes to Laramie City.

June 16—Mr. Brunot arrives. Receive official notice of my appointment as Special Indian Commifsioner. With Mr. Brunot to see Col. Moore and Gen. Bowford.

June 17—Start with Mr. and Mrs. Brunot and Mr. Stewart for Indian Agency. Reach Kelly's Ranch, Chugwater, and remain all night.

June 18—Leave Kelly's early in the morning. Reach Hunton's Ranch where fresh team meets us. Meet Lt. Drew and Dr. O'Collohan. Arrive at Fort Laramie about 4 o'clock. Am guest of Dr. Collins. [24] Serenades at night.

June 19—At 4 A. M. start for Red Cloud Agency where we arrived. Gen. Smith, Mr. Brunot and I about 10 A. M. find Cols. Kumble and Alvord awaiting us. Stanton, Wolcott, Dr. Daniel's arrive in afternoon. Members of Commifsion have long sefsion.

[24] Post trader at Fort Laramie.

June 20—Commifision have talk with Red Cloud and other chiefs. No result. Am sick all day.

June 21—Another sefsion with Indians who consent to removal of their Agency. [25]. At 2 P. M. leave Agency with Brunot, Kimble and Smith for Fort Laramie where we arrive about 8 P. M. Stop with Mr. Collins.

June 22—Remain in house all day. In evening call on Gen. Smith, Capt. Carpenter and Lt. Warrens.

June 23—Start in the morning with Wolcott for Cheyenne. Call at Ecoffey's [26] and Brown's ranches. Lunch with Drew and O'Collohan at Hury's Camp. Stay all night at Carey's ranch.

June 24—Leave Carey's in morning and lunch at Sawyer and Lowman's ranch. Sawyer joins us and we crofs Iron Mountain and camp at mouth of canyon.

June 25—Start for home and pafs McMahon's. Davis [27] and King's ranches. Arrive at home about 4½ P. M. Find Mr. and Mrs. Brunot at house for dinner. All well. Sefsion of Commifision at night. 18 agree on Report.

June 26—Write to Richardson (Secy. Treasury) Donnellan and others.

June 29—Rece telegrams from Rawlins in relation to Indian troubles. Carey and Wolcott dine with us and after dinner I start on freight train for Rawlins when I arrived.

June 30—At 10:45 A. M. was met at Depot by Committee consisting of Hawley, Friend Roach and others, and heard their report. Stopped at Capt. Lang's. Visited iron mine with Friend and in the evening went to Fort Steele to see Gen. De Trobrand. At 11:15 P. M. took western bound train.

July 1—In the morning found Mr. and Mifs Campbell and Mrs. Babcock, Judge and P. S. Wilson, Admiral Rodgers and family and Major Powell on train. Arrived at Salt Lake City at 9 P. M. and found Amasa awaiting me.

July 2—Capt. C. G. Davidson, P. O. Box 399, Salt Lake City. Visiting all day. Major Gordon and Horace Poller dine with us. Remain at camp all night at Genl. Morrow's.

July 3—Come into city early and remain all day. Telegrams from Wolcott and tickets to hurry home.

July 4—Start for home. Breakfast at Ogden.

July 5—Breakfast at Laramie. Arrive at home at 2 P. M. Mr. Sickels meets me on train.

[25] The Indian Agency was located where Torrington now is and moved to Fort Robinson.

[26] Ecoffey and Cuney were partners in this ranch which was located on Laramie River about 4 miles above Fort Laramie.

[27] Davis Ranch located on Horse Creek and now the Davis Post Office is located there.

July 6—Gov. Elbert and Mr. Byers come up from Denver to have interview in relation to Indian Affairs. They approve of what I have done.

July 9—Write long letter to Dr. Hayford.

July 10—Dr. Hayford in town. Write long letter to Champ Vaughan. Receive telegrams from Secy. Interior that I am approved with E. P. Goodwin of Chicago and N. J. Turney of Ohio to investigate Ute affair.

July 11—Genl. Owen and family pass thro the city. I accompany them to Bushnell.

July 12—Write another letter to Champ Vaughan.

July 13—Not at Church. Ride out in the evening.

July 14—Baby Bella three months old and weighs 12 pounds.

July 15—Go to Denver. Mr. Sickels on train. See Vaughan, Donnellan, Bond, Lamborn, W. G. Brown.

July 16—Return to Cheyenne. See Senator Morton at Depot at Denver. Also Will Tod and Major Thompson.

July 17—Rev. E. P. Goodwin of Indian Commission arrives with his wife. We ride out with them. Baby's picture taken. Write letter for Major Wolcott.

July 18—Writing letters. Ride out with Mr. Goodwin and wife. Mr. Quoffee brings Belle box from home. Authorize Judge Carey to purchase 50 yearlings for Belle.

July 19—Start with Dr. Goodwin and wife for Rawlins. Prof. Marsh on train. Capt. Deweese [28] joins at Medicine Bow. Arrive at Fort Steele at 11:15 P. M. and stop at Genl. De Trobrand's.

July 20—Send Cox's address and "Ohio in the War" to Bascorn. Gooch's Ice Cream Freezer. Remain all day at Fort Steele. Lt. Bascorn, Capt. Clift, Dr. Dickson, Capt. Osborne, Lt. Rogers, Lt. Bowman and others call.

July 21—Go to Rawlins where we examine an oath, Sheriff Hawley, Deputy Sheriff Roach &c, invitation to trouble with Indians. Remain all night with Capt. Long. Rev. Strong [29] comes up during the night.

July 22—Examine others and in evening take freight train for Fort Steele, where we remain all night.

July 23—Examine Lt. Rogers. Lunch with Thayer. In the evening I take freight train for Laramie City where I arrive.

July 24—At 6 o'clock A. M. Dr. Goodwin arrives in passenger train at 9½ o'clock and we take testimony of We Indian Agent J. S. Littlefield and go on to Cheyenne. Hear of Dr. Reed's appointment.

July 25—Remain at home.

[28] Deweese Creek on the Sweetwater was named for him.

[29] Pastor of Congregational Church.

July 26—At home. In evening ride out to Post with Mr. Hosmer. Major Wolcott arrives from the East.

July 27—Stanton returns. Go to Congregational Church in evening and hear Dr. Goodwin. Stanton invites Mrs. C. to stay with him during my absence.

July 28—At 9 A. M. start with Dr. and Mrs. Goodwin and Mr. Hosmer for Red Cloud Agency. Kill rattlesnake and break tongue of Ambulance. Arrive at Kelly's ranche on Chug after dark. Remain all night. Pay \$9.

July 29—At 6½ A. M. start. Stop to rest at Hunton's ranche on Chug where we see Col. Bullock. Arrive at Fort Laramie about 3 P. M., having killed 4 rattlesnakes during the day.

July 30—At 9 A. M. start for Red Cloud Agency with Major Wells and Cavalry escort to accompany us. About 3 P. M. arrive at Agency.

July 31—Have conference with Friday and other Chiefs of Arapahoes. Indians entertain us with Omaha dance and squaw dance.

August 1—Return to Fort Laramie. Stop again with Mr. Collins. Pay McAhemy.

August 2—Go fishing in Laramie with Lt. Warrens and Mrs. Hosmer.

August 3—To Church to hear Dr. Goodwin.

August 4—Start for home with Dr. and Mrs. Goodwin and Mr. Hosmer. Stay all night at Kelly's ranche.

August 5—Start home and in the evening reach Cheyenne. All well.

August 6—W. W. Corlett removed as P. M. at Cheyenne. Mr. and Mrs. Devereaux and party from Denver call on us.

August 7—Fillmore removed as P. M. at Laramie City. Dr. and Mrs. Goodwin, Mr. Hosmer and Mr. and Judge Carey dine with us.

August 8—Not well. Dollar from Walter. Dr. Hayford and Brown in town. Go in the evening to Col. Stanton where are Mr. and Mrs. G. and Mr. H.

August 9—Dr. and Mrs. Goodwin and Mr. Hosmer leave for Denver. Have very satisfactory interview with Mr. H. Write to Boynton.

August 10—Send off Report on Indian Affairs.

August 17—Presbyterian Church with Belle. Mr. Gordon of Louisville preaches.

August 18—Commence packing up to leave.

August 20—Mr. Powers and Mr. Brown return from Rawlins and with Dr. Woodbridge go to Denver.

August 21—Col. Stanton goes to Omaha. Judge Carey and Mifs Fisher call in evening.

August 22—Baby weighs 17 pounds.

August 25—John commenced work.

August 29—Dined at Col. Stanton.

August 31—Dined at Judge Fishers.

September 1—Left house finally. Belle and baby move to Judge Fishers. Go to my rooms.

September 2—Election day. Republican ticket elected with one exception.

September 3—Move vases &c to rooms.

September 4—Finish moving entirely.

September 6—Horace Potter arrives.

September 7—Presbyterian Church.

September 8—Judge Carey and Johnson start West.

September 9—Baby still bad cold. Horace Potter goes to Colorado. I stay at Col. Stanton's. Mr. Wilson occupies my room. Move into my new office and bedroom.

September 10—Write to Amasa. Sick with cold. Go with Belle and her mother and baby as far as Laramie. They go to Salt Lake see Downey, Hayford et al.

September 11—Remain at Laramie. Ride out with Capt. Rumsey to his ranche. Hear that Dr. Latham has left for Japan.

September 12—Write to Belle. Return to Cheyenne. Stay all night at Col. Stanton's. Letter from Gen. Cowen.

September 13—Write to Belle. Horace Potter returns. Also Judge Carey.

September 14—With Horace Potter to Laramie. Wolcott starts East.

September 15—Remain at Laramie Col. King Ranche.

September 16—With Potter to Haley's Ranche where we remain all night.

September 17—Return to Laramie.

September 18—Visit Col. Dana's Lake Side Ranche and H. Potter and I decide to purchase it.

September 19—From Laramie to Cheyenne. Rose on train, and tells me he has requisition for Woolley.

September 20—Start for Salt Lake City. Gen. A. S. Williams and wife and Lord Schelrundsdales on train. At Laramie give H. Potter dft on N. Y. for \$1000 to apply on Ranche.

September 21—Travel all day and at 8½ P. M. arrive at Townsend House and find family all right.

September 22—Remain at Salt Lake City. Go to Camp Dougles with Snow, Mrs. W. Belle and baby. Call on Gen. Morrow, Col. Hough, Gordan, Dewey, Hall and others.

September 23—Leave Salt Lake City with Mrs. Wunderly, Belle and baby. Breakfast at Ogden. Dine at Evanston where I meet Pease, and others. Dick Carter meets us at Carter with

ambulance to take us to Bridger, but we cannot go. Capt. Geo. Maguire on train.

September 24—Arrive at Laramie where we take rooms at R. R. House. Court in session. H. Potter in town.

September 25—From Laramie to Cheyenne, Gen. Flint and Col. Dewey on train. Draw \$100 from P. S. Wilson. Dine with Col. Stanton.

September 26—Send Mother note dated 20th inst., for \$1000, with 10% interest. Due in one year from date. Ordered flannel underclothes from O'Brien. Go to Laramie.

September 27—Horace Potter came in from Rancho.

September 28—Have baby baptized Isabella by Rev. F. D. Arnold at Presbyterian Church, Laramie City. Write to Amasa and Tom Donaldson.

September 29—We sign co-partnership papers. Horace Potter and self. H. Potter & Co. Buy wagon and team for \$400.

September 30—From Laramie to Cheyenne. Meeting of Territorial Board of Commissioners consisting of Sec'y. Brown, Auditor Hayford, and Treasurer Downey.

October 1—Board of Commissioners adjourns. From Cheyenne to Denver see Dr. Davis and Willie B. Todd.

October 2—From Denver to Cheyenne—thence to Laramie.

October 3—Visit Lakeside Rancho with Miss C.

October 4—With family from Laramie to Cheyenne. Col. Stanton takes us to his house. Call on Genl. Sheridan.

October 8—Birth-day. Belle stays at room. Baby sick.

October 9—Col. Sheridan in town. Ride out to Camp with Col. Stanton. Dr. Carey prescribes for baby.

October 10—Go up the R. R. and meet Gen. Sheridan. Dine at Mr. Posts.

October 13—Not at Church. Writing Message.

October 14—To Denver with Judge Carey, Bishop Corey, Steele and Reid, to attend Irrigation Convention. Stop at American House. See Col. Donnellan.

October 15—Irrigation Convention meets. Elected Vice-President. Have talk with H. D. Todd.

October 16—Preside at Convention. Make a speech. Adjourn to Salt Lake City, July 24, 1874. Am put on Executive Committee. Give B. Baca check for \$500 forfeit on sheep.

October 17—Return to Cheyenne.

October 18—Writing letters. Dr. Hayford comes down.

October 19—To Presbyterian Church. Revs. Arnold and Gordon. Ride out with Judge Carey. Marvin and Wilson call. Letter from Col. Downey that C. Wagner cannot pay his note for \$600.

October 20—Mrs. C. makes P. P. C. calls.

October 21—Mrs. C. makes P. P. C. calls and starts East with baby and her Mother. Telegram from her that she has left her trunks. Snow storm.

October 22—Col. A. G. Brackett. 125 Clark St., Wire Brackett, Chicago. Send Belle's trunks. Cold and stormy.

October 23—Busy in office. Dine at Col. Stanton's. Heavy fall of snow.

October 24—Busy writing. Receive ck for salary.

October 25—Writing letters. Spend evening at Col. Stanton's.

October 26—Weather disagreeable. Heavy wind. Read Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast".

October 27—Wrote to Mother, Blackburn, Musser, Judge Jones, Arnold, and McGraw, Hayford, Downey, Fillmore, and Hilton in City. Dine at Col. Stanton's with Gen. Grover.

October 28—Arrange to take 14 Cashmere Goats and 2 southdown Bucks from Wolcott.

October 29—Buy 100 Mexican ewes of Parks Corlett for \$275. Judge Thomas arrives. Committee settles with Auditor and Treasurer.

October 30—Subscribed \$100 for Presbyterian Church for 1874. Ship sheep and Goats to Red Buttes and go with them.

October 31—Meet Horace Poller at Laramie City and return to Cheyenne. Write to Amasa, Newton, Manderson, Meeker, T. J. Fisher, and send Judge Thomas letters to Gen. Morrow and Mr. Hooper. Call at Judge Fisher's.

November 3—Busy week mefsage.

November 4—Legislature meets. Busy all day.

November 5—Legislature getting organized. Finish writing mefsage.

November 6—Deliver mefsage at 2½ o'clock to Joint Convention of Council and House of Representatives.

November 8—Talk with Conley and other members.

November 9—Church morning and evening. Mr. Cooper preaches. Write to Belle. Letter from her. Dine at Col. Stanton's.

November 10—Write to Belle. Preparing bills for Legislature.

November 11—Andrews brings me letter from Hayford about report of Committee. Write to Hayford and Belle. Talk with Carlile and Johnson.

November 15—Legislature adjourns until Monday and I go to Ranche. Walk from Red Buttes over, and am pretty nearly lost and used up.

November 16—Remain at Ranche all day.

November 17—Mr. Strong drives me to Red Buttes and finding train is behind time take engine for Laramie, and return with majority of members in the evening to Cheyenne.

November 18—Wolcott [30] returns from the East.

November 20—Wolcott goes to Laramie.

November 21—Write to Belle.

November 22—At noon House adjourns until Monday 3 o'clock. Mr. Arnold comes to stay with me until Monday.

November 23—Church morning and evening. Mr. Arnold preaches. After Church at Col. Stanton's. Write to Belle.

November 24—Weather pleasant.

November 27—Dine at Col. Stanton's with Posey Wilson, Col. Moore, Mrs. Bontville, Major Wolcott and Lt. Allison. Send off large number of mefsages.

November 29—Go up to Ranche.

November 30—At Ranche all day except made short call on Mr. Rice.

December 1—Wrote to Belle. Returned to Cheyenne. Letter from Mother.

December 2—Bristow nominated for Attorney General. Snowstorm. Dine at Col. Stanton's. Very cold.

December 3—Telegraph Bristow. Write Mother, Amasa, Newton and Judge Jones.

December 7—To Church to hear Mr. Cooper.

December 11—Send mefsage to House. Ride to Post with Col. Stanton.

December 12—Appear before Committee. Ball at R. R. House. Mifs Mamie Dunn, Major D. and Mifs Cravens present. Sign appropriation bill. Downey sleeps with me.

December 13—Row in Council Legislature. Finally adjourns. Signing bills until 12 P. M. Everything lovely.

December 14—Write to Belle. Members leaving town. Warren and Eurgens fight. Have talk with Warren.

December 15—Carey goes to Ranche. Judge Thomas and wife in town. Whitney calls on me.

December 16—Write number of letters. Preparing to leave.

December 17—Judge and Mrs. Thomas leave. Gen. Brisbane in town.

December 18—Mylar painful. Weather pleasant.

December 19—Dr. Hayford came down and Committee made final settlement of accounts of Auditor. Making preparations to leave. Talk with Dr. Corey.

[30] Frank Wolcott, Deputy U. S. Marshal.

December 20—Dr. Hayford came down and Committee made final settlement of his accounts. Making preparations to leave. Left Cheyenne 5½ o'clk P. M.

December 21—Arrive at Omaha at 4 P. M. Left Council Bluffs via C. B. & Q. R. R. at 5½ P. M.

36 Galls. Oil to ton of stone from Green River shale.

December 22—Arrive at Galesburg at 7½ A. M. where we breakfast. Arrive at Chicago at 4½ P. M. and at 5:15 P. M. take L. S. & M. train for Cleveland. Mr. Judd on train.

December 23—Arrive at Cleveland at 7 A. M. Breakfast at Kennard. See Mr. Sinclair and others. Dine with Mark Hanna. At 3:35 take cars for Youngstown where I arrive at 7 P. M.

December 24—Remain at Youngstown.

December 25—Leave Youngstown after dinner and arrive at Cleveland at 7:30 P. M. Call at Mr. Sinclair's, Mr. Huf-sop and Mr. Harman's.

December 26—Left Cleveland at 7:30 via L. S. R. R. to Erie—thence via P. & E. to Sunbury—get sleeping car.

December 27—Arrive at Washington at 10:35 A. M.

December 28—Did not go to Church in morning. Wrote to W. S. Stanton and Carey and sent doc's to Brown.

December 29—Write for money.

December 30—Called on Gen. Cowen and Commifisioner of Indian Affairs.

December 31—Called on President.

January 1—In Washington—made a number of calls.

January 3—Out riding with Belle and baby.

January 4—At church to hear Mr. Mitchell in morning and Dr. Rankin in the evening. M. N. Grant calls. Go in afternoon with Belle and baby to Ben's.

January 5—At Capitol almost all day. Speak to Senator Oglesby about Executive session.

January 6—At Capitol.

January 7—At Second Auditor's. Ride out with Belle and baby. See Col. Nash, Ben, Le Fevre and others. Gen and Mrs. Dunn call.

January 8—Capt. Winsor arrives. Write to Judge Carey.

January 9—Take application for Carey's appointment to Sec'y. of State. Attend Secy. and Mrs. Fish's Reception with Belle and Miss Estabrook.

January 10—Dine at Ben's.

January 11—To church. Mr. Westcott preaches. Letter from Mr. Curley. Write to Gen. Brisben and Col. Downey.

January 13—Call on Mallery, Dr. McNally.

January 14—Calling with Belle on Cabinet. Judge Carey and sister in town.

January 15—Around city with Judge Carey all day. Give him his commission to Centennial. See Gen. Harlan and V. P. Arlson about Brestow.

January 16—Copy Grant's affidavit. Write to Mother and Mr. Carley.

January 18—Church morning and evening.

January 19—Calling with Judge Carey. Go with Judge Carey to see Genl. Hawley.

January 20—Presidents Reception. Mr. & Mrs. Westerman.

January 21—Interview Senator Conkling. Attend party at Mr. Gall's in evening. Call on Mrs. Demin and Mrs. McKee.

January 22—Interview with President Sec'y. Delano and others. Attend theater in evening with Belle to hear Sothern as Lord Dundreary.

January 23—Leave Washington at 11:35 A. M. Arrive at Harrisburgh at 4:50 and start West at 5:15.

January 24—Arrive at Pittsburgh at 1:55 A. M. and leave at 7 A. M. for Youngstown where I arrive at 10:30.

January 25—At Church. Call on Mr. Butler, Mr. Powers, Mrs. Hoodbridge and Mrs. Wick.

January 26—Leave Youngstown at 10:20 for Chicago. At Rochester take P. Ft. W. & C. train. Pomeroy and Cowen on board. Also see Ambler and Chalk Boone.

January 27—Arrive at Chicago in time for breakfast at Palmer House. Call on Mrs. Lloyd, Mrs. Scammon, Miss Hays, Judge Peck, Judge Skinner and others.

January 28—At 10 A. M. left Chicago for Omaha. Bosler and Dr. Grove on train. Before leaving Chicago telegraphed McCook and wrote to Belle, Col. Schofield and Boynton.

January 29—Arrived at Omaha at 10 A. M. Dined with Genl. Ord. Telegraphed McCook.

January 30—At 11:30 left Omaha for the West.

January 31—Arrived at Cheyenne at 1:30 P. M. Dined at Col. Stanton's.

February 1—Wrote to Boynton, Fisher, Supt's K. P. & Utah Central R. R.'s., P. M. Sherman, Hayford, Donnellan, Amasa, Potter, Breslow, Carley and Belle. To church and meeting of church Trustees in evening—gave \$10. Col. Donnellan comes to see me about Denver Post office.

February 2—Wrote to Banning, Col. Stewart, Tom Morgan and others. Interview with Spotted Tail Chief Bruli Sioux. Meeting of Territorial Board of Immigration. Commence boarding with Mrs. Kelly.

February 3—Write to Julius White and Mr. Carley and Belle. Interview with Spotted Tail. Call at Judge Fisher's. S. Jott was Spotted Tail's interpreter.

February 4—Write to McCook and Col. Hough. Letter from Belle. Write to Wherry.

February 5—Received from Col. Downey (Wagner's note) \$625.00. Telegraphed Clark for pass to Laramie and return.

February 6—Rec^d pass over Utah Central R. R.

February 7—Rec^d pass over U. P. R. R. and D. P. R. R.

February 8—From Cheyenne to Red Buttes where H. Potter met me and took me to Ranch.

February 9—Looking over matters at Rancho.

February 10—Selecting sheep that are not in good condition.

February 11—Making estimate. Hear of Indian troubles about Fort Laramie. Lt. Robinson killed.

February 12—Go to Red Buttes where I find telegram from Col. Stanton and take train for Cheyenne. Telegraph to Secy. Interior Secy. War and Chief of Ordinance. Dine at Col. Stanton's.

February 13—Corresponding about Indian matters. Again dine at Col. Stanton's and go with him to Post where I call on Gen. Reynolds and Col. Long's on Officers of 14th Infy.

February 14—Letter from Belle and one from Carley. Write Belle.

February 15—Write to Amasa. To church in the evening where we have meeting of Trustees and members after services and Mr. Cooper tenders resignation. Write to B. and A. T. S.

February 16—Write to Potter and send him dft. for \$70. Pay P. S. W. on note \$96. Funeral of Lt. Robinson.

February 17—No news from Indians. Letter from B. and from Gen. Banning. Busy filing last year's letters.

February 18—Snow calls on me on return from Salt Lake. Overhauling and arranging papers in desk.

February 19—Finish overhauling desk. Write to B. Mr. Bannister and wife with letter from Genl. Julius White in town. Judge North in town. Donation party at Presbyterian Church.

February 20—Write to Fisher and others. Letter from B. that our little daughter is sick. Spend the evening at Col. Stanton's. Snow storm in evening.

February 21—Write to B. Major Burt and Blackburn. Judge Carey and Secy. Brown return. Gen. Sheridan and staff and Gen. Ord also on train. In evening ride out with Bishop to see Sheridan.

February 22—Go to Laramie City. Call on Hayford and Downey.

February 23—See Millard Fellmore about house. M. C. Brown tells

February 24—Secy. Brown informs me that petition for my removal has been sent to O'Brien to procure signatures. No mail from East to-day. Talk to Whitehead about Moore's sheep.

February 25—Send letter to Carley. Genl's. Sheridan and Ord in city and I have talk with them about bridge over Platte at Fort Laramie, &c.

February 26—Spend evening at Col. Stanton's playing whist with Genl. Ord and others.

February 27—Got up last night to go to Denver with Col. Stanton but missed the train.

February 28—Gen'l Ord and Col. Stanton return from Denver. Gen. Ord goes to Omaha.

March 1—Judge Carey and I discover the fraud of Secy. Brown interpolating a law in the statute book.

March 2—At night go to Denver.

March 3—Arrive in Denver for breakfast. Visiting acquaintances. Buy four acres of land half mile west of city. In evening return to Cheyenne.

March 4—Write to Gov. McCook and to Col. Donnellan about house. Capt. Winsor, Judge Thomas, Mr. Kinnsey, Mr. Tower and others call. Give 3 notes for \$101.25 each to American Baptist Home Mission society interest 10% payable semi-annually at City Nat'l Bank Denver—secured by deed of trust on 4 acres of land near Denver.

March 5—In Bank \$1,385.14. At noon leave Cheyenne for the West. Tom Alsop on train.

March 6—In the evening arrive at Salt Lake City—find Amasa and everything right.

March 7—Visiting friends in city. Amasa has one-eighth interest with Brady, Alston (of Chicago) and others in Dry Canon mines. Diamond Crop, Jupiter, Belle, &c.

March 8—Visit Camp Douglass with Mr. Nuckolls and see Genl. Morrow, Col's. Carling and Hough, Major Gordon and others. Mr. Miller proposes to come to our Rancho.

March 9—Leave Salt Lake City in morning—delayed at Ogden and arrive at Evanston in evening.

March 10—Calling in Evanston. Dined at Judge North's. Wrote to Belle, Judge Carey, and Dr. Hayford.

March 11—Visited Coal Mines with Judge North and Mr. Quinn.

March 12—Wrote to B. Horace Potter and Judge Thomas. Also telegraphed to Judge Thomas Chadwick, Major Turner, Gen. Sewell and others. Leave Evanston at 4 o'clock Carter's station in sled at 6—Arrive at Fort Bridger at 8 P. M.

March 13—Calls from Genl. Flint and ten or twelve other officers. Write to B. Whist in evening.

March 14—At Bridger.

March 15—Letter from B.

March 16—Dine with Judge Carter with whom I am staying.

March 17—Dine with Capt. Coates.

March 18—At 2 o'clock leave Bridger in sled—take train for Cheyenne at Carter's station at 4½ o'clock. Capt. Weston on train.

March 19—Arrive at Laramie for breakfast and at Cheyenne at 2 P. M.

March 20—Write to B. and send her \$300. Sick all day.

March 21—Write to Col. Donnellan and to Amasa, to whom I send \$10. Secy. Brown leaves for Indiana. Judge Carey goes to Evanston.

March 22—Major Wolcott returns from the East. Huntley passes thro city.

March 23—Write to Donnellan, to whom I send notes and deed of trust. Also write to Garrey et al. Hayford in town. Hane Heman and Julian Carpenter figure on house. Letter from B. that baby has croup.

March 24—Heman and Julian make bid for building house. Majors Ferris and Bascom call. Col. Stanton returns and I dine with him. Judge Thomas in town.

March 25—Heman calls about house but is too drunk. Col. Moore sends in to see about cartridges belonging to Territory which he seized by Ord's orders.

March 26—Busy with carpenter.

March 27—Gen'l's. Ord and Bresben call.

March 28—Go to Denver with Gen'l's. Ord and Bresben, Col. Stanton and Lane. See Donnellan, Stick, the Misses Foster and others. Return at night.

March 29—Mr. Jackson here to preach but no person to listen to him. Write to Belle.

March 30—Informed Heman that I would pay him \$1650 to do brick work and plastering on house. Col. Downey and Mr. Jenkins Secy. Colorado call.

March 31—Gen'l's. Ord and Bresben in city. Col. Downey brings in load of ore.

April 1—Sent plans of house to Col. Donnellan. Wrote B.

April 2—Surveyed lot. Wrote to Mother and Horace Potter.

April 3—Wrote to Belle. Judge Thomas in town. At night Major Wolcott goes to Denver.

April 4—Indian Commissioners in city. Ed. F. Bishop resigns as Commissioner of Immigration to take effect on 10th inst.

April 5—Call on F. H. Smith, Indian Commissioner. Letter from Belle and from Newt. Heavy snow storm prevented my going to Denver as I had intended. Judge Carey goes to Rawlins. Write to Belle.

April 6—Write to Newt. and Amasa.

April 7—Go to Denver in morning and return in evening.

April 8—Write to Downey Donnellan and Grant. Stimpson applies in person for office of Commissioner of Immigration. O'Healy and Tom Fisher apply by letter for same. Loan Col. Stanton \$105 to pay for lots.

April 10—Promised Jeffreys' office of Commissioner of Immigration. Rec^d of Col. Stanton \$105. Rec^d and deposited salary. Secy Brown returned.

April 11—Weather delightful. Secy. Brown left for Yankton. Col. Downey in town. Telegraph Ellis that he is appointed P. M. Deposit \$105 with P. S. Wilson. Indian Commissioner in city.

April 12—Doing washing all day. Rec^d bill of Nichols & Culshaw Denver architects.

April 13—Write to Belle. Letter from her about house. Dine with Judge Carey at Col. Stanton's.

April 14—Go to Denver at 1:30 A. M. See Nichols & Culshaw and pay their bill. Also see Donnellan and McPhee. Also Prof. Schermer and Davis about copper assay. Return at night to Cheyenne.

April 15—At work fixing grade for house, &c. Rec^d and accepted bid of A. G. McGregor and John Corkish for carpenter work on house.

April 16—Rec^d assay from Davis. Purchase from Johnson 12,500 shares. Metcalf mining stock.

April 17—Write to Cols. Hough and Bartlett. Capt. Clift. Belle, Mother, Amasa, &c. Dr. Reed arrives. Go to Laramie City. See Dr. Miller at Red Buttes.

April 18—Return to Cheyenne.

April 19—Did not go to Church. Dine at Col. Stanton's.

April 20—Wolcott shows me letter from Ramsay. In the evening about 5 o'clock commenced snowing. Lt. Greeley calls. Stay all night at Col. Stanton's. Loan Wolcott \$10.

April 21—Heaviest snow storm of the winter last night. Letter from Belle.

April 22—Letter from Ramsey. Wrote to B. In evening whist at Mrs. Post's with Judge Carey.

April 23—Laying down carpet in house. Evening at Col. Stanton's.

April 24—Gave Johnson \$12.50 assessment on Mining stock. Letter from and wrote to B. Sent Col. Donnellan Major Stanton's notes and Deed of Trust.

April 25—Lt. McCammon in city.

April 26—No church. Letter from Amasa.

April 27—Gen. C. H. Grasvenor, Athens Ohio in city. Carpenters at work on house. Letter from B.

April 28—To Denver and return.

April 29—In Bank \$1070. Letters from H. P. and from Wherry.

April 30—At work on house. Write to Amasa.

May 1—Judge Thomas in city and stays with me. Send box to Amasa.

May 2—Write to Dona and Horace Potter.

May 3—Dined with Col. Stanton and Capt. Van Vleit. Rode to Post. Judge Carey goes to Green River.

May 4—Gave to P. S. Wilson note for \$600 due in one year without interest, for Amasa's note for \$230 (omiting with interest to \$375) and \$225 cash. Wrote to Bobb & Co. Rece letter from Newt.

May 5—To Denver with P. S. Wilson, Col. Stanton, Col. Townsend, Johnson and Wills and wives, Chase, Van Vleit and Foote. See Dan Casement. Gen. Alexander and Taverman and Franzemir came up with us.

May 6—Gen. Alexander goes West. Col. Hough and family go East. Write to Newton and also to H. Potter proposing to sell my interest in Ranche.

May 7—Miss Medbury & ——— Youngstown called. McCook defeated for Governor of Colorado. Receive letter from H. P. Write to Newton.

May 8—Send Horace Potter \$90. Letter from B. who had not left Washington on 3^c but would leave next day.

May 9—Going to work on house.

May 10—Judge Carey returns from Green River. Severe wind storm all day.

May 11—At work on house. Dr. Miller in city.

May 12—Election Library Trustees. Letter from Belle at Youngstown. Walter has purchased an interest in Register. Dr. Hayford here. Jeffrey has talked about Immigration matters.

May 13—Young—Boone from Salem in city.

May 14—Discover error in setting frames of house. Judge Carey returns from Laramie with ore sent by Boswell. Meeting of Directors of Library Association. Letter from B. with baby's picture.

May 15—Rectifying mistake on house. Write to B.

May 16—Judge Carey starts East. I go up to Ranche.

May 17—From Ranche to Laramie. Return.

May 18—Return to Cheyenne. Wrote to Newt. Commercial Hotel, Dallas, Texas. Dan Casement went East but did not see him.

May 19—Copper mining fever. Did not go to Denver because servant did not awaken me.

May 20—Bot. of Joslin & Park wedding present for Miss Fillmore for \$13. Go to Laramie to wedding.

May 21—Return to Cheyenne. Letter from B.

May 22—Weather quite warm.

May 23—Weather still warm. Mr. Reed the new Presbyterian Minister calls. Brick work on house finished.

May 24—took a drink of brandy. Dined at Mr. Johnson's. Went to Presbyterian Church.

May 25—Telegraphed Belle and Judge Carey.

May 26—Rec^d letter from Belle and pass from Supt. Clark. Prest Dillon and Supt. Clark in town. Have talk with Col. Dona.

May 27—Letter from Newton. Wrote to Belle.

May 28—Genl. Julius White arrives. At night go with him to Denver.

May 29—At Denver. See N. B. Judd, Donnellan, Stick, the Misses Foster and others. Return at night.

May 30—Drizzling rain commenced last night and continued all day, stopping work on house.

May 31—Newton arrives. To church where Mr. Reed preached. Still raining. Letter from B. Wrote to her.

June 1—At work on house again.

June 2—Col. Stanton returns.

June 3—At work about house.

June 4—Pres't. Dillon and party pass thro' to Denver.

June 5—Rec^d letters from B. Judge Carey, R. H. Hamilton, Fisher, McAulay, Bannister, &c. Judge Thomas in town.

June 6—Judge Carey arrives. Tom Donaldson passes thro West. Judge Thomas goes home.

June 7—Church in morning. Henry Ambler in town. Seey. Brown returns.

June 8—Mr. Ambler calls. Telegraph Mr. McMillan.

June 9—Telegram from Mr. McM. that Belle left Youngstown yesterday. Drizzling rain all day.

June 10—Working at house. Cold and windy.

June 11—Belle and baby, Mrs. Wunderly and servant arrive, all right. Receive bill from Donnellan.

June 12—Working about house.

June 13—Send Donnellan amount of his bill.

June 14—Church with Belle. Mr. Reed preaches.

June 15—At work about house.

June 16—Commence plastering house. Major Wolcott starts East.

June 19—Commence second coat of plastering on house.

June 20—To Red Buttes. Lt. Fleming on train.

June 21—At Rancho all day.

June 22—Return to Cheyenne.

June 23—Busy about house and writing letters at office.

June 24—Baby quite sick at night.

June 25—Receive bird from Johnson. Send cannon to Gov. Jenkins. Sheldon Jackson in town.

June 26—Call on Mr. and Mrs. Platt.

June 27—Genl's. Sheridan, Rucker, Ord, &c. in city en route for Sweetwater.

June 28—To Church in morning.

July 1—Secy. Brown out of town. Fire at night, burns out Whipple and others.

July 2—Weather warm. Fire burns old Court House, &c.

July 3—Weather warm. Circus. Newt dines with us. Nothing done yet on house this week. Judge Carey goes to Evanston.

July 4—Weather continues very warm.

July 5—Church night and morning. Johnson goes West.

July 8—Painting house. Col. Murrin wants Bridge contract.

July 9—Judge Thomas in city. Misses Foster at Col. Stanton's.

July 10—Col. Stanton and party of ladies start North. Write to Genl. Perry.

July 12—At church morning and evening.

July 13—Move office to new house. Weather still hot.

July 14—Working about house. Rain.

July 15—Cleaning house. Brown goes to Yankton.

July 16—Cleaning house again. Murrin says that Pease will be nominated and defeated. Wolcott goes to Laramie.

July 17—Russell Everett and other Pennsylvanians call with Judge Fisher.

July 18—Wolcott returns from Laramie. Mr. Brown (Gen. Manderson's father-in-law) arrives. Indian news from Rawlins.

July 19—Church morning and evening. Union meeting in the evening.

July 20—Judge Carey returns from the West and agrees to run for Congress. Heman returns from Fort Laramie.

July 22—Commence moving into new house. Letter from Amasa.

July 23—Wolcott returns from Laramie. Sec'y. Brown returns from Dakota. Col. Geo. W. McCook, Gov. McCook,

E. A. Curley and Mrs. Brown from Omaha also arrive. Dine with McCook's. Call on Mrs. B.

July 24—Finish moving into new house.

July 25—Republican primary meeting at night. Selected Carey delegates.

July 26—Mr. H. P. Westerman and family in town. Baby sick. No church. Hayford down from Laramie and says Albany county all right for Carey.

July 27—Write to Mother, Hayford and I meet as Board of Equalization. Dr. Cox and Mr. Lines of Washington call.

July 28—Westerman family go to Salt Lake City. Call on Col. McCook, Bishop. Have calls in the evening. Telegraph for furniture.

July 29—Delegates go up to the Convention to-morrow at Laramie. In the evening write Wolcott and Carey. Call on Mr. Slaughter.

July 30—Carey nominated for Congress by acclamation at Laramie. Democratic County Convention adjourn without making nomination.

July 31—Democratic Convention reconvenes and selects Steele delegates.

August 1—Arranging with Carey and others about campaign.

August 2—Church in evening. Rev. Shaw preaches. Johnson starts to Laramie and Steele delegates to Evanston.

August 3—Furniture arrives. Busy setting it up. Acknowledge Wolcott's bond before Judge Fisher. Steele nominated at Evanston by Democrats. Steele 18—Hopkins 8.

August 8—News comes out for Carey.

August 9—Senator Harlow and family arrive.

August 10—Receive \$120 from K. P. R. R. Manderson and wife go West. Judge Carey starts West.

August 11—Get \$100 from Newt. Gen'l. Chas. King and family arrive.

August 12—Started with Col. McCook and Secy. Brown for Salt Lake City. At Medicine Bow Judge Carey and Snow got on train and rode to Fort Steele, where Carley got on train.

August 13—Saw people at Green River, Evanston, &c., about election matters. In the evening arrive at Salt Lake City.

August 14—Remain at Salt Lake City all day. In the afternoon ride out with Nuckols, McCook and Brown to see Genl. Morrow and Carling. In the evening Amasa arrives. Also see Peare.

August 15—Return. At Evanston find Judge Carey very blue. At Green River give Dr. Kins order on Baldwin for \$75.

August 16—Arrive at Laramie for breakfast and remain for freight train. Arrive at home in the evening and find Sophie and Kate Foster.

August 17—Remain at home. Democratic nominations for County officers at night.

August 18—Dine at Col. Stanton's and go out to Major Long's to call on Mr. Foster. Miss Sophie and Kate Foster leave at night for Denver.

August 20—Go to Laramie City.

August 21—Return to Cheyenne.

August 22—Judge Carey and Corlett start West to hold meeting at Laramie to-night. Steele meeting here at night.

August 23—Communion service in morning. Bishop Bowman preaches in evening. Wolcott and Leopold Kabis return from Fort Laramie. Telegram that Mrs. Arnold died at Omaha.

August 24—Curtains received.

August 25—Johnston starts for Sweetwater. In the evening ride out to see about arms Col. Moore. Call on Mrs. Gen. Smith, Col. Blunt, &c.

August 28—Saw S. H. Winsor and I. W. French about 11½ o'clock. A. M. conversing at corner of 16th streets near Pease and Taylor's grocery. Make this note at Capt. Winsor's request.

August 29—Judge Carey, Tom Street and Mr. Corlett return. Judge Carey speaks at night to a large audience.

August 30—Judge Carey starts for Evanston.

August 31—Meetings at night. Republican addressed by Brown and Corlett. Hoodlum by Tom Street and Steele meeting by Kingman, Steele and Murrin. Republican three times as large both the others.

September 1—Election day. Beaten by Railroad candidate (Steele).

September 2—Rain and snow.

September 3—Judge Carey returns from the West. Whist with Col. & Mrs. Stanton in evening.

September 4—Potter sends us some ducks.

September 5—Mr. and Mrs. Snider dine with us.

September 6—At church in the evening.

September 7—Mr. Carley in city.

September 8—Mr. Carley leaves. Dr. C. C. Cox in city.

September 11—Dr. Cox and Judge Carey dine with us. Mr. Mack (with letter from Miss Foster) and others call. Belle sick this morning.

September 12—Go to Rancho at Red Buttes.

September 13—Return to Cheyenne Gabannati on train.

September 14—Carpets arrive from Susan, Dr. Cox and Major Wolcott and Miss Katy and Mrs. Stanton at house in the evening.

September 15—Write to J. H. Paine about Secy.

September 16—Put down carpet in office.

September 17—Telegraph to Amy Cumberland.

September 20—Mr. McCandlish preached in morning. Mr. Roberts and wife, missionaries to China came with us home. Dinner at Col. Stanton's.

September 21—Due Mrs. R. P. Campbell \$100 interest on note. To Laramie with Senator Cameron, Mr. Geddes, Mrs. Baggs, Mrs. Goodrich, Gov. McCook and party. Whist at Judge Thomas.

September 22—Return from Laramie. Mr. Lines and Mr. Hummer of Indian Commission arrive. Whist at Mrs. Stanton's.

September 24—Posey S. Wilson informs me that he will go into liquidation in about a month.

September 25—Carey and Wolcott go to Laramie. Canross note, for Delegate. whole number of notes, 4436; Carey 1934, Steel 2502—Steele's majority, 568.

September 26—Directors N.P.R.R. pass thro to Denver. Letter from Paine. Mr. Parker from London calls.

September 27—To church. Mr. Vance preaches.

September 28—Write long letter to W. N. Hudson, Detroit about Woman Suffrage.

September 29—Judge Carey starts to Laramie to hold Court for Thomas.

September 30—N.P. Directors go West. Wolcott starts to Omaha to meet Jno Delana, Senator Harlow goes East.

October 3—John Delano and N.P.R.R. Directors go East.

October 4—Mr. Reed preaches. I see Newton at Hotel. Mr. Beebe from Hudson calls.

October 5—Board of Immigration meets and adjourns until tomorrow on account of absence of Post. Col. Stanton returns.

October 6—Board of Immigration meets and transacts business. Blue letter from H. P.

October 7—Making chicken coop, &c.

October 8—Thirty-nine years old today. Write to Carley, Geo. T. Clark, C. R. Pallison, Genl. Parks, Genl. Cowen, Mr. Paine, Mr. O'Donnell.

October 9—Go to Laramie City. Judge Wyman and Miss Hitchcock on train. At Laramie see Col. Carling and others.

October 10—Sell two lots in Laramie City to Hayford for \$580. Go to Rancho with Horace Potter.

October 11—Remain at Rancho.

October 12—Return to Cheyenne. Receive letter from Hudson.

October 13—Write to Hudson and J. H. Stone.

October 14—Receive telegram from Amasa.

October 15—Mother arrives with Mrs. Buel. Carpets come from Phila. Major Wolcott brings up his bird. Message from Stanton.

October 16—Write long letter to Walter and to Amasa.

October 17—Write to Burkhart, Hayford, Secy. of State, &c business letters.

October 18—Church. Rev. Mr. Annear returned missionary preaches. Senator Cameron and party in town.

October 19—Senator Cameron and I exchange calls. Judge and Mrs. Thomas come to visit. Supreme Court convenes session.

October 21—Letter from H. Potter about sales of wool. Whist at night.

October 22—Judge Thomas went to Denver last night. Mr. Ogg Shaw calls.

October 24—Judge and Mrs. Thomas leave.

October 26—Letter from Amasa. Mother and Newton buy chairs.

October 27—Belle at work on accounts.

October 28—Warren calls for subscription to Hotel. Cold and windy.

October 29—Mrs. Rawlins in town.

October 31—Rec^d ck. for salary. Bad cold. Judge Thomas in town.

November 1—Confined to house all day with severe cold.

November 4—All dine at Judge Slaughter's. Baby Belle taken sick.

November 5—Go for Doctor for baby.

November 6—Dr. Harkwell pronounces baby's sickness membranous croup, and calls Dr. O'Reilly for consultation. Mrs. Rawlins died last night. Telegraph to President and receive reply.

November 7—Judge Carey starts East with remains of Mrs. Rawlins. Baby Belle some better. Speak to Newt about drinking.

November 8—Baby Belle out of danger. Wind blowing all day.

November 13—Weather pleasanter.

November 14—Judge Carey returns from Chicago.

November 15—In house all day. Belle sick.

November 16—Miller presents petition for pardon or commutation of sentence of Kensler.

November 18—Snow, wind and cold. Capt. Fitzgerald calls to have Kensler sentence commuted.

November 19—Toussant Kensler executed.

November 23—To Laramie city with Col. Donnellan.

November 24—Return to Cheyenne on Freight train.

November 25—Donnellan calls on his return from Laramie.

November 26—Man, Fred Bertrand, from Ranche calls and I tell him that I will go to Ranche to-Morrow. Attend Thanksgiving services at our church. Rev. Mr. Warren preaches. Col. Stanton and Wolcott return from the North.

November 27—Go to Red Buttes but do not find Potter at Station. Spend night at Sargent's Ranche. Gave Wolcott note for \$636.

November 28—From Sargent's to our Ranche on horse. Return to Sargent's with horse and back to Ranche.

November 29—At Ranche all day.

November 30—From Ranche to Red Buttes too late for train—go to Laramie and take freight train for Cheyenne, where I arrive about 9 P. M.

December 1—At home writing letters.

December 3—Dine at Col. Stanton's with Prof. Murah.

December 5—Mother goes to Rogers Ranche. Settlement with Corkish & McGregor.

December 6—At Congregational Church.

December 7—Leave Cheyenne for Laramie City to meet King Kalakim, Judge Carey and Col. Stanton accompany me. Write to Mr. Woodworth and J. H. Paine.

December 8—Meet King Kalakim and suite, and Col. Wherry and return with them to Cheyenne.

December 9—Despatches and letters in reference to Indian troubles at Rawlins or Snake River Valley. Telegraph Delano.

December 10—Reply from Delano about Indians.

December 11—Write to R. McMillan and send him dft. for \$135.13. Write to A.B. Co. Brown tells me that he will go East after the holidays and will resign after he makes out his a/cs. in January.

December 12—Intended to go to Denver last night, but hearing that Indian Agent Thompson was in town I remain. Thompson goes to Rawlins with Ute chief.

December 13—To Congregational Church. Wolcott quite sick.

December 14—Writing letters, &c.

December 15—Send off returns for fiscal year ending 30th June '74.

December 16—Leave Cheyenne with Mother for Salt Lake City. Stop at Laramie City.

December 17—Leave Laramie in the evening for the West.

December 18—Arrive at Salt Lake City at 8 P. M. Find Amasa.

December 19—Going around city with Mother and Amasa.

December 20—Go to Presbyterian Church.

December 21—Start for home at 6 A. M. Mother finds she has lost \$35. At Green River draw up petition for Fields.

December 22—Arrive at home and find Belle sick.

December 23—Newton sick.

December 25—Christmas. At home and had a very pleasant day.

December 27—No church.

December 28—Send letter by Wolcott to Sentinel B.S. Wrote letter by machine to Walter.

December 29—Baby Bella had croup last night.

January 1—Mrs. C. received—had 22 callers. Called in town and went with Col. Stanton to Camp Carling and Fort. Major Wolcott recovering from sickness.

January 9—Thermometer—38.

January 11—Eliza comes as a servant.

January 13—Thermometer 12 all day.

January 14—Thermometer—11 nearly all day. Judge Thomas comes down from Laramie.

January 15—Snowing to-day and weather somewhat milder. Telegram from Wolcott at Evanston. Judge Thomas informs me that Winsor says he heard in Omaha from some one inside the ring that Dr. Reed and I were to be removed and that Corlett was to be Associate Justice. Letter from Judge Carey.

January 16—Newton leaves for the East without notifying any of us. Mother thinks that he has perhaps gone to Iowa to get married as announced by paper.

January 17—Little Edith Snider quite sick. Mrs. Wunderly goes up to stay with her. Weather moderating with snow. At night ground covered with snow six inches deep.

January 18—Wrote to Townsend for Army Register. Mother receives letter from Amasa. Weather somewhat milder.

January 19—Sun quite warm and snow melting. Belle goes to see Edith Snider. First time she has been out since New Years. Sent copy of Walter's paper to Babcock for President. Horace Potter comes to see me.

January 20—Horace Potter and I go to see Winsor about Darro's claim.

January 21—Potter and I go to see Winsor about the claim. Edith Snider dies. Tremendous wind, which with sun clears ground of snow.

January 22—Mother starts to Greeley. Judge Thomas tells me that Kingman says he is to be my successor. Horace

Potter goes back to Ranche. Carey and Wolcott return and with Col. Stanton call in evening. Edith's funeral.

January 23—Wolcott writes to Bristow and Cowen. Letter from O. F. Davis about church lots. Pay Carey. Accompany King Kalakana and party west.

January 24—Meet eastern bound train at Bitter Creek and return.

January 25—Writing letters, &c. Letter from Comptroller that a/cs are all right.

January 27—Col. Stanton goes to Omaha. Letter from Secretary Fish tendering me position of Ass't. Secretary of State.

January 28—Write to Potter and Wherry. Telegraph Secy. Fish for permission to go to Washington before deciding whether I will accept Secretaryship. Mr. and Mrs. Post. Mrs. Stanton and Ralie and Judge Carey spend evening with us.

January 29—Mother returns from Greeley. Hayford comes down from Laramie.

January 30—Telegram from Delano granting leave to go to Washington.

January 31—Judge Carey starts to Evanston to hold Court. Write to Amasa and Col. Downey.

February 1—Leave Cheyenne for Washington.

February 2—At 6 P. M. leave Council Bluffs by C & N W Road. At 9 P. M. reach Dunlap where we are snowbound.

February 3—Still snowbound at Dunlap. Telegraph C. M. Eddy, Genl. Agent.

February 4—Go back as far as Junction of Sioux City R. R. and then return to Dunlap where we remain until 6 o'clock when we start forward.

February 5—After some delay with broken wheel again go forward. Mr. Milburn on train. Reach Chicago about 12:30 P. M. and after being driven around city by a drunken bus driver get out and walk to Grand Pacific Hotel. Thermometer 1°.

February 6—Remain at Chicago. See Gen McClurg. Judge and Miss Dunlery, Mrs. Pullman, Miss Whitehead and others. At 5:15 start East on P. Ft W & C R. R.

February 7—Traveling East all day.

February 8—Reach Washington about 9 A. M. and go to Arlington, but move to Judge Carey's. Call on Secretaries Bristow, Fish and Delano.

February 9—See President and after some talk about my successor inform him that I will accept Secretaryship. Dine at Secretary Fish's.

February 10—President nominated me to Senate for Assistant Secretary of State with ex-Senator Thayer [31] for my successor.

February 11—Call on Secretary Belknap, Senators Cameron and Frelingheysen and others.

February 18—Wolcott arrives.

February 24—Confirmed by Senate as Third Asst. Secy of State after two weeks waiting for them to go into Executive session as indicated by the blank leaves preceding.*

[31] John M. Thayer was the second Territorial Governor of Wyoming—appointed by President Grant and assumed his duties February 10, 1875. For further information see Bartlett, History of Wyoming, Volume 1, page 175.

*The Historical Department has Governor Campbell's diary through 1876, but from this date on it deals with his life in Washington, D.C.

WYOMING FIRSTS

Carey, Joseph M., was the first United States District Attorney for Wyoming Territory, appointed by President Grant in 1869. Bartlett, History of Wyoming, Volume 1, page 247.

First Protestant mission to the Tetons established by Rev. T. L. Riggs in 1873. "Teton Dakota" a publication of the Department of the Interior, National Park Service, 1937, page 84.

First Territorial teachers institute was organized in the Territorial Library, May 13, 1874. Cheyenne Leader, May 6, 1874.

Morton H. Hamma was the first boy to graduate from any institution of learning in Wyoming. Cheyenne Daily Leader, July 2, 1881.

First Fort Laramie Treaty by which Indian tribes along Overland Trail agreed to respect white right of way in return for annual payments. Boundaries of Western Dakota and neighboring tribes defined. 1851. See "Teton Dakota," a publication of the Department of the Interior, National Park Service, Berkeley, California, 1937, page 82.

Meaning of Place Names

"Cheyenne means scarred arms. The name owes its origin to the practice of scarring the left arm crosswise and is yet adhered to by males of that nation" from Rocky Mountain Life by Rufus B. Sage, page 128.

ACCESSIONS

July 1, 1938 to September 30, 1938

Museum

Klein, L. E.—Two insignias of the United States Army. Field Artillery 72. Inf. 3, Co. H. Found at Fort Steel, 1908.

Connecticut, State of—A bronze plaque celebrating the three hundred years of the State, 1638-1938.

Daughters of the Union Veterans, Committee—American flag used by John F. Reynolds Post No. 33. GAR. (2) John F. Reynolds Post Charter No. 33. (3) Union Veterans Union Charter. (4) Honorary membership to Thomas A. Castle from the Veterans of Foreign Wars. (5) Army of the Potomac Roster.

Hallet, R. E.—A table which was purchased by the members of the Cheyenne Bicycle Club who were subpoenaed on the trial of the Johnson County raiders, from the proceeds of Warrants issued to them and discounted for \$.85 on the \$2.00.

Mathews, Mrs. Edwards—A silver watch which belonged to her step-father, Addison J. House. This watch was donated to the Historical Department through the State Wide Historical Project.

Hunter, John M.—(1) Iron frame of army saddle harness. (2) Pistol about forty years old. (3) One spur. (4) One brass buckle. (5) One iron frame of what appears to be a meat grinder. All these were found about ten miles east of Ames Monument.

Commerce and Industry Department—An enlarged photograph of Fort Caspar as rebuilt by the CCC boys, 1937-38.

Manuscripts

Barry, J. Neilson—Three descriptive letters of the John Colter maps. An autobiographical sketch of J. Neilson Barry. Three John Colter maps.

Ghent, W. J., Washington, D. C.—Autobiographical sketch of John Colter.

Brock, A. L., Buffalo, Wyo.—Early experiences of a mail carrier.

Schmuck, Bishop E. L.—Some Pioneer Recollections, by George Lathrop. This was received by the Department through the State Wide Historical Project.

Miscellaneous

Ross, Mrs. Nellie Tayloe—One large photograph of Mrs. Ross for the Department.

Governor's Office—A photograph of Governor Miller.

Boyd, Bertha—Photograph of the birth place of Elizabeth Stewart Boyd, who was one of the first two public school teachers in Albany County. Donated to the Historical Department through the State Wide Historical Project.

Fox, Mrs. George W.—"The Head Light," volume 1, number 2, May 1872, Laramie City, Wyoming Territory. Donated to the Historical Department through the State Wide Historical Project.

Jack, William—Two enlarged and tinted photographs, one of a sheep wagon and Tepee, and one of mountain scenes.

Dobbins, Gertrude—Two Frontier programs, one dated September 23, 1897, one dated August 17, 1912. These were donated to the Historical Department through the State Wide Historical Project.

Taliaferro T. S. Jr.—Five pictures of people and buildings of the early days of Sweetwater County. These were donated to the State Historical Department through the State Wide Historical Project.

PURCHASES

Books

Peake, Ora Brooks—The Colorado Range Cattle Industry. c1937.

Garst, Doris—Story of Wyoming. c1938.

Artist, Ruth Hesse—Salt Pork. c1938.

Garretson, Martin S.—American Bison. c1938.

Maps and Pictures

Harrington, Gerald F.—Map of Poney Express from St. Joseph, Missouri, to Sacramento, California.

Chapman, Mark—Five pictures of Cheyenne and Camp Carlin from 1867 to 1890.

